THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1937-1938

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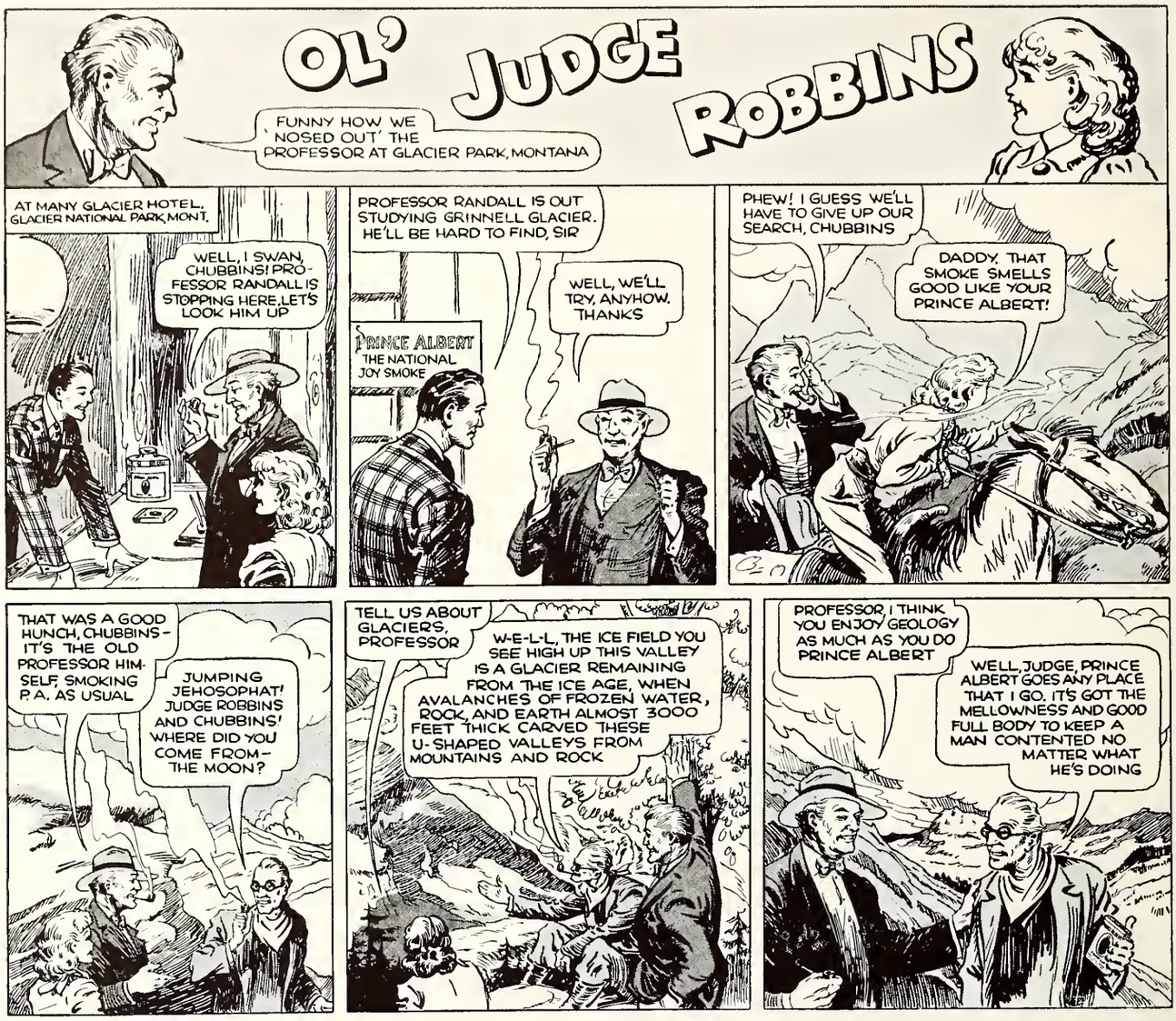
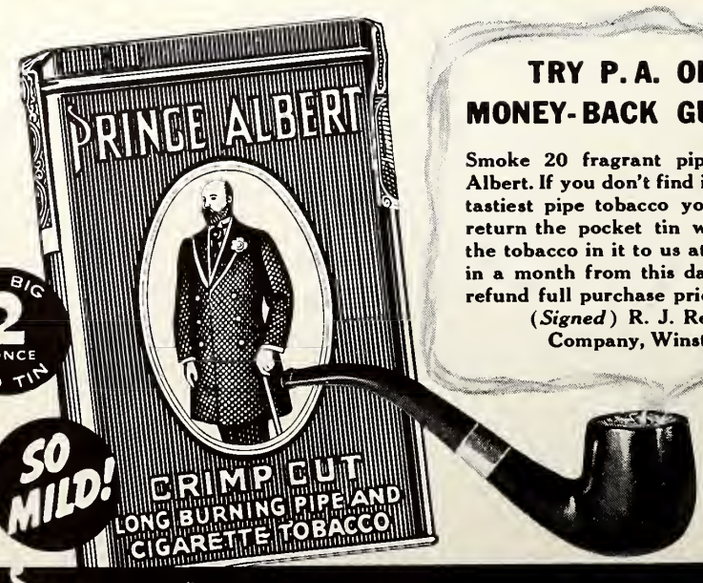
WOFFORD JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE
NOVEMBER





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Panorama of the Skies

By James H. Carlisle, Jr.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."
—KEATS.

PROLOGUE

IT TAKES an expansive soul, an untrammeled, dreaming spirit to wander in the pathways of the suns. Imagination is the prime requisite for seeing the vast soul which underlies the congregation of shining worlds. The Cosmos is indeed immense, vaster far than many earth-bound mortals will ever know. And yet to those few who will seek to provide a vast field for the expansion of their spirits, the stars have a message to tell and a vision to reveal.

O heavens! I would know your message. Give me an insight into your mysteries and a vision of thine far-off habitations! Let me hear in spirit that song which ye, O Morning Stars, sang together for joy in Creation's prime when light sprang forth and preparations were made for the abode of eternal spirits!

It is a winter night. The skies are clear, and most fortunate of all, there is little twinkling of the stars. Twinkling is a nuisance to an astronomer because it is due to air disturbances which make stars seem to blur and dance about in the telescope. Pretty, but a hindrance to clear vision. The instrument is ready, an astronomical telescope on a heavy wooden tripod. I wish to meditate alone, so to avoid the distraction of the curious congregating about me, I have placed the instrument in a secluded up-stairs room, with windows open.

What shall I look at? Ah, there is the greatest star pasture of them all. Orion, the Mighty Hunter, blazing with the first magnitude suns, Betelgeuse (the upper-left star and brightest) and Rigel (lower right in Orion's foot). I turn the telescope on Betelgeuse and admire its flashing colors as it twinkles. Its hue is red, and this is a sign that it is a "giant" star. Its diameter is about two hundred million miles! Yet it is so far away that no telescope can hope to ever magnify it. It will always be a mere point of light. It is red because it is not as hot and dense as other stars. Astronomers think that it is a young star just beginning its course of life. I now turn to Rigel. It is different from Betelgeuse. Its color is a piercing bluish-white. It is a star in the hight of middle age, having reached its hottest temperature, and is therefore bluish, not reddish. Now, I am prepared for a treat. The books say that Rigel is a "double" star, so I put in a high power eyepiece and look at it closely. The air disturbances now make Rigel look like a wobbling blotch of light, but I glimpse a deep blue dot just grazing the edge of the brilliant disc. A careful look shows me that it is a companion star which I know travels around Rigel at a distance of many millions of miles. There are many other doubles like this scattered all over the sky, and they are among the finest sights in the telescope. There are many of contrasting color and brightness. Indeed, some colors of stars, particularly blue, are never found alone—they are always stars which go around some other sun. Why this is so we do not know. It may have something to do with the manner of formation of double stars. Occasionally even three, four, or five stars may revolve together. Thus two "double" stars may revolve about each other.

However, I have not seen Orion's greatest spectacle yet. Below the row of three bright stars which make Orion's "belt" is a small group which forms his "sword." But such a splendid sword was never fashioned by earthly craftsman! The naked eye notices in this group a faint, misty or blurred star. The "finder" telescope on the large instrument reveals a wonderful cluster of double, multiple, and colored stars of every contrast in brilliancy, grouped, not haphazardly, but in groups, indicating unknown forces and laws; doubles with doubles, bright stars with bright, faint with faint, and in the midst of all, and enveloping all, the Great Nebula, a bluish cloud of lumiscence with irregular outline.

All this is visible in the little telescope at once without moving it. I notice in the nebula are four tiny stars, so I put in the low power in the large instrument and hunt the nebula again with it. At last I have it. I am gazing at what is evidently a shining cloud of some gas in space. In it are three stars in a row, and the fourth star that I saw before reveals itself as a group of four stars very close together, in the form of a tiny trapezium. I can barely see them apart, so I put on higher power and study them, musing about the following awesome facts that we know about the nebula:

It is a very rarified cloud of gas, mostly hydrogen, which shines perhaps partly by its own activity, but

mostly it reflects the light of the stars within it. We know this because some stars within are members of that strange class called "variables" which for little understood reasons change now and then their brightness. The parts of the nebula around these stars also change their brightness with the stars. This shows the relation between the nebula's light and them. Like the gas in neon tubes, electricity from the stars may make the nebula glow. The study of such phenomena is made by the larger observatories.

Still another astounding fact is the distance and size of the nebula. Light travels one hundred eighty-six thousand miles every second, yet it takes light six hundred years to reach here from the stars of Orion. The great telescopes reveal that the nebula extends throughout the constellation of Orion, hence it would take light six hundred years to go *across* the nebula as well as from here to it. How insignificant is "here"!

Yet another fact, and doubtless the most fascinating, is: we were once probably in Orion! The earth and sun are moving together onward in space in the general direction of the star Vega at a velocity of twelve miles a second. The direction from which the sun is moving is from Orion. It is estimated that about thirty million years ago the earth was near Orion. No man's eye saw those stars then, but they must have made a marvelous sight. Betelgeuse and Rigel must have appeared brighter far than Sirius or Venus do to us now, and over the entire sky the Great Nebula veiled the stars with its filmy phosphorescence. Another possibility arises from this event. It is a well known fact to astronomers that nebulae and distant comets resemble each other in visual appearance closely. If one suspects that he has found a comet, he must first find out whether it is not a nebula. Now, might it not be possible that the comets which circle the sun were once pieces of the Great Nebula in Orion which the sun captured as it went through ages ago?

It is generally believed among astronomers that stars are formed by the particles of nebulae coming together and condensing to form many stars in each nebula. If so, then it may be that Orion was formed out of the Great Nebula within it. In that case, the process is not yet done. Some of the nebula remains perhaps to form stars in the future. Betelgeuse is a star recently made from it. Rigel and the other bright ones are more advanced in their youth. To produce these main brilliants the nebula exhausted its materials so that the other stars it made later could not be so bright. But the telescope reveals their youth. The stars just around the central portion of the nebula and within it would impress you, if you could see them with me, as being just freshly made of that nebula.

One last word on Orion. Most of its stars and the nebula are all moving together in the same direction under the bond of gravitation. This means Orion is a moving cluster. Another beautiful cluster is the Pleiades, which is the pretty assemblage somewhat west of Orion. The Big Dipper is a large or "scattered" cluster, five of its seven stars are moving together. It is gravitation which binds together the clusters and guides the paths of all stars and planets. Hence it is fitting that in inspired Holy Writ in the book of Job God says:

"Canst thou *bind* the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or *loose* the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou *guide* Arcturus with his sons? (Job 38:31-32.)

"Bind" and "loose" refer to gravitation holding the clusters together. "Bring forth" and "guide" to the controlling power of gravitation or to the effects of the earth's motion. Mazzaroth is the Zodiac and Arcturus' sons the stars of the Big Dipper.

Before I leave the telescope for the night I must take a look at that resplendent gem trailing Orion, the star Sirius in the Greater Dog (Canis Major). It appears to the eye to be the brightest of all stars except the planets Venus and Jupiter. Sirius is also the nearest star visible to the unaided eye except Alpha Centaurus, which is only visible in the southern hemisphere. It takes nine years for light to reach us from Sirius. Very large telescopes have shown Sirius to be a wonderful double star. Sirius' companion is a very small star, whose brilliancy is only one ten-thousandth that of Sirius, but whose weight is so heavy that it is one-half that of the larger member of the couple.

People are getting to think that the science of the stars is nothing but one of stupendous overwhelmingness. It is the astronomer's excessive pride which makes him crush the non star-gazing populace with colossal figures. This is unfair, and I think it has deterred more interest in this subject. So, in closing, I would advise the reader that astronomy has things to teach us all, such as anyone can understand. It is the most easily learned of the sciences, and need cost nothing. Get a good elementary book for beginners, go out at night, and look at the panorama of the skies which has been waiting patiently through the ages for your inquiring gaze!

Going to See MARY

By HARRY L. MITCHELL

I HAD been an employee with McLellan's Five and Ten Stores for a year and a half when I was transferred to the store in D———— as assistant manager. After being in D———— for a few days, I became disgusted with the town. It was such a small place. There was nothing of interest there, and the only thing one could do was to go to the theatre.

While trimming a window one morning, a young man came up to me, introduced himself, and asked how I liked their little town. I replied that I could like it a lot better if I became acquainted with a few young ladies. He laughed and told me he would be glad to "fix me up."

The following day he dropped in again to tell me about a certain girl who was just "dying" to meet "that handsome man who had just arrived in town." I must confess that this almost bursted by egotistical vanity. My newly acquired friend said we would use his car and double date this girl and her sister the following night.

The next evening came, and I dressed up in the best I had: white flannel trousers, dark tan sport coat, and white buckskin shoes. "Boy! I'd slay this babe tonight," I thought to myself.

My friend came by to get me, but he was without his car. That afternoon a bearing burned out, he told me, but we need not worry — the girls were to meet us in the park with their car. I did not know where the park was, but my friend informed me it was just on the outer edge of town. I asked why the young ladies did not pick us up in town. Jim, my friend, said they had to slip away from their father that night because he was becoming suspicious of their actions. This came as a surprise to me, for I had been under the impression they were nice girls. It would have looked silly for me to back out, but I couldn't shake off the feeling that all wasn't what it appeared to be.

We soon arrived in the park. The girls were to be parked at the foot of the long, sloping, dark road. While walking down this road, Jim told me that the last time he dated these girls their father ran him away from the house. This was something else my friend had failed to mention. I would have given anything to have gotten out of the park. There I was, a stranger in a town I knew nothing about, and with a man who was acting differently every minute. But it was too late — there was the car just in front of us. Jim stopped a few feet behind the car and called out the name of Mary. Someone jumped up out of the bushes close by, yelled a dirty name, and banged away with a forty-five! This sudden shock of having someone shooting at us caused Jim and me to turn and run. He let out a blood-curdling yell that he was shot, and fell. My mind was working in split seconds. I knew it would be useless for me to stop and try to carry him, since he weighed twice as much as I. Besides, the girls' father was chasing me with a forty-five, and I wasn't hankering to be listed in the morning papers as a person who was innocently shot by mistake. I thought I never ran so slowly in my life. The gentleman behind me had ceased firing, and the suspense was awful. I could feel him taking aim for the center of my back. Nearing the edge of town, I chanced a backward glance. No one was there. Now I had a chance to get a policeman and a doctor. When I arrived, all out of breath, at the corner drug store, a lot of laughing people surrounded me — and there before me was Jim! I knew then that it was all a joke.

The next day I found that half the town was in on the fun. The Chief of Police had loaned them his gun. The Judge and half the town was hidden along the woods to watch the chase. They had been pulling this trick for the past thirty years, and it had yet to fail!

A FRESHMAN WRITES!

Featuring what we think is the best freshman theme so far this year. Published not primarily for its excellence but as an inducement for them to exercise their ability to write.

Incomprehension

I can not think before our love —
It was the start of this poor life.
Seems 't was planned by Him above
To ease the pain of worldly strife.

I can not think beyond our love,
Which death must some day sever.
But when we meet with Him above,
It will live on forever.

—*R. E. Kirtley.*

COUSIN

By Sheldon Dannelly

I WAS thankful to be alone. I was even glad that it was raining torrents outside. The overcast skies had at last broken and let down a flood of water that had beat upon the window all night, pounding like the despair that hammered in my brain. The pealing thunder and flashing lightening were my consolation — I liked to feel that the elements were reflecting my fury and despondency.

"To the devil with English!" I slammed the book shut and threw it on the desk. There was no use trying to study; my mind wasn't on what I was doing. *The Raven* — damn Poe and his ravin' poetry — the black raven over the bust — that infernal tapping at the window, pounding, pounding — it was maddening!

Now, the once-comforting storm was, like everything else, growing monotonous. I picked up a glass, went to the bathroom, and got a drink of water. I didn't want it — did it mechanically, not realizing what I was doing. Setting the glass down hard, I crossed the room and threw myself full-length upon the bed. I turned over a few times, lay still a minute, and sat up abruptly — gripping my head in my nervous hands. I got up and switched the radio on impulsively. Between the blasts of static came the rhythm of a swing band version of *I'm Alone Because I Love You.* Like fun I did! I flicked the dial, found some symphony orchestra whining the "first movement" in something — cut it off. A rattling freight train tore past the dormitory, its whistle shrieking through the storm. Somewhere a siren's scream was cut short by a terrific burst of thunder.

I tried the radio again, this time catching the throbbing strains of *Moonlight and Shadows.* Carole liked that song — I let it play — in fact she had sung it to me often; but everything was over between us now. As far as I was concerned, she could take a jump in the lake. I didn't love her — just disappointed, that's all. I was convinced that I'd soon be over it all. No girl could keep *me* down. She was so nice to me though — made me think she liked me, too; she had even told me she loved me. Of course Carole was very pretty, but there were other pretty blondes, lots of them. "I'll find another I'll like just as well, maybe better," I told myself. But she was sweet — well, she wasn't the sweetest girl in the world! There were others just as good — probably. But why did she call me up and break that date? At least she didn't have to lie about it — she didn't have to say her cousin was coming. Even if her cousin was coming, Carole knew that George would date her — in fact he had practically fallen for her the last time she visited Carole. If she wanted to date that stuck-up cadet, why didn't she say so? She had even had the nerve to ride around the campus during the afternoon so I would see her with that brass-button guy. Well, she could have him, and he could have her for all I cared!

I was glad my room-mates had gone home for the wek-end. I undressed, grabbed a towel and soap, and went to the showers. "Whew!" That water was cold! Why didn't they keep hot water around this place? I didn't care if it was two-thirty, that was no excuse.

I rolled and tossed for hours, finally falling into fitful slumber sometime before daylight. I woke up around nine-thirty — "slept through breakfast again, doggone it!" — decided to skip church, turned over and tried to go back to sleep. I awoke to hear somebody yelling my name, calling me to the telephone. I jumped up, grabbed by slippers and bath robe, started downstairs, then changed my mind. It was probably Carole. Let her call — I wouldn't answer. Going back into the room, I dressed for dinner.

During the morning the rain had stopped and the sun was now shining brightly. Everything was damp and fresh, but my head still ached, my brain was wracked with despondency. The sunshine was warm and the open air inviting. My thoughts were still with me, but now a little more pleasant, and I began to feel better as I strolled across the campus. Maybe I was wrong in not answering the phone. Carole might have been just trying to see if I was jealous. I decided to go back to the hall and call her.

No one answered the phone. She was probably out riding around with that cadet right then! Slamming the receiver on the hook, I strode upstairs, went in the room, and locked the door. I lay on the bed a while. Someone knocked, but I didn't answer — didn't want to be bothered, just left alone. A few minutes later a key clicked in the lock and my roommates, suitcases in their hands, barged in, wound up for an elaboration of the week-end's experiences.

"How are you, old lady? Boy, what a week-end! You should have been with us. That blonde was some smooth number, wasn't she, Jack? When we went down to the — say, you haven't been on a drunk, have you? Are you sick or dead? You look like the last rose of summer."

I started to yell, "shut up!" but swallowed it, got up, straightened my tie, combed my hair, grabbed a

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In Union There Is Strength!

By Peter Baker

● Wherein the author shows that there may be a lot of weaknesses in this increasingly popular trend of the trades.

DURING the past few years labor unions have been growing more and more active in all sections of the country. In some regions it is impossible to obtain even a common laborer's job without having a union card.

The basic principle of a labor union is to unite the workers into a solid body in order to obtain better working conditions. This is a very fine principle. But in many cases the unions carry their activities too far.

During my summer vacation I had a very good opportunity to observe a labor union intimately. When I went home, I got a job with a contractor who was erecting a government building on the grounds of the United States Military Academy at West Point. During my first day on the job I was approached by the union delegate, a big greasy foreigner, and was told in broken English that if I didn't pay him thirty-six dollars I couldn't work there any more. I asked him what the thirty-six dollars was for, and he replied that it was my initiation fee into the union. Needless to say, I joined the union in order to keep my job.

A union delegate is supposed to get the same wages as the laborers that he represents. In one case that I know of, the delegate was getting a salary of thirty dollars per week, and on this money he had his home expensively remodeled and bought a new cabin cruiser! I know of another instance where one of the national officers takes his friends to boxing matches, sits in ringside seats, and charges it to his expense account. He often gave parties for his friends in the best restaurants in town, and charged it to his union expense account. Can that be why the union fees are so high? But graft and curruption are only the minor faults of labor unions.

The major fault of most labor unions is that they fail to take into consideration the side of the employers. I could cite several different examples. One case happened near home. The union called a strike in the middle of a large job because the bricklayers wanted an increase in wages of twenty-five cents an hour. The contractor couldn't possibly give the men such a raise. Consequently the strike went on for several weeks until finally they compromised on a twenty-cent-per-hour increase. Several weeks later the contractor went broke, and everyone on the job was forced to stop working. What had the union gained by forcing the contractor to raise the scale of wages? They hadn't gained a thing! They lost. For the sake of a raise in wages of twenty cents per hour for a hundred bricklayers (they were already getting one dollar and twenty-five cents per hour) several hundred other laborers were forced out of employment which would have ordinarily lasted three or four months longer. When unions start to disregard their employer's viewpoint, they defeat their own purpose.

I had a conversation one day with an old stone mason who had been in the stone mason's union for over forty years. He showed me the extent to which the movement to organize has been racketized. By relating the case of workers of his profession, saying, "I belong to three different unions: one as a stone setter, another as a stone cutter, and still another as a carver. I pay three different sets of dues every month. I belong to these unions because when work is slack in one trade I can go to work at another. But I hate to pay to belong to three separate unions when the trades are so much alike. A person has to be a

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One In a Million

By Gordon Creech

NOW, that's the kind of a girl that you ought to know, Miller. One who has some real intelligence and doesn't keep up an incessant chatter about nothing all of the time. Why don't you ask her over for the Spring Dances next month?"

"But, Bob," interposed the alarmed freshman, "I don't even know the girl. She doesn't know me. And besides, I can't even dance very well."

"That'll be all right," persisted the upper-classman. "You can explain in your letter why you're writing. And just tell her what you look like and a brief history of your life so she'll know what to expect. You don't have to tell her your real name, 'cause she probably won't come, but write her just the same. And you'd better make it plausible," he added, " 'cause I'm going to look it over to see whether it merits a warm reception or not."

Half afraid and half dismayed at the prospect before him, the freshman left the room, but before he was out of earshot he heard the upper-classman yell, "Address her as Miss Betty Chatham, Box 672, Baltimore."

Fred Miller sat down by his desk with a dismal feeling. He couldn't conceive of a stranger writing a nice girl and asking her to a dance, but maybe she wasn't a nice girl; maybe Bob was kidding him into inviting some old hag that would disgrace him before his school mates. Fred thought long and hard over the subject, but finally decided he'd better do as he was told. He wrote, in as sincere a tone as he could, the following letter:

Dear Betty —

Please don't be offended by my effrontery in writing you this letter, but being the understanding girl that Bob has told me you are, I know you will fully realize my predicament. You see, I'm only a mere freshman and know nothing of the "glamorous" college life. Bob has undertaken the task of educating me.

I was born and raised in a small country town, and have not had the opportunities that a cosmopolitan life offers. My parents live very unpretentious lives, not because they can't afford it, but because they prefer the simple and natural way of living — just like I. But Bob seems to think that I neglect the social side of life, and so I humbly request that you do me the favor of accompanying me to the Annual Spring Dance next month.

I won't feel harshly toward you if you don't accept, because under ordinary circumstances that would be the only proper thing to do, but in my case you will be doing a great favor if you accede to my request.

Awaiting your earliest reply, I am,
Fred Milton.

With a sigh of relief he surveyed his letter. He hadn't liked the idea from the start, but at least he didn't have to sign his real name. He mailed it, after letting Bob see it, and then awaited results. In a few days his anxiousness was rewarded by an envelope addressed to him in a neat feminine script. With nervous fingers he pryed open the envelope and read the letter. His glance was one of relief — she wasn't coming. She hoped that he would understand, because she felt that she understood him after his letter. She wrote on at great length in such a way that Fred began to experience a feeling of warmth toward this person who understood human nature so well. She, too, was having to struggle to keep her courage up. Her father had died, and she was having to support her mother, who had suffered a nervous breakdown at her husband's death. Fred felt a genuine sympathy for her, and decided to write her again. This correspondence was kept up until the fall he entered graduate school, then he hardly had time to write home, and so the two "mail-order" friends became strangers again.

. . . . . .

High on the twenty-third floor of Rockefeller Memorial Hospital were the operating rooms, and near the center of these was the office of the chief surgeon, Dr. Frederick Miller. Dr. Miller's rise to fame in surgery had been phenomenal. He was only thirty-one, and already one of New York's leading surgeons. His office was always the center of authority, and so it was there that multitudes of people came. He was only human, after all, and so when he decided that something must be done to relieve his burden, he unhesitatingly chose his chief nurse, Miss Willis, to supervise his affairs. She possessed both the technical and tactical knowledge to fill such an important post, and so was thrown in intimate contact with the doctor and came to know his personality very well. The almost inevitable happened: they were married one Sunday, and took a short trip to Miami for their honeymoon.

When they returned, the problem suddenly became apparent. Mrs. Miller hadn't thought about having to give up her work, while the doctor quietly assumed the head-of-the-family attitude and told her he would have someone to take her place in the next week or so. She emphatically objected to such a procedure, but he

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Evolution of Current World Commercial Policies

By J. Reid Hambrick

THE Treaty of Versailles, strange to say, did not end the Great War. The world is still at war — at war for trade. Military conflict between the nations came to an end in 1918, but over fifty nations are still following the commercial policies which the great struggle forced them to adopt during those trying days of international economic dislocation. Today we have military peace, but it is a precarious peace: mainly because there has been no effective cooperative attempt by the nations to arrest commercial warfare. International borders are as formidably fortified with economic armaments, both offensive and defensive, as with military armaments. Perhaps this is not the least substantial cause why armed preparations are in the ascendant today. Without commercial peace among the great nations, military peace is just another empty hope. The point to hold in mind in any study of modern commercial trends is that the war-time restrictions on international trade have not been lifted and the nations continue to carry on trade under the same strained conditions which the emergencies of the World War forced upon them.

The fundamental cause of the world's commercial troubles is the growing tendency towards economic nationalism or autarchy, as it is sometimes called, in many countries. Nationalistic policies aim at the establishment of a self-supporting state independent of foreign sources for important supplies. The World War played such havoc with so many branches of international economy that we are prone to attribute all our difficulties to that great struggle. And so we ascribe the self-sufficiency movement to the aftermath of the war. The conflict intensified the movement so greatly that the true cause of autarchy is lost to sight easily. Economic nationalism is an inevitable by-product of the expansion and diffusion of the new industrial skills and technique to all parts of the world. During the nineteenth century a highly interdependent world economy was developed and world economic forces were set in equilibrium by an international division of labor which had slowly and gradually evolved. Industry was centralized in England and the northwestern countries of Europe. London was the financial and commercial center of the world. Naturally there was no expansion of industry to the other parts of the globe until industrialization was complete in England, principally, and the northwestern continental countries. This zenith was reached about the middle of the nineteenth century. After that time English capital and English technique begin to spread to America and the countries on the continent of Europe. The industrial system, born and developed in the British Isles, spread bit by bit to all parts of the globe, and England's manufacturing monopoly was slowly brought to an end. These new industries in America and on the continent demanded and obtained protective tariff walls around the home market. Thus emerged in the latter part of the nineteenth century a growing tendency toward local self-sufficiency.

Another great factor in the decentralization of industry was the emergence of new sources of power. Electric power has played a major part in the tendency toward the decentralization of industry and greater national and local self-sufficiency. Coal deposits and water power sites were important factors in the localization of industry in England, France, and Germany, but the efficient and cheap transmission of electrical energy now offsets these disadvantages formerly incurred by the other countries of Europe.

The rise of scientific agriculture has meant a wider diffusion of the cultivation of farm products. Modern chemistry and cheap fertilizer have made it possible for countries to grow crops at relatively small disadvantages where the land was not by nature well adapted to such uses. With the aid of her great chemical industry and high tariffs, Germany has been able to attain a position of virtual self-sufficiency in food.

As it has already been stated above, the World War greatly intensified economic nationalism. The disruption of international economic relations caused by the great struggle compelled many nations, belligerent and neutral, to build up domestic sources to replace those cut off by the war. During the post-war period these countries found it impossible to abandon these uneconomic enterprises without adding to the economic dislocation. The war industries were faced with the disappearance of their markets, and thousands of soldiers returning from the battlefields had to be put to work. Rather than make giant relief expenditures to the unemployed until normality returned, most of the countries affected by the war chose to retain the new industries which were established during the days of economic disruption and abnormal conditions and which were operating under great natural disad-

vantages. When peaceful conditions returned and world trade began to move again, these enterprises with their thousands of employees demanded and obtained protection from outside competition which the war had shut out.

Since foreign competition continued to operate under its old natural advantages, a great measure of protection was necessary to sustain the new uneconomic enterprises. High import duties proved to afford inadequate commercial barriers and had to be reenforced with quantitative restrictions on the influx of goods, quota systems, government control over the exchange market, bilaterial preferential agreements and clearing arrangements between pairs of countries, and other arbitrary and trade-diverting devices. Purchases of foreign products have been vastly curtailed. Sales to foreign importers have been subsidized and aided in various ways, and the surplus exchange resulting from such practices has been diverted to special nationalistic programs, as in Germany and Italy. Every nation in Continental Europe is striving to increase its exports and decrease its imports — an economic impossibility. No nation which does not buy can continue to sell. This fact, however, as well as many other economic facts, seems to have been lost to sight in the mad rush of the nations to confine all economic activity within national borders.

Obviously, efforts for economic self-sufficiency entail such drawbacks as inferior products, higher prices, and a large measure of government control over national industry. This control is complete in Russia, Germany, and Italy. Russia, however, is omitted in discussions of government intervention on account of the socialized character of its economy. This central control, however, keeps prices at a minimum, and political and economic dictators appeal to the people to be patriotic and drop all doubts concerning the quality of the new national products and materials. Germany has a "price commissioner" who carries out the executive orders with respect to internal prices. Control over price regulations applying to foreign trade is vested in the Import Control Board.

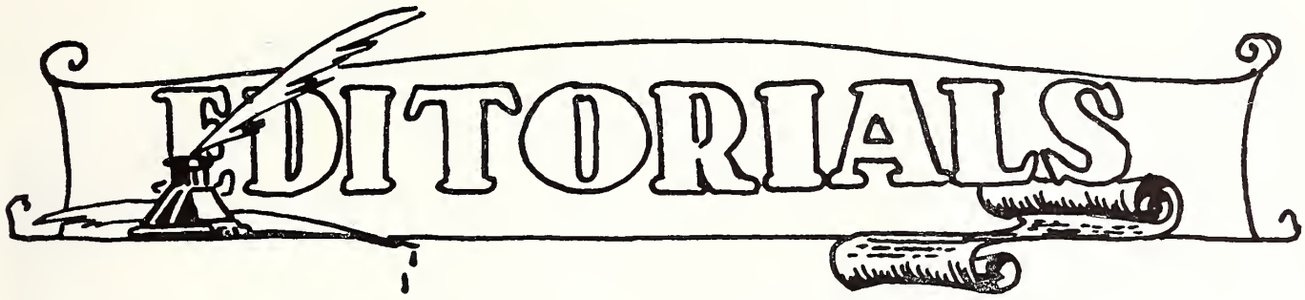
The stifling effect of this system of self-sufficiency upon the commercial intercourse among nations will be too patent to discuss. Domestic recovery in every nation in the last several years is marked and notable, but foreign trade has not succeeded in regaining its former position among the nations of the world. An international division of labor with its advantages of higher qualities of goods and lower prices has been rejected in favor of the self-sufficiency movement. Even the very meaning of trade has been forgotten. When a country refuses to accept the products of another country in payment for exports to that country, there ceases at that moment to be any real trade between the two countries. Both countries are damaged by such unilateral dealings; both are mutually deprived of the fields of greater efficiency and the natural differential advantages of the other. If there is no profit on both sides, there is no trade between the countries. The country with the trade-controls soon loses its export markets and is forced either to relax its restrictions upon the abundant flow of goods or to break off commercial relations with the other country entirely. The latter loses its export markets and is compelled to curtail domestic production in order to avoid low, unprofitable prices. More often, however, either as defensive or retaliatory measures, it is led to adapt the same trade-diverting restrictions in force in the other country. Thus nationalism spreads to other countries, and we have a situation that has become more acute than ever.

Ere I Die

Ere night hath called the sun to hide his face
And shine no more until the break or morn;
I'll climb to yonder mountain's highest place,
And view the golden rays ere they have gone.

And then I'll quietly lay me down to sleep,
While falling dew upon my face shall play.
The stars within my eyes shall gently peep
Until I wake upon a brighter day.

—By Wilbur Livingston.



Our Alumni Association

WHENEVER a much-needed improvement is needed around Wofford, whether it be a better football team or new buildings, the excuse for not having it done is that we have no money. I do not believe that is the cause, but actually an intelligent and purposeful drive has not been made to secure it from the right sources.

Other schools in this State with half the number on their alumni rolls employ a graduate manager to keep the alumni united and actively interested in their Alma Mater.

Wofford has men that would be only too glad to give financial as well as moral support to the college if they were asked to aid in a drive to better our standing in football by offering scholarships to worthy high school athletes. Yet no one ever asks them!

Our graduates are not ex-Wofford men. They still feel a keen interest in the school. Why not let them show it by instituting a more active and progressive alumni association? A. C. S.

About This Issue

In this month's JOURNAL we offer what is perhaps a slight departure from the usual publication. Without lowering the literary standards and purpose of the magazine, we have tried to incorporate into it a more distinctive style and layout—a more informal arrangement to relieve the preciseness of the straight printed matter.

We have instituted a column that briefly outlines the career of one of our most outstanding alumni. His story should interest all loyal Wofford men and be the inspiration for those who expect to follow his profession.

The freshman theme published in this issue features an article by one of the new-comers to the campus. We hope that after this publication more of his classmates will strive for this honor. The magazine is as much theirs as it is the upperclassmen's, therefore there should be no hesitation in contributing.

To those who complain of its size, we are frank to admit that over four times the amount of material actually published was handed in. We are not high-handed in our policy of what shall and what shall not get in, but in order to maintain our standard we were forced to cut a lot of what might have been good material with a little more work. There should not be the misunderstanding, however, that the staff is not always willing to help the author. We are glad to aid in the revision or furnish criticism of the embryonic article you may be willing to submit.

By Chance

A coin lying in the dust
Half hidden from the eyes of passers by,
Is stirred by some gray workman's shoe,
A shining disk to catch a youngster's eye.

Such are the marvels of our day
Discovered by some chance of fortune rare.
In pomp the finder reaps his gold;
His brother's throne, a rugged rocking chair.

—*Edgar Braddy.*

PROGRESS

By William A. Jones

CATCH — CATCH" — the Alma Mater song of a rivet-heater. The only song known on the spidery steel scaffolding that would soon be the thirty-second floor of Pittsburgh's Steel Trust Building, where Nick Mayakovsky heated and tossed rivets. Here were composed sky symphonies with noisy overtures, rivet-hammer arias accompanied by muttered oaths, and scherzos made by jocose steel-monkeys — all under the baton of *progress*.

"How can a man stand incessantly saying one word?" any of the hundred office-workers scurrying past below might ask, could they hear. No, Nick never never said another word.

"Catch — catch —"

But Nick must have once said more that "catch" in his native Russian — or did he? Anyway, Nick's one-word song meant money. Money meant Olga. Olga came to America by that money, after four years.

Yesterday Nick wore a double-breasted, blue gabardine suit and polka dot tie. It was warm. There was a little church around the corner.

Olga offered to pay him back. Nick said "no." Still a one-word man. It was strangely cold as Nick passed the church.

Today Nick slipped — fourteen stories.

The new rivet-heater knows one word, too. Queer.

"Catch — catch —"

Pipe Dreams

In the peace of evening haze
I fondly light my pipe.
My thoughts drift on to other days
When friendship for us was ripe.

Remember the day, the day we met?
'T was a beautiful day in June.
Sweet and lovely — O I can't forget
Your face beneath the moon.

You said you loved me — and I believed.
I was so in love with you.
And to think I was deceived,
Today I am so blue.

Love, to you was a word, a kiss;
To me it meant my life.
I was a fool to expect such bliss.
(I wished you were my wife.)

In my pipe the last spark dies,
And my thoughts return to now;
Still I see no reason in your lies,
For I love you still.

—*R. E. Kirtley.*

Personality

Someone who's kind to everyone
They ever meet or see,
Someone who loves a good deed done —
That's personality.

Someone you love to have around
Wherever you may be;
Someone who helps when you are down —
That's personality.

He's just the guy that gives you ease.
And makes you always free
To do and say just what you please —
That's personality.

—*By Wilbur Livingston.*

Outline For a Short Story

By Owens Wood

THE lone traveller is riding horseback through a sparcely settled part of Virginia. It is about sunset, with the shades of dusk falling fast. He approaches the road leading to an old white-columned mansion, and decides to ask for a night's lodging there.

He raps. The door is hesitantly opened by a negro man dressed in a frayed butler's coat. The inside has a dilapidated look, but clearly represents what was once one of the finest plantations of the South. An old white-haired gentleman bids him welcome. He has strong grey eyes. Later his daughter enters. She is beautiful. She has brown eyes. They are the only inhabitants in the house beside the negro. It is clear that the girl is the only happiness in the old man's life. He would die if she were to leave him. A spark of romance springs up between the stranger and the girl. The old man notices it. There is a sudden change in his manner. That night, long after he thought everyone was asleep, he hears the stealthy entrance of the old man into his room. Beside him is the negro — with a knife glittering in his hand! The stranger is terror-stricken, unable to move. The hand with knife comes closer. His petrified limbs are bathed in cold sweat. The negro bends forward, and the blade tears through cloth.

. . . . . .

The next morning, while they are seated about the table eating breakfast, the old man chuckled and addressed the visitor, "You're certainly a sound sleeper. Last night Charlie and I had to get this ham from under your bed, and you didn't as much as twitch a muscle."

"Yeh," said the young man, with a nervous laugh, "it takes a lot to disturb me."

The Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences

By Bill Houck

DURING the past summer, two world conferences were held for the purpose of uniting all the Christian churches of the world. The meetings were held at Oxford and Edinburgh, with results that should be of interest to all Christian thinkers.

The idea got its start with the birth of the modern missionary era and its interdenominational conferences beginning in 1834 and continuing intermittently until 1900. However, they were only incidental compared to the unprecedented proportions of those last summer. According to John R. Mott, the most significant point was the fact that they actually took place. For, among divine forces and misunderstanding, practically all Christian churches were represented by the four hundred delegates. From the east came the orthodox churches of Russia, Greece, Roumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Syria, and Armenia. From the western churches, representatives of the Anglicans, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists.

The first of the conferences to be held was the one at Oxford in July. Here emphasis was placed on the practical phases of religion as set up by the Christian Council for Life and Work. Among the topics discussed, the most important were the relationships between the church and community, church and state, church and education, and the Christian attitude toward war.

At Edinburgh, the conference on Faith and Order sought to find an interpretation of various church theologies and doctrines so that church unionization might materialize into more than a visionary dream. The topics discussed along this line dealt with the Church of Christ and the Word of God, Ministry and Sacraments, and the Churches' Unity in Life and Worship.

The ideas and beliefs inspired by these conferences have been termed the ecumenical movement with a definite trend toward practical church unionization. The realization of the extent of unbelief and need for unionization were expressed. The amicable settlement of private dissents must be made in order to attain the ecumenical principles. The attainment of this ecumenicity is only possible if we allow for serious breaks with procedure, initiate new courses of action, and

(Continued on Page 21)

THE OUTWARD ROOM—By Millen Brand

HARRIETT, a victim of cyclic insanity, is held in the state hospital for treatment. For long periods she is perfectly normal, but then there are times when thoughts of her dead brother provoke a desire within her to kill her parents for their innocent part in his death.

The task of restoring her to normalcy is undertaken by Dr. Revlin, a noted psychiatrist. He tries delving into her sub-conscious mind for a reason behind her actions, but finally has to admit defeat. When Harriett realizes this, she resolves to escape and try living in the outer world. She is successful in the attempt to break away, and after a series of narrow escapes lands in a cheaply furnished room in New York. The excitement is almost too much for her, and she has to rest a few days. Soon her money is gone and she must look for work, but is unsuccessful. She is about to give up in despair when a rescuer appears as a young machinist named John Kohler, who is returning from work late at night. This man has a strange effect upon Harriett, so that she feels strengthened in his presence. She has nowhere to go, so she returns with him to his apartment in a cheap section of Manhattan.

The story from then on tells of their life together; their love undiminished by his subsequent knowledge of her condition, and the gradual return of Harriett to complete health.

This tale treats an unusually difficult plot so delicately that the reader can realize the fears and confusions of Harriett's brain. Then, when she meets the man she loves, one senses the steady increase of her reason. Millen Brand's style requires the reader's mind to work pliantly, less the snatches of thoughts and phrasing become meaningless. —A. C. S.

(Reviewed through courtesy of DuPre Book Store.)

A MAN CALLED CERVANTES—By Bruno Frank

A CERTAIN strong man fought stoutly at Lepanto, worked stoutly as an Algerine slave, with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude; and sitting in a gaol, with one hand left him, wrote our joyfullest and all but our deepest modern book, and named it *Don Quixote.*"

These are words from Thomas Carlyle. With them fittingly begins Bruno Frank's biographical novel, *A Man Called Cervantes.* Cervantes died in the same year and month as Shakespeare. Little is known of his personal history, for not in his lifetime was he better known than as "a certain Cervantes." But because he created such characters as Dulcinea and Sancho Panza, who perhaps nearer approach living than any in fiction, his life has been recreated by one who displays the same depth of historical knowledge and perception that he evinced in an earlier novel, *The Days of the King.* Knowing sixteenth century Spain as he does, the observations on the period by Mr. Frank are worthy of note. That he places great emphasis on background is both well and essential, for without it one could not understand the moving forces of the life of Cervantes which culminated in the creation of an immortal book after years characterized by incessant poverty and hardships, nor the strange paradox in the reign of Philip — in this latter is found a remarkable character study by the author. Philip, although ruling over such a vast domain, was ever bankrupt, the burden of which had to be borne by a stricken populace. His life, crowned by the insufferable defeat of the supposedly infallible, great Armada, might well have been dominated by the same fate as that of Cervantes.

The scene is Spain some thirty years before the Armada when we are introduced to "a slim, agile student, with lively eyes," engaged as instructor in Castillian to a young Papal legate — and a charming youth is this Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Follow-

ing the Cardinal to Rome, he is bitterly deceived in his early attempts at a Casanova's existence; he then takes part in a terrific and bloody battle at Lepanto with the Turks, incurring a crippled hand; now setting out for Spain with Rodrigo, his brother and a professional soldier, they are taken prisoners by Algerian pirates. That he was spared the torture and death customarily meted out by the Turks and the even crueler Christian renegades is explainable only in the personality of Cervantes — or, at least, this seems the author's view. His existence among these captors is both curious and exciting, and his rescue dramatic. A tragic love affair, followed by an equally tragic marriage, accompany unsuccessful attempts to stave off poverty while engaged with the theatre and as king's tax collector. Here Miguel sees himself at the end of a long and arduous path in "the singular prison" of Seville. But the windmill-jousting knight already stalks through penned pages that are being read to an appreciative prison mob. Thus, through the queer quirks of his life, this crippled soldier became famous neither as a fighter nor government official. Instead, he found time to begin that portion of his life for which he is remembered.

Here we leave this colorful "certain Cervantes," for, "above Triana the sky was still a little bright. Against it he saw his knight's gaunt form riding, always after the Gleam, through space and centuries; his horse's hoofs stumbling across Spanish soil, but that noble and fantastic head of his among the stars."

—W. A. Jones.

I Saw a Uniform

I saw a uniform today,
All clean and creased and new.
A young man proudly walked his way
Aware of praise he drew.
His chest thrown out and head held high,
His stride was swift and long,
And dreams, he built, beyond the sky,
That mingled with his song.
The soldier smiled at those he met —
A nation's living hope
Was happy, life held no regret
For him — no depths to grope
Then lay before his rapid pace;
Instead, his joyous heart
Was filled with eagerness to face
His duty as his part.

I see a uniform, one day,
All bloody, torn, and old —
A young man fallen by the way —
His body stiff and cold.
And ripped by shrapnel, bullet, shell,
His heart no longer beats;
While 'round his corpse, a living hell
Takes other men and cheats
Them of the right to live and love.
Then other uniforms
I see, in endless columns, move
To join the ranks of death.

—By Sheldon N. Dannelly.

OUR OUTSTANDING ALUMNI

An article published each issue for the purpose of making Wofford students more familiar with graduates who have become distinguished for their work and advancement of knowledge.

Chancellor James Hampton Kirkland

JAMES HAMPTON KIRKLAND, 77, retired last June after serving forty-four years as chancellor of Vanderbilt University. Founded with a grant from the late commodore, Vanderbilt is now the South's leading non-sectarian, non-state university. Its remarkable growth in buildings, equipment and endowment ($20,000,000) during the past forty years is due largely to Chancellor Kirkland. He has been very instrumental in maintaining high scholastic standards in the South by founding the Southern Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges.

For his outstanding work in the educational field, Chancellor Kirkland has been distinguished both here and abroad with honorary degrees. On two memorable occasions he has returned to speak at his Alma Mater, the semi-centennial and seventy-fifth anniversaries of Wofford's founding.

The lifetime accomplishments of this able and cultivated gentleman have been attributed, by his contemporaries, to his scholarly temperament and extraordinary ability as an administrator.

Mix-Up

Two worlds in one, to me, it seems
A confusion of the wildest dreams,
Mixed and thrown on the earthly sod:
The man-made things and the works of God.

—*William Ward.*

Newly-Wed Husband: "Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner tonight?"

Wife: "Yes, dear. You see, the chops caught fire and fell into the dessert, and I had to use the soup to put it out."—*Boston Transcript.*

He dashed up to the bar and hollered: "Gimme a double-header, quick, before the trouble starts!"

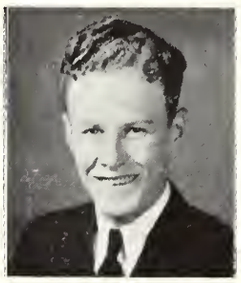
The bar-tender did, and he drank it.

"Gimme another double-header—before the trouble starts!"

Bartender, puzzled, did, and asked: "Before what trouble starts?"

He replied sadly, "It's started now—I ain't got any money."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Authors' Column



The poetry editor has for the past two years turned out verse that varied from fair to very good. His verse in this issue shows a decided tendency toward the latter classification by exhibiting an unusual amount of true feeling and pleasing metre.

* * *

J. Reid Hambrick, current candidate for Rhodes Scholarship and last year's Economics-Prize winner, submits a capable article on a problem of international importance.

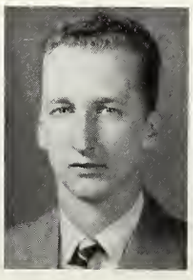
* * *

Freshman honors for the best theme go this month to Mitchell, whose contribution appears under the heading, "A Freshman Writes—."

* * *

Bill (Carlisle-Hall) Jones comes across with a short short and book-review. His experience as a writer has taught him the use of details and the art of when not to use it.

* * *



Baker came back to us this fall with a union card. His protest of graft in some unions was based upon actual experience and should prove interesting as well as instructive to the observant college student.

* * *

James Carlisle's splendid informal essay, *Panorama of the Skies,* labels him as a descriptive writer who knows what he writes about because he has experienced it.

One in a Million

(Continued from Page 8)

merely dismissed her protests as childish and told her that her place, now that she was married, was in the home, taking part in a social life.

The finality of his tone convinced her that she couldn't live with him, and so she went home to her parents in Baltimore.

When the doctor realized she had left him and how his heart ached to have her back, he didn't know what to do. He even didn't know where to look for her. In his busy professional life he had never thought of asking her where her home had been, and it seems that nobody else in that busy hospital knew either. Who could he now turn to for help? His skill was limited to the material. Who could aid him now in the mental state he was in? He knew! It flashed to him in a moment. His old college correspondent. She could tell him exactly what to do!

A long letter was presently dispatched to her, and days passed like weeks 'till one morning he received a letter on that well-remembered stationery. She hadn't let him down! With trembling fingers, he opened the letter and read:

Dearest Fred,

Altho you forgot and signed your letter with a different name (you remember you used to sign the others Fred Milton), I soon had you placed, and I can see that you haven't changed much, still stubborn and true to tradition. I'm afraid your psychology was neglected for anatomy in your younger years. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm coming to see you, and will arrive on the Florida Special on the 20th. Maybe a personal talk will be of greater value than my letter.

Your friend — Betty.

When the Florida Special pulled into the big terminal the next morning, there stood a tall, well-dressed young man. He showed no outward signs of nervousness, because he was trained for that, but inside he was filled with an enveloping sense of fear and expectancy. He was musing upon the sort of person he should expect when his eyes opened wide with astonishment; he blinked once, and then sped down the platform to a small, neatly clad young woman. "Oh, Betty, I'm so glad you've come back!" he gasped when they had kissed. "I'll do anything you want if you'll only stay."

"But what about Miss Chatham? Aren't you going to wait for her?"

"Miss Chatham?" Fred queried. "How did you know I came to meet her?"

"I knew you would, because I asked you to," replied Betty in a matter-of-fact tone.

"*You* asked me to? You can't mean that you're Betty Chatham and Betty Willis, too, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Betty, smiling. "You see, when

Following the lines of least resistance is what makes both rivers and men crooked.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.

What the future has in store for you depends in large measure on what you place in store for the future.

Be thankful if your job is a little harder than you like.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a $3.50 book to sell his classes.—*Texas Ranger.*

Warden: "What's he done now?"

Convict: "Tore de leaf off a calendar and it was my toin."—*Pointer.*

mother married again, I decided to change my name to my stepfather's, but if you're willing to take an old friend's advice, it's going to be Mrs. Frederick Miller from now on."

"Well!" exclaimed the relieved and enlightened Fred, "you're the doctor in this case. Anything you say — goes."

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It plainly showed for weeks.
—*Exchange.*

"Young man, I understand that you have made advances to my daughter."

"Yes, sir, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now that you have, I wish you would get her to pay me back."

COUSIN

(Continued from Page 6)

coat and left the room while they watched me, speechless.

"Well, what do you suppose is wrong?" I heard Jack ask as I shut the door. "Don't ask me? He must —" that was all I heard as I hit the first landing.

When I'd gotten down stairs, I decided to walk out to the park. As I went out of the door a car stopped in front of the hall. Inside was Carole! I pretended not to see her, but she called me. I went to her. The cadet was with her.

"I've been calling you all day," she began. "Where have you been? I want you to meet my cousin, Phil Drake."

I stammered some greeting, "Cousin — cousin — and all the time I thought she was having her cousin Betty up — didn't know she had any other cousin! Then she hadn't lied!"

"Would you like to go to the mountains? We'll pick up Jean for Phil," Carole interrupted my thoughts.

"Sure," I laughed. Gosh, Carole was pretty! There just wasn't another girl like her in the world.

The Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences

(Continued from Page 14)

merge the Life and Work movement of Oxford with the Faith and Order movement of Edinburgh so as to form a united action.

With the conferences over and the delegates enthusiastic over their discussions and plans, the laymen may well now ask what is actually the prospect for church unity? What problems are to be faced, and what encouragement is there for us? In partial answer to these questions, it might be stated that there has been instituted a World Council of all non-Roman churches, which will meet in plenary session every five years. It is to consist of two hundred delegates and an executive committee of fourteen members. Then, the editor of Christian Century has three reasons that we can expect real progress from the conferences: (1) The spirit of delegates acting as disciples; (2) The effect of books and periodicals written about the movement, and (3) The sense of orientation that has been gained.

It is rather doubtful as to whether all the requirements for a union of churches can be met by this initial attempt, but certainly a sympathetic and intelligent appraisal of the problems of the church was manifested. This attitude, if united with a plan of action that fulfills the churches needs, is inevitably going to lead to the formation of a united church of the world.

The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof and said: "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arms around her and whispered sweet little nothings in her ear.—*Battalion.*

The governor picked up the phone and called long distance. "I want to speak to Killer Demoff at the state prison," he said excitedly.

"Sorry," a voice answered, "but your party has just hung up."—*Exchange.*

In Union There Is Strength

(Continued from Page 7)

stone cutter before he can be a stone setter. As for being a carver — that's practically the same as being a stone cutter. The only purpose of it all, as far as I see, is it provides a lot of these organizers with fat salaries. How can there be any good for the workers in that?"

Labor unions often hurt themselves by demanding such high wages. There are a lot of people in the country who need new homes, but cannot build when wages are so relatively high. Others don't need new homes bad enough to pay outrageous prices for them. So, if the labor unions would be content with a reasonable scale of wages, thousands of new houses could be built and thus labor would be benefited more in the end. The laborer would not make as much money per day under the new scale of wages, but he would make much more per year through the increase in demand for his services. The labor unions should learn to realize that there must be a union between labor and capital, and that only through the understanding effected by that union will there ever be a successful solution of their problems.

Diner: "Waiter! This stew is terrible. What kind is it?"

Waiter: "The chef calls this his enthusiastic stew."

Diner—"Why?"

Waiter: "Because he puts everything he has into it."—*Boys' Life.*

"All those who would like to go to heaven," said the Sunday School teacher, "please raise their hands."

All did except one.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like to go to heaven?"

"Naw," said Johnny. "Not if that bunch is goin'."—*Ram-Buller.*

He stood on the stern of the promenade deck as the ship moved out into the river, admiring a graceful seagull as it hovered, swooped and dipped to recover some scraps of food that had been thrown from the galley.

"Oi," said Myer, "what a pretty pigeon!"

"That's a gull," said a more experienced traveler, with withering scorn.

"I don't care," said Myer, "gull or boy, it's a pretty pigeon."

The conceited young man had been in the hospital some time and had been extremely well looked after by the pretty young nurse.

"Nurse," said the patient one morning, "I'm in love with you; I don't want to get well."

"Don't worry," replied the nurse cheerfully, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."—*Montreal Star.*

An author attended the first performance of his new play. It was not a success. At the end of the last act, a lady seated immediately behind the unhappy playwright tapped him on the shoulder and, placing something in his hand, remarked:

"I recognized you when you came in and cut off a lock of your hair. You may have it back!"—*Exchange.*

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Can people really appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

ANSWER:

Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos—so smokers may enjoy them with increasing pleasure

CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.

COL. ROSCOE TURNER (*above*): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"

RALPH GULDAHL, (*above*) Golf Champion: "Camels *are* different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Rosamond Morse (*right*): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."

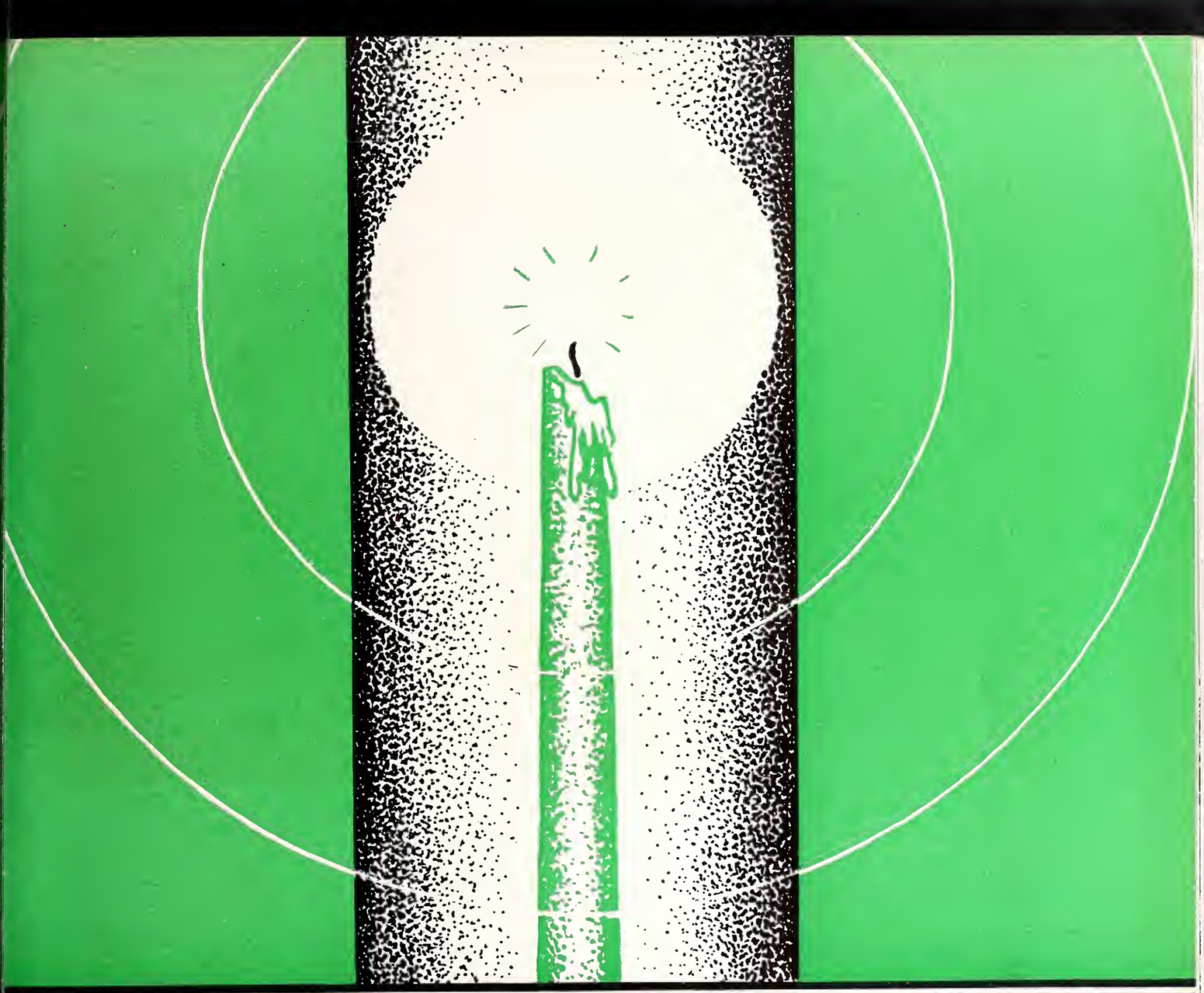
TEXAS RANCHER (*above*), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (*left*): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

THE CAMEL CARAVAN now on the air with a full-hour show!

"Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! Sixty fast minutes of fun! Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.

A MATCHLESS BLEND of finer, More Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic



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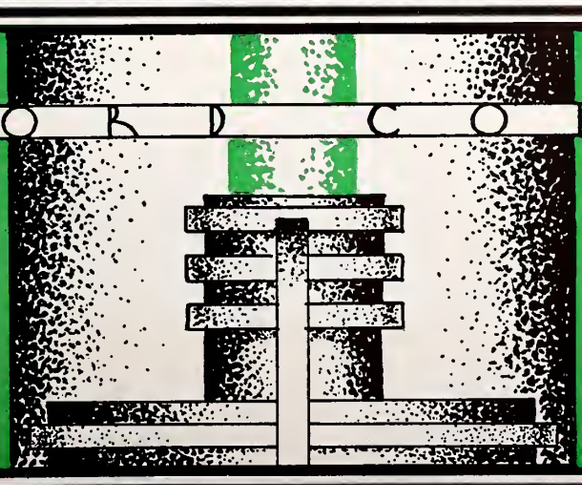


DECEMBER

Camels

MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays *and* Happy Smoking!"

(*right*) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(*above*) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

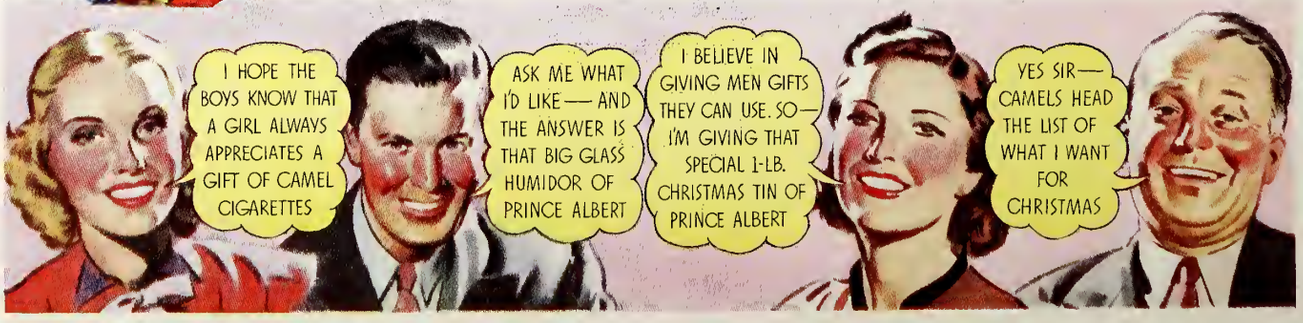
(*right*) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.

(*left*) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.



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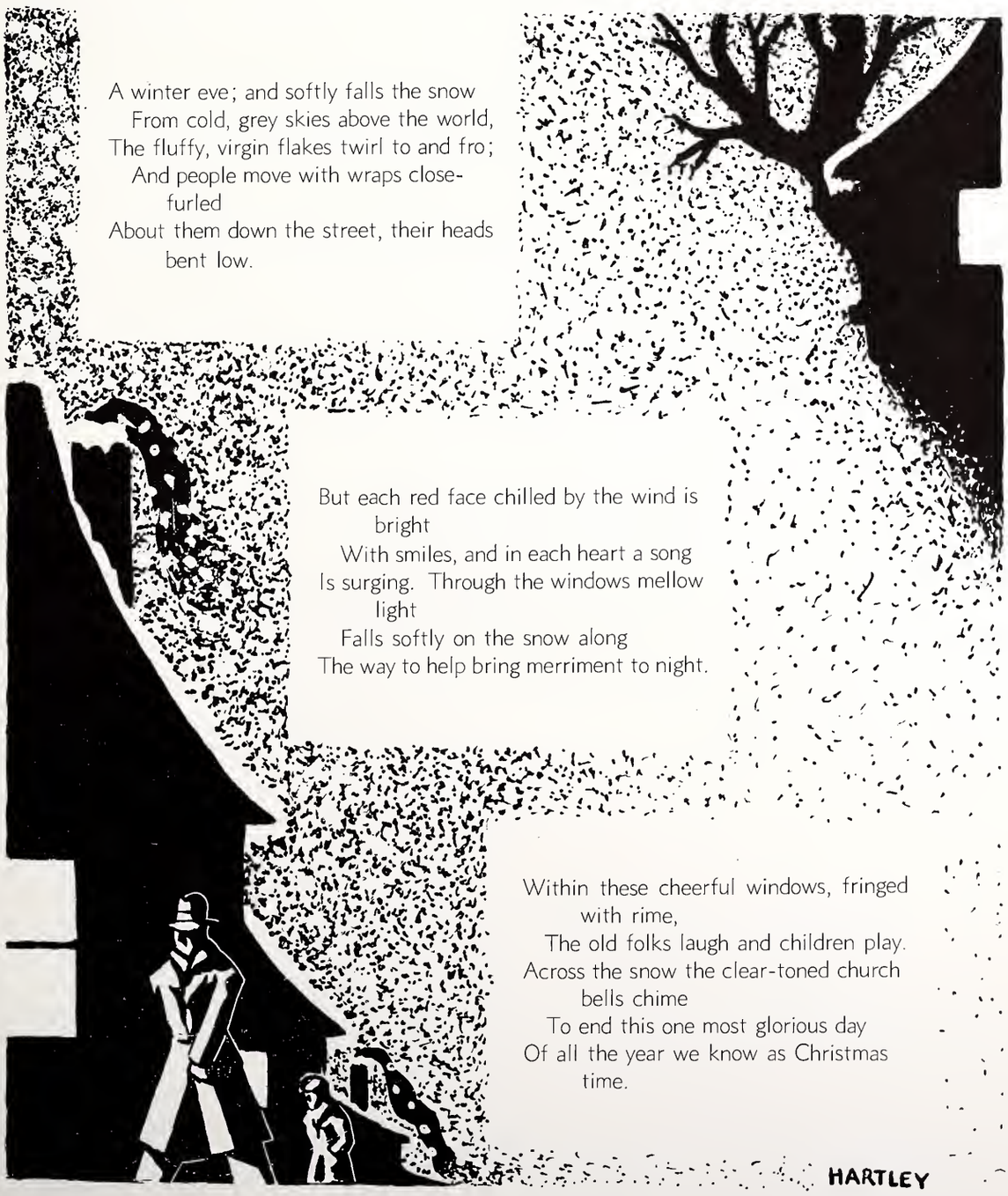

A winter eve; and softly falls the snow
From cold, grey skies above the world,
The fluffy, virgin flakes twirl to and fro;
And people move with wraps close-furled
About them down the street, their heads bent low.

But each red face chilled by the wind is bright
With smiles, and in each heart a song
Is surging. Through the windows mellow light
Falls softly on the snow along
The way to help bring merriment to night.

Within these cheerful windows, fringed with rime,
The old folks laugh and children play.
Across the snow the clear-toned church bells chime
To end this one most glorious day
Of all the year we know as Christmas time.

LANGUAGE of the SOUL

By Ralph A. Brackett

• • •

THIS article is not intended to consider all possible descriptions of approaches which one may commonly use to commune with the Ultimate Source of the Universe. Instead it is merely what one individual thinks of prayer; and like all interpretations of relationships inherent between man and the All Inclusive Being, cannot be verified. For this reason, a distinction between opinion and what may constitute the facts should be drawn.

Prayer, in my conception, has been a greatly abused privilege. The expression "We do not pray enough" is often heard; yet upon second analysis there are far too many prayers offered. Prayer making has become a routine, primarily selfish, meaningless to the average person. The objectives have the aspects of personal gratification, or perhaps the asking for a reversal of Mother Nature's rigid laws, or for the intervention of the supernatural in a world crossed and torn with diverse purposes, economic stress, and general chaos. Everyone is familiar with the "Lord, bless me, my family, and my son's family" sort of supplication. Familiarity and this prayer's relationship to religious principles prohibit further elucidation on this particular type. It is sufficient to say that giving precedes receiving in correct religious life.

However, it is another type that is even more useless than the one just mentioned. This is the asking of the reversal of Nature's laws, which have been rigidly enforced since the time of creation. Mankind plots its course not parallel with Nature but obtuse. When these lines cross, as is inevitable, a loud cry is set up for Nature to reset her course, as it is detrimental to that of man's. An example in point is the recent episode of an individual allegedly surviving the bite of a rattlesnake through prayer. Casting aside his assertions and viewing the facts of the case, any thinking man will see the fallacy of the case upon first thought. Prayer did not save that man. He deliberately placed himself in the position where Nature could act on one of her laws, to wit: that the bite of any rattlesnake of a proper size is likely to produce fatal results; and it would have been Nature's will had the man succumbed. Yet Nature had another law. This law in simple language is that a man of unlimited health might survive such a bite. There was no compromise. His prayers in a larger sense were not answered. By that is meant that he became well again, which was the object of his supplications, yet was not the outgrowth of his asking. Nature, or the Ultimate Source never breaks one law to demonstrate another, or to please a particular party. In this illustration just mentioned, prayer had no effect (except in a psychological way) in the fact that the man got well. Nature's law of almost certain death to the recipient of such a bite and her law of the resistance of a strong body were pitted against each other, the stronger to triumph in that degree to which it was the stronger. Yes, the man still lives; but what would have been the outcome had he just passed through a period of wasting illness? The fact that there was a very poisonous effect on the man's body points conclusively to a battle of the survival of the stronger of two great laws at work, and not merely the stopping of the law of the serpent by divine will.

Again, no prayer, no matter how noble the thought, sincere its aim, or how beautifully presented, can ever change one of the smallest laws of Nature. Oft-times the law may be working parallel to the desires of the individual and seems to be the reward or answer for the prayer, in which case the prayer would not have changed any law but merely would have seemed to. In actuality the blessing did not grow out of what may have been a selfish asking, but is incidental to a deeper force acting probably long before any prayer was made.

We have no control over other people's actions through prayer. They, too, are subject to these restrictions or limitations. If prayer on one's part cannot save another's soul, neither can it heal another's body. Exceptions to both of the last two statements may be had, in an indirect manner, if the person who is the object of the prayer knows of the petition. The results have many times been great when the one prayed for knew of the prayers. Interest in regard to a second person relative to a certain subject begets a like interest in the second person himself. Yet, divorce the object completely from the prayer, and the latter may come true provided it does not cross Nature's laws, which are after all those laws of the Ultimate Source.

Then what is the use to have prayer? This is a hard question. Those factors which shape the final answer to any prayer can never be measured, tabulated, or specified. In one instance a result comes forth; in another, there are no results. We say that the prayer was answered, or was not answered. In reality we can never ascertain with accuracy, as such forces as Nature's laws, general trends, influences, and conditions all have a part. It is practically impossible to place responsibility, the only unconditional truth being that the part played by Nature is decidedly positive and uncompromising.

(Continued on Page 23)

A Miner Incident

By Miles E. Smith

CHARACTERS

"Bubber" Dovel—a miner.
Minnie—his wife; a slatternly woman.
Sam Dovel—his son; about 21 years old.
Tom Waller—a mechanic; about 30.
"Tricks" Mart—the foreman; a little older than Tom.

Scene—*The living room of a typical mine laborer's house.*

Time—*Any Sunday afternoon in the spring.*

The room is crowded with simple, well-worn furniture. The floor is partly covered with a badly scarred linoleum rug and several small rag rugs. A pile of phonograph records is on the small center table, and a phonograph, an iron bed, and a dresser occupy the three corners, left to right respectively. Above the grate, which is filled with ashes and used for a family cuspidor, is a heavily loaded mantel-piece. Among its heterogeneous contents is a tin snuff-box. The right door opens to the front porch. The center door opens into the dining room.

"Bubber" is a hardened miner of about forty-five. His back is badly bent and his calloused hands and wrinkled face give evidence of years of exposure. He is wearing a cotton work shirt, with the sleeves cut off at the elbow; overalls, wool socks, and brogue shoes.

Minnie is dressed in a simple gingham frock and a broad black belt. She dips snuff nervously, and spits often.

The other men are dressed in much the same clothing as "Bubber," except Tom, who is wearing greasy cotton pants. He also has on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which have been repaired with wire.

As the curtain rises, "Bubber" and "Tricks" are seated by the table in two of the room's many plain chairs.

Bubber—Well, I reckon we'll be openin' the new headin' in the mornin'. I was down in the drift afore dinner and it 'peared to me like that last shot yesterd'y kinda knocked the bottom out of the tother un.

Tricks—Yeah, I guess that's right. I've been expecting every shot to be the last one for several days now, but the boss told me yesterday to keep driving the old drift if I could get enough hands. He thinks we might run into a new vein a few feet back.

Bubber—You'll be needin' more help than you can get, won't you?

Tricks—Yeah, it'll be hard to get good help at this time of year on account of the crop planting. Reckon I could get Sam to work for a few days?

Bubber—I couldn't say for a certain, but you can see him when he comes in. He's gone down to the fork of the road with Tom Waller to watch the cars pass. He's liable to come back 'most any time now.

Minnie enters the center door, talking, walks over to the fireplace, spits, takes a dip from the snuff-box on the mantel, and sits down, still talking.

Minnie—How'dyuh do, Mr. Mart; I'm so glad to see yuh. I was a-tellin' Bubber this mornin' that I'd lik' to see yuh an' axe yuh 'bout John Dotter's oldest girl. Mary Jones told me that her old man told her that Tom told him that yuh said that she was settin' up to that no'count Nathan Brown.

Tricks—I never said that to nobody; I just said somethin' to Tom about seein' Nathan's car out in front of John Dotter's house and asked Tom is he thought Nathan was goin' with John's girl. She's only fourteen, ya' know. That's the way Tom is; he's always stretchin' the blanket.

Minnie—That's just what I told "Bub" this mornin', now didn't I, Bubber? I didn't believe a word of it, but I wanted to axe yuh an' make sure. If I was yuh, I'd say somethin' to Tom 'bout tellin' so many big tales.

Tricks—Well, I never was much of a man to stir up trouble, but for a fact he ought to be called down. It ain't been more'n two months since Jim Koon gave him a good lickin' for mouthin' about his girl. It seems to me that he's mighty slow to learn.

The sound of someone walking is heard on the front porch. Sam and Tom enter the side door and stagger to the nearest chair. Tricks looks surprised.

Minnie—Why, Sam! What on earth has come over yuh? Have yuh been smokin' those big cigars again? Yuh orter a-knowed they would be makin' yuh sick.

Sam—Ah, maw! I ain't been a-smokin'; I just got a bad headache an' it made me sick and sort dizzy in the head.

Bubber—I don't believe a word of it! You've no more headache than I have, but you're gonna have one when that sugar-head likker gets up thar.

Tom—Now, don't get us wrong, Bubber; we ain't had a drop of likker. We—

Minnie—Yuh keep out of this, Tom, yuh no good loafer. Yuh have caused enough trouble already. Yuh ain't good fur nothin' but to run around makin' people drunk and blackguardin' on folks. Yuh orter be put in the penitentiary fur life.

Tom—Aw, Min! You think of the sweetest things to say 'bout me. (*Sneering.*) If it was a little nearer

(Continued on Page 18)

How to GET ON at College

By Jack Padgett

"GETTING ON" at college is important because it may make us or break us. The phrase getting on in the sense I wish to use it means the investment of our time, money, labor, and of ourselves to the best possible advantage and use. College is the crowning climax of the period of preparation, and upon the period of preparation the success or failure of later life largely depends.

In mathematics, motion may be represented by equation. It is of interest and use that the first derivative of the equation gives the velocity, or rate of change of a body, and that the second derivative gives the acceleration. When there is no acceleration, of course, the velocity is constant. This is applicable to college students. We are making a pilgrimage to our Mecca—a diploma. No one has a constant rate of doing work. It varies with conditions, will, and energy, but an increased velocity demands increased acceleration. Do better today than yesterday and velocity or rate of progress with quicken. It is the duty of everyone to overcome mental inertia, and to maintain as high and as constant a rate of progress as one's ability will allow.

There are puny souls who fear to be friendly with professors because others might accuse them of trying to gain an unmerited good grade. If there be such accusers, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they themselves have shown proficiency. There are those who play the hypocrite and would appear to be friendly with professors and superiors for expected favors. Such friendships are chaff and stubble, and a thousand such are not a moiety of the value of one true friendship. The progressive college student need not be in either group. He will be friendly to all and will go out of his way to help anyone.

All men are grownup boys and all college professors are grownup college students. Their purpose is to guide and assist in the preparation for life of those who will be our leaders of tomorrow.

The friendship of professors is highly desirable. College students may profit much by their advice and counsel. Their experience covers a much wider scope than the subjects they teach. For instance, all girls are more or less vain, emotional beings. Professors know this and are glad to give priceless advice as to their selection and care. I know no professor who will not come over half way in helping students meet their problems. Post-college years should be enhanced by the warm friendships of one's professors.

All kinds of students darken college doors—tall ones, short ones, lean ones, fat ones, and some brawny ones. They vary as to their intelligence. Some are said to be worthless. I can say conscientiously that I have not met one boy at college in whom I could not discern some true worth.

The college student should surround himself with those whose lives best express his aims. At college friendships are made which last as long as life. We are partners in preparation to make tomorrow's world better. Our aims and ambitions indicate tomorrow's life levels.

I Ain't in Love

Just 'cause I know a pretty girl
  It ain't no sign a-tall
That I'm way deep in love with her
  Or e'en about to fall.

Of course, I like her awful lots
  And go to see her, too;
And you can bet your own sweet life
  She likes me more than you.

But just because I hold her hands
  So tight in both of mine,
And look right straight into her eyes
  And 'low my eyes to shine.

It 'tain't no sense how people say,
  And e'en before my face,
"In love, my boy, you can't fool me,
  And how is you'n her grace?"

It sure beats all I've ever seen
  How people love to talk
'Bout things that hardly ne'er amount
  To more'n a piece of chalk.

Of course, it gives no care to me
  What folks just want to think;
I lets them say that I'm in love,
  But tell myself I ain't.

—Wilbur Livingston.

Guest Author

By Albert Lancaster

LITERATURE AND LEADERS

"READING maketh a full man," said Francis Bacon, and no truer words were ever spoken. Perhaps our greatest need today is men who have a well-rounded viewpoint, men who have a more liberal attitude to that which lies beyond the small circle of their specialty. Our world is becoming so rapidly divided into iron-bound and artificial classifications that soon we may have in medicine, doctors of the left arm, specialists on the right ear, and experts skilled in the peculiarities of the *obturator foramen*. In the colleges, professors of the first declension in Latin, instructors in the history of Finland from 1620 to 1625, and music teachers who know the works of only one composer. Our large universities and technical schools turn out each year numbers of graduates who lack the liberal education that would enbale them to appreciate the happenings of the world in general. We have progressed marvelously in many separated directions, but these efforts should be co-ordinated if we would progress with a united front. Specifically, our leaders, to effect a truly progressive plan, must be able to assimilate the general conditions and deal with them in an intelligent manner.

For those who lack this general culture, there is no more pleasant or effective way of achieving it than by reading good literature. By no other means can we so pleasantly share the thoughts and experiences of great minds both past and present. Vicariously, we can be a part of all that has ever happened. With Voltaire, we mock the foibles of eighteenth century France. With Hugo, we can fight with Jean Valjean for social justice. Goethe may impart some of the universality of his mind as we search with Faust for the innermost secrets of God—the meanings of life and death.

Shakespeare and Marlowe make us feel the excitement of renewed spirits living in the age of Elizabeth. Fielding may take us along the broad highway of adventure in "merrie England" with Tom Jones. For an interesting and authentic treatise of mid-Victorian England we need only to turn to Dickens or Thackeray. Life in France in the gilded age of Louis XIV has been accurately portrayed in the works of Racine and Molière. The basis of our geometry and philosophies are found in the writings of Euclid and Plato. Homer, Herodotus and Virgil reveal to us a culture of two thousand years ago that is in many ways superior to our own.

So, if we absorb only a fraction of this wealth of learning, we cannot help achieving a more intelligent perspective from which to regard this world and its cycle of events. The leaders of today would find that a lot could be learned from the sages of the past, who encountered the same difficulties that seem so impregnable to contemporary statesmen.

Lines on Man

Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end;
Between is written the record of a man.
He came forth an embryonic subtrahend
From the earth, gracious mother of all men—
Nourisher, supplying flora and fauna for his ailment;
Educator, to him revealing nature's eternal truth;
Shelterer, providing him with habitation and raiment;
Preserver, on thy bosom he begets his youth.
He springeth up early, so great his lust,
And groweth wealthy in earthly things;
At noontide he withereth and returns to dust—
Decayed by his ephemeral gains.
The wise on a loftier ideal plants his trust,
He serves mankind and frees his soul from dust.

—*M. E. Smith.*

It's Happened Before

By Peter Baker

ONCE upon a time, in the dark, dim ages of the past, there lived in a broad fertile valley a prosperous community of people governed by a gracious king. King Demo was his name. The Land of Plenty was the country.

The people in this Land of Plenty were very ambitious. They tilled their broad fields from dawn 'til dark, giving to King Demo his due and saving the rest for "rainy days" and old age. Therefore the commonwealth waxed rich. The king's barns and the people's barns were filled to overflowing.

However, there was one person in the Land of Plenty who refused to work. Where he had come from nobody knew. He got his food from King Demo because that king refused to see anyone starve. At first he used to sleep under trees and shrubs, but the kind king built him a nice little house because he hated to see anyone exposed to the rigors of that climate.

The people fitly named this person "Lazy."

"Lazy" lived with these people for many years in comparative comfort. All around him the people were working hard and saving their produce. The people regarded Lazy with scorn; but Lazy, not to be outdone, in turn regarded them with scorn.

One fateful day a famine struck the land. The people used up all their savings and began to go hungry. King Demo quickly observed the strife of his subjects and opened the doors of his enormous barns. He gave to all the people in the Land of Plenty equal amounts of food.

The famine did not affect Lazy. He was accustomed to receiving his support from the king. But the people were sorely hurt. They had lost their life savings. The things which they had worked and slaved and strived for through many long and tedious years had been wiped out in a very short time. They were downhearted and discouraged.

Lazy only laughed. He said, "I told you so! I told you so! You used to laugh at me and say that I was a fool. You looked at me with scorn because I refused to work. But I always got along. And now look at you! How much better off are you than I am? You've worked hard all your lives, you've saved, you've struggled, and in the end you have no more than I. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The people looked at each other with questioning eyes. They thought, "Well, maybe Lazy has the right idea."

Time went on. . . . Several years elapsed and still the Land of Plenty remained in the throes of the famine. But King Demo's plentiful treasury of food held out and he was able to continue giving the people food. The people continued working—in vain. Lazy continued laughing.

Finally the people became discontented. They observed Lazy's manner of living and saw that he was getting along as well as they were—and with no effort. They began to adopt his manner of living. One by one they dropped from the ranks of the ambitious and joined Lazy. Before many months had passed nobody in the Land of Plenty was doing any work. Everyone was depending on the good King Demo to supply him with food.

Many, many years later a lone traveler wandered into an isolated valley. On all sides he saw broad, desolate fields choked with weeds and briars. Here and there he saw little mounds which he knew had once been attractive homes. He found no trace of human life. But on leaving the valley he saw a huge stone slab on which was inscribed, "This is the Land of Plenty."—He laughed.

The Call

I would up and fly the skyways,
As the migratory bird,
Southward, wing the pathless flyways,
When the northern winds are heard.
Northward when the Great Creator
Calls me to a cooler clime,
Hearing some unseen relator
Guide me as in other times.
I will up and fly the skyways.

—Venable Vermont.

Concert Impressions

By Peter Moody

•

PRELUDE

The silken rustling of soft dresses and a gimpse of dark eyes and white throats — the formal, elegant black and white tailoring — the inky odor and the crackling folding of fresh programs — the excited talk of music lovers and the pleasing laughter of a friend's quiet greeting — music lovers.

The tingling thrill of intellectual anticipation. The lights dim and go out. A sudden hush and the vast auditorium is silent and listens with two thousand eager ears.

SOPRANO

Alone in her single spot of glory, glaring with its whitness, she looses the eager Voice and gently bids it go conquer with its soaring sweetness. Taking a spark of zealous emotion from the white spot, the Voice gaily trips up the aisle rugs, pausing here and posing there — then gambols onward with sheer ecstasy of freedom and joy — the lyrical sprite perches on the back row, and with lilting, leaping movement, reaches the balcony. There, like a playful, innocent but truant golden child, it dances up and down the rows, until in swift and glorious flight it vaults to the chandelier peak high above and capers gaily — looking down in triumph upon the dark audience.

BASSO

Emblem of power and might, he stands firmly in the white spot of dazzling glory, and pompously commands the Voice forth to its ponderous and brilliant work. Strong and obedient, the Voice treads heavily up and down the aisles, goes backstage, returns. Knocks on all the doors — finds the cellar door, pauses for a thick and growling moment, then enters, and goes down to sound the mellow wine casks.

POSTLUDE

The applause, gathering momentum and force, rolls in from the back rows, and, like a mighty tidal wave, crashes against the sea wall of the stage, showering the singers with its generous spray.

Nature Gives to Man

By Willis L. Gregory

CLEANLINESS is nature's holiest gift to man. What would man be without a cleansing of his mind and body? Would he not become more debased than any beast alive? After Spring's triumph over Winter comes Nature's cleansing. Earth takes her broom of a thousand winds and pushes back the snow into swelling streams that rush to the sea, leaving rocks once hidden now glistening in a warm spring sun among fresh earth filled with the sweetness of many roots and millions of swaying flowers to fill the emptiness of man's soul. This deluge of snow-filled streams passes nothing, but cleanses all, leaving its trademark as witness that all men are to begin again. The broom of a thousand winds destroys all unstable trees, uproots the aged, razes the stubborn sage fields, and twists the last clinging leaf until it, in desperation, turns loose to fall slowly to the ground. The dead limbs shatter on the forest floor, leaving behind space for more sunlight, letting the surface of the earth bathe in glorious color. The winds pass into nothingness.

Nature is not ruthless. But she does clean everything in her path; whereas man tries to clutter up his back yard with many barns, fill his strongholds with gold until his soul becomes overburdened with lusts and he returns to nature in silence. Nature cleanses all.

Fragrance is nature's sweetest gift to man. It permeates his life, making him a part of the infinite. Have you ever smelled the good earth after a spring shower? Why did you feel better? Did it not make you feel the purity that nature offers to every man with a scented sweetness? This fragrance alone gives voice of a master craftsman—God. This master cannot be surpassed, for he not only portrays beauty to man but he fills man's body with a fragrance that is heavenly. This work does not hinder men but spurs them on to greater heights. For one to excel is not enough. The best painted picture ever seen by man ceases to exist when he comes within the shadow of God's handiwork. Then comes the fragrances that bind one to the spot in unforgetable memories. Even the muddiest of flats give off scents that would make any man canvas-envious. The artist can only paint them, but here they live. In every reedy swamp abound aromas that force one to forget the past and live. Thus earth conquers man. The winds blow and the flowers pour forth their sweet-scented odors to cling to the highways and force from the low ways all that is stenched in ugliness. This moves man upward to new heights in living. Nature moves ever to produce only the best in mankind.

Music is nature's most peaceful gift to man. She, by greatness and space, produces tones that are harmonious to the thinking of all men. Go alone into a fir thicket and listen to the depth of the sound produced in the strings of nature's living harp. Man, living with his many complexities, must have a periodic and thorough cleansing, else he will be an automaton. Mechanically he would move and do, but he would not live. Therefore, if man is to remain human he must often seek nature. She is the only supreme that cleanses all. The stars with a resplendent moon beam down after a rose-like sunset, to pull men out of the carnal to the principles of the gods. Few can be alone for any length of time in the night without coming face to face with nature. How can anyone expect to escape this? What good will the person be that has escaped? We shall never know the strength of the gods. And nature will not come to us, but we must seek her. Nature appears to man as she slowly turns green in the springtime, producing light that is restful; turns brown in autumn with old age in great splendor and quiet beauty and settles down to Mother Earth's breast to slumber for an aeon. These experiences make men.

Man, after this contact, may return to civilization refreshed in spirit, ready to build more magnificent buildings, in goodness form new governments and by truth give justice to all. Primitive man was so pressed by his immediate need of food, clothing, shelter, rest, and protection that he had little opportunity for reflection on nature's gifts. The modern man, too, has these needs, but after every contact with nature he is a more rational and a freer being. Life will assume new intensity and purpose to him. Then and only then can he claim to have met the past or have seen the future.

AGE OF INGENUITY

Anonymous

EXAMINATIONS are particularly burdensome. To most college students they mark a painful period of their existence, and are looked upon with keen disfavor. At these periods during the school year lights cast shadows late into the night, innumerable cigarettes are burned, more black coffee drunk, and many eyes made bleary. Some jittery students are forced to steady themselves with a toddy taken at intervals much after the fashion of the old plat-surveyor, while others render their bodies highly susceptible to nervous breakdowns by the use of drugs, such as strychnine and caffeine, to give them a lift during these arduous days. Yet, there are some students who experience no special discomfort other than the few hours engaged in writing a queerly cramped hand, hours that could be better spent in social activity.

These latter students compose part of an organization that has developed to a point of top-notch efficiency over a long period of years. These years have embraced the careers of hundreds of students, many of whom have since achieved renown in as many fields. And their success is doubtless largely due to their membership in good standing in the organization already mentioned—mentioned but not definitely named, since it seems to be highly secretive with regard to internal government. However, we will let it suffice that Noter-Club serve in view of our lack of more explicit detail.

Now, C-Students, is there any reason whatsoever for your not belonging to the Noter-Club? The Noter-Club is found on the campus of every Amercian college and university. Of course, some of the chapters are small, but all the more credit should go to those chapters deficient in membership. They are most active. There is not a single dormant chapter in this nationally known organization! No, C-D-E-F Student, there is decidedly not the slightest reason for your not being a member. In fact, upon investigation, you might find that you have an inalienable right to membership by heredity. That, however, is not necessary. Examinations are not required. Although the origin and national officers of Noter-Club are kept secret, membership is a fairly simple matter. It is attractive in that, by joining, you at the same time lessen considerably your study burden, because throughout the year you are left entirely free to pursue the pleasures of college life without the interference of daily class preparation. At examination time your entire expenditure of labor should not necessitate more than two hours of consistent noting per examination. And it will be astonishing how much pure knowledge can be tabulated in such a short space of time when a chapter works as a body. Usually a chapter meeting is called, preferably thirty minutes before examination, for the purpose of holding a joint conference of the several committee that have been working independently. This has been found to be a highly satisfactory method of procedure among chapters.

Further evidence of the Noter-Club's prestige has been shown by the accomplishments of some of its outstanding members who are to be accorded note here. All of these members have proved themselves eligible for membership in good standing through their individual services to the national organization. They range in ability from genius to mediocre, but all have demonstrated a driving desire to give all they possess to aid the cause.

Ivy Sistum has done unparalleled work in her field of endeavor. To examination she carries only one harmless little card of two by three inches in her hand. This is her index to pockets numbered from one to four, more or less, depending on the number of pockets. Each numbered pocket contains from three to eight cards of the two by three inch denomination, all microscopically adorned by necessary and relevant facts. The index provides a quick, sure access to these facts without incurring any mental reflection about pockets on her part. Ivy's brother, A. Sistum, is a charter member of Noter-Club, and is considered a genius. His specialty consists of a small memorandum book with a preface of one hundred representative questions. The answers, constituting the text, are written minutely on numbered pages. These numbers correspondingly appear after each item in the preface. Parenthetically, it might be mentioned that this brother and sister have made distinction on the scholastic roll of Noter-Club.

Will Scrollum has earned recognition through his introduction of a fifteen-foot scroll, easily manipulated by one hand and scarcely evident, that carries a condensed volume.

There are others who have made their mark. Carver Notch is adept in the art of cutting physics formulas on pencils. I. C. Notes has made the best of his handicap. He is frequently forced, when under mental strain, to wipe his glasses. Inscribed cards of the two by five inch denomination nestle in the case. Boldness is the outstanding trait of C. N. A. Book, who chooses to open volumes on the third row from Prof. Seaknot. But he

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Old HOUSES

By BILL JONES

TO ME, old houses are almost an obsession. When young, I was ever anxious to visit any home or plantation that had been associated with past lives and events. It seemed as though I sensed the drama that had been enacted in them by walking through the dilapidated rooms.

During the years since childhood I have passed sporadically through stages when I was bitten by love-bugs, run-away-bugs and even that queer carrier of the germs of collecto-mania. All of these afflictions, however, were secondary to my fancy for old houses. And the latter must have had its beginning years ago at grandfather's.

His was an enticing old place! Although it burned some years ago, I have more childhood recollections of that three-story house with its long veranda than of any other. How plainly I can still see the wide-board walls—some of those boards must have been thirty inches in breadth—the quaint pictures, and remember the high fireplace of the living room. There on the hearth was where I read my first sleepy vignette by Hawthorne, while my bare legs were baked to a deep red. And I know that there I first discovered the delight to be derived from tail-cranking a cat. That sport seemed to disturb grandfather as much as it did Lord Mac, the cat. I suspect that was due to Mac's forbears having been long represented in the family and because one of his remote ancestors had been raised to the peerage by a sentimental Scotchman who had helped build the house some three generations before grandfather inhabited it.

Since those dreamy days now so far away, I have spent many hours around old habitations. Some had much history, others little. But all were aged. One well remembered house is a Southern home that still gleams white atop Belmont Hill, the last foothill of the Blue Ridge range. Approached through a boxwood-bordered lane, surrounded by statuesque white oaks, and adjoined by spacious rolling fields separated by cedars, the house was intriguing. There, from the attic, was seen the smoke of burning Columbia when Sherman passed. There in the spring of 1865 a strange action took place at a long table under the oaks. Confederate infantrymen and Northern calvarymen faced each other across the table without animosity—the aroma of spicy foods must have smoothed out feelings considerably. And as the sun slanted its rays across those undulating South Carolina hills, men in gray and men in blue parted in different directions at the end of the boxwood lane.

Down near the coast, I once visited the gloomiest house outside of fiction. Water oaks draped with Spanish moss darkened a rambling house of one story, giving it a church-yard air. Reputation, however, gives it quite a different past. It was once a pirate rendezvous where one old buccaneer who made a fortune pillaging British merchantmen literally painted a back room by jugulating a house guest with his cutlass. Doors open to close again noisily, and on some nights cutlasses still clash—it is said.

I have seen many strange houses. But they were never stranger or more interesting than their inhabitants. Gloom-enveloped houses and morbid people contrast congenial people living in houses bathed in sunlight. Walks to houses indicate personalities. One of broad flagstones stands out in my mind. Darkened and smoothed by alternating sun and rain, they were once trod gingerly by Southern belles, briskly by constant suitors, shufflingly by the war-worn, and, more recently, by prim high heels. Charming walks belong only to fascinating houses.

On a dream river all lovers of old houses have built their own dream house. My mind pictures for me that same old colonial house overlooking a double bend in the river. Inside sits an old white-headed man, surrounded by books and the radiant warmth from a huge stone fire-place. Beside him is another gentleman, Lord Mac, who in his way is just as wise and lovable.

Youth's Plea

God's rainbow spans the dripping heavens;
His love spans human hearts,
His mighty power o'ersees us all,
And from us greed departs.

Then another dawn seen breaking,
Man's base side shows again.
He hates, and swears, and shoots to kill—
All for a bit of land.

Millions dead and millions dying
For a power-crazed fiend;
Yet still we hate, and swear, and shoot.
Oh, God! when shall it end?

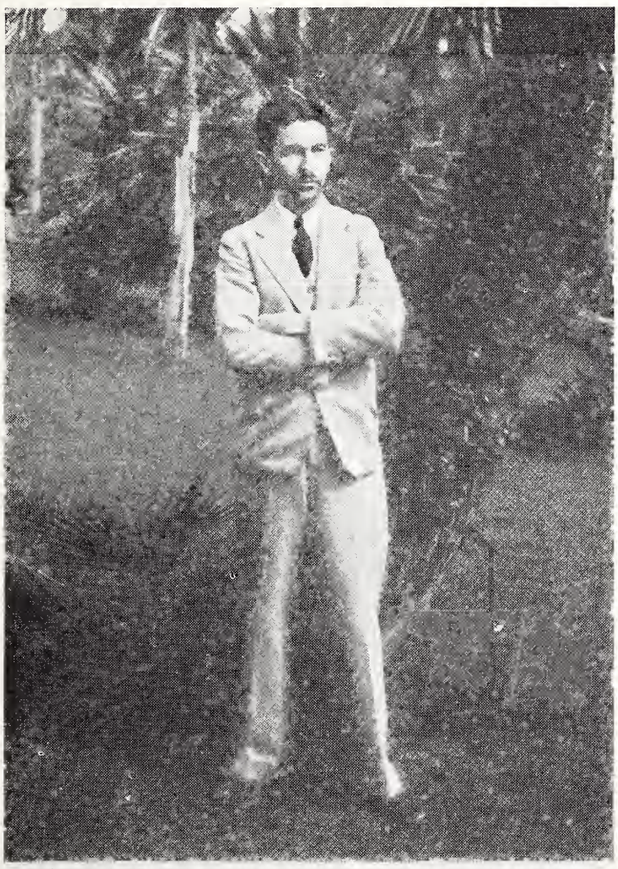
May we have Thy understanding,
Brave servants lead us free
From this mad, seething man-made hell
Safe again to Thee.

—*Glenn Martin.*

Outstanding Alumni

Number Two in a series concerned with Wofford men who have become prominent for their contributions to man's advancement in knowledge.

LOUIS BOOKER WRIGHT



Louis B. Wright

A STUDY of the life of Louis Wright reveals a man who liked the human spectacle and was fascinated with the panorama of life. The realities of existence were not to be encountered by him through books, but by mingling with people, and for this reason started his literary career as a newspaper reporter. His interest in the lives of men stimulated a desire to know what lay back of the impersonal volumes of past ages. He wanted to see something of the reality of the people who made and read the books of earlier periods. His research along this line earned for him a Guggenheim Fellowship for the study of the life and intellectual interests of the English middle class from the beginning of the 16th to the middle of the 17th century. The result was an authoritative volume, entitled *Middle Class Culture in Elizabethan England.*

Louis Wright's interest in literature had its beginning in his father's library, where he was allowed to read what he pleased. The fact that he never acquired a taste for the "success" stories of Horatio Alger reveals an early acquirement of the ability to separate true experience from the shallow and unreal. Later on his interest lead him into the short story field. While a student at Wofford he wrote a romantic story about China which won a gold medal. After spending two years as city editor of the Greenwood *Index-Journal,* he quit because "it seemed a waste of time to spend the best efforts of one's brains upon material that three hours after press-time was destined for the

(Continued on Page 26)

Taken from *Who's Who in America,* 1936-37: Wright, Louis Booker, English literature; b. Greenwood County, S. C., Mar. 1, 1899; s. Thomas Fleming and Lena (Booker) W.; A. B,. Wofford Coll., Spartanburg, S. C., 1920; A. M., U. of N. C., 1924, Ph. D., 1926; m. Frances Marion Black, of Spartanburg, S. C., June 10, 1925. Began as newspaper reporter, 1918; city editor *Index-Journal,* Greenwood, S. C., 1920-23; instr. in English, U. of N. C., 1926-27, asst. prof., 1929-30, asso. prof., 1930-32; Johnston research scholar, 1927-28, at Johns Hopkins University; Guggenheim research fellow in England and Italy, 1928-30; visiting prof., Emory U., Atlanta, Ga., 1930; leave of absence from U. of N. C. as visiting scholar Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, Calif., 1931-32; research prof. at latter since 1932; lecturer in English, Calif. Inst. Tech., since 1932, U. of Calif. at Los Angeles, 1934-35; visiting prof. English, U. of Mich., 1935. Served at pvt. U. S. Army, Plattsburg (N. Y.) Training Camp, 1918; inf. instr. as sergt. Wofford Coll. Student Army Training Corps, 1918, World War. Mem. Modern Lang. Assn. America, Modern Humanities Research Assn., American Association of University Professors, Phi Beta Kappa. Winner of Smith prize for research in lang. and lit., U. of N. C., 1926. Democrat. Clubs: Tudor and Stuart Club (Johns Hopkins); Athenaeum (Pasadena, Calif.). Author: Middle Class Culture in Elizabethan England, 1935; Puritans in the South Seas (with Mary Isabel Fry), 1936; also (brochure) The Reading of Plays During the Puritan Revolution, 1934. Editor: Royster Memorial Studies, 1931; asst. editor Studies in Philology, 1930-31; joint editor Huntington Library publs. since 1932. Contbr. many professional articles in jours. of U. S., England and Germany.

A FRESHMAN WRITES—

PAY DAY

By HUGH L. DAVIS

SURGING, throbbing, bathed in earnest expectation was this den of wrecked men. Men with dreams that had soured into hopelessness; men clothed in cast-offs. Their hearts craved love, the love of anything but their own poverty; their minds longed for forgetfulness; their souls yearned to be drenched by the alcoholic poison that would, in their own imagination, magnify their importance in this world.

Drink and forget was their religion, their motto. They were not looking for their ship to come in — it had come. Its cargo was despair, disappointments, and miscalculations.

Among this pulsing scene of seething hopelessness mingled Edgar Horne. His satirical manner, the utter lack of emotion in his sagging features and his forlorn gait marked him from the others. Horne's fellow sufferers plainly displayed their deference toward him rather than toward each other. Some unknown quality was his; some quality that demanded a groveling recognition.

Horne shot inquiring, questioning glances at the men. Each dart stabbed beneath the surface of their faces, back into their minds. Pausing here and there, casting glances from side to side, he then retreated out of eye's reach.

A bell rang. The men, as if an electrical charge had been shot through them, suddenly tasted hope once more. Pushing, cursing, and pulling, it was every man for himself. Their goal was a small opening in the wall. From the other side peered Edgar Horne. A sour look of disgust at the greediness of his hirelings enveloped him.

In his hand were envelopes on which were scrawled names of individuals. The grasping eyes were glued on them. This was their life, it seemed. One by one, name by name, Horne mumbled and delivered the pay-roll. One by one, the men stepped up, then straightened their shoulders and backs. With a new-found glitter in their eyes they clutched for the envelopes. Inside them was a single synonym for drink, food, happiness. That was money. The weird scene was no more. The drudges' weekly dream-boat had arrived.

Reverie

O night, mysterious night, whisper into my ears
Thy secrets of unknown loves and hidden tears,
Of joyous triumphs and crushing fears,
Which thy mighty curtain has concealed,
Since first thy darkness fell.

O night, great father of time,
Thy comings and goings are like the rhyme
Of an eternal master sage
Whose truth has filled every age
Since first thy darkness fell.

O night, to me you seem
The silent sentry of every pleasant dream,
And the drowsy spy who has soundly slept
While men have languished in pleasure's depth
Since first thy darkness fell.

O night, the history of the ages is there
Veiled beneath thy ebony hair,
And guarded by Morpheus' enchanting spell
From every traitor who has dared to tell
Since first thy darkness fell.

O night, thou couldst surely relate
The secrets of our Master's fate,
And more laughingly recall
How men have copied Adam's fall
Since first thy darkness fell.

But, O night, thy voice is mute
And like the strings of thy melodious lute,
Even St. Cecilia's perfect art
Has never plucked the secrets of thy heart
Since first thy darkness fell.

—*M. E. Smith.*

On Writing An Essay

Divers subjects to discuss;
But, perplexity crowds my mind
And interferes with my selection
Of an appropriate theme.

Emotional, it could be—,
Or, I might attempt to expound an idea
(Of my own or of another surmiser).
    My ideas are exiguous,
    And I am unable to comprehend
    Well enough those of others
    To try even a specious analysis.
Hence, expression of sentiments is prevalent.

Nature, in the rough or modernly beautified,
Is a perenially interesting topic;
Or, I might acquaint my reader with my opinion
Of the different forms of government.
    My knowledge of government is so shallow—
    And, too, my opinion would probably be misjudged
    And severely censured by the critics—
That I must write about nature.

Nature exists in two forms:
Artificial — that which is disturbed by man;
And absolute — that which is untouched, real.
From whence does my inspiration come?

Beautiful parks, such as only man can form,
With selected stately trees, and plots of
Choicest flowers enclosed in evergreen pastures
Afford inspiration to some aspiring writers.
But not me; I loathe artificiality.
    I have heard the babbling of the brook
    And the euphonious warble of the robin
    And the crackle of the dead leaves under my feet
    As I strolled through a dense forest.
    I have trodden over the green, dandelion-speckled
    Carpet of grass in the secluded meadow,
    And have shaken the ripe, brown chestnuts
    From their prickly envelopes.
        And I was delighted, thrilled, and thankful
        To God for such magnificent beauty.
I write about undisturbed nature.

—*Cecil G. Huskey.*

Musings of An Astronomer

By James H. Carlisle, Jr.

THE moon is always the first object to receive the prime adoration of a fledgling astronomer who is rejoicing in his first views of the night sky through a telescope. Even those uninitiated in the secrets of the heavens are instantly impressed by sight of the moon in a telescope, for it takes no trained eye to recognize a chalk-white world, seamed and gashed with great valleys, innumerable mountains, and myriads of bowl-shaped elevations or craters, often with central peaks which project finger-like shadows on the crater walls.

All increase of telescopic power shows more small inequalities and sharpness of elevation. As the telescopist observes the silent dignity of this celestial desert, he may muse on the long past history of this satellite.

* * *

THE DEATH OF THE MOON

The moon is dead. Once it may have known a life of activity, of fire-spouting mountains, rushing rivers, gentle rain, and blue skies, but these are for it no more. Then, perhaps, it held strange, unearthly animals; while the earth was but a ball of mist-shrouded liquid rock. This inferno battled the condensing water vapors with a fury inconceivable to our imagination. The moon had already passed this stage of heat. It was clothed with blue air and rolling clouds. The condensed water formed small seas or descended in the form of rain or snow. Rocks were worn away by the ceaseless activity of river, sun, and frost. Winds swept over its surface and volcanoes spouted smoking lava for miles, with deafening detonations. Millions of slow-moving years passed. The atmosphere slowly leaked away forever into boundless space. The fleecy clouds vanished. The waters boiled away. The violent volcanoes gradually exhausted themselves and ceased their ejections of lava after a few million years of titanic struggles with slowly approaching doom. Soft sunsets became no more. Searing, scorching heat struck by day in sunshine, and intense cold struck at night. The sky became jet black; the stars no longer twinkled; they gazed steadily and reproachfully at this vast graveyard. The moon had become a tomb, invested with the silence and immobility of death.

* * *

A WORLD DYING

The astronomer has become weary of inspecting the lifeless mass of our nearest neighbor in space, so to find a world where life may yet dwell, he turns the glass on Mars. Into his ken drifts a small reddish-yellow disk. He strains his eyes at the toneless surface and at last faintly glimpses a trace of blue green patches. The reddish color of Mars is the mark of deserts. The blue patches may be vegetation struggling amidst choking sands. What strange creatures alien to earth may fight there for water! The planet's surface is flat and probably quiet. Perhaps, starving, thirsty eyes look up through the thin, cold air of that world and pray to a bright blue "star" called by its inhabitants "earth"! A thoughtful astronomer may sense the presence of some cosmic irony in the two worlds. Earthmen, shuddering at Mars' blood red color, have conceived it as the War Planet, bringing death and ruin. If the beliefs of some astronomers are true, then Mars is entirely covered with a changing network of canals to save water. If so, then perhaps the Martians have already attained universal peace and cooperation. While bloody Earth has named Mars after a god of war, who knows but that peaceful Martians might, admiring the serene diamond blue color of our world, and entirely ignorant of our strifes, have named the earth after one of their gods of peace?

* * *

THE INSCRUTABLE WORLD

Astronomers love the mysteriousness, and Venus has that quality to perfection. So impenetrably is it cloaked in clouds that all astronomers know about it are its positions, size and approximate weight. We do not know whether it revolves or not. The only conclusion we can draw is that if it rotates, it does so in not less than a week. We do not even know whether its clouds are water vapor or not. Through the telescope it is an intensely bright spot undergoing the same apparent changes in shape or "phases" as the moon. Its apparent size changes greatly with its distance from the earth. This is all anybody can see of it, whether with a two- or two hundred-inch telescope. Perhaps Venus, like Mars, does not really deserve her name. Named after the goddess of beauty, its beauty is only, as they say, "skin deep." If you could go there you would find conditions intensely unfavorable to earthlings, for when it turns slowly one side will be fearfully cold. On the other, it will, perhaps, be very hot, but certainly very humid. There the day-time, because of the perpetual clouds, is just about as bright and pleasant as an earthly tropical thunderstorm, typhoon, and tornado combined in the rainy season. You'd be drenched with maybe water, or else something not so pleasant. If life is there, just imagine a mixture of dinosaurs, slimy eels, mosquitoes big as dragon flies, swamps and marsh, and endless dampness. You then have a faint idea of what scientists imagine Venus might be. In other words, Venus is probably a youthful, teeming world

(Continued on Page 23)

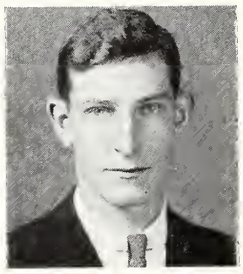
Authors' Column

Peter Moody

We were very fortunate in receiving contributions from two former students who were outstanding while at Wofford. Both are candidates this year for the Rhodes Scholarship examinations.

Peter Moody was the editor of *The Old Gold and Black* and a frequent contributor to this magazine. His sketch, *Song of Ourselves,* won first prize in the recent State Press Association contest. He is now taking advanced work in English at Duke University.

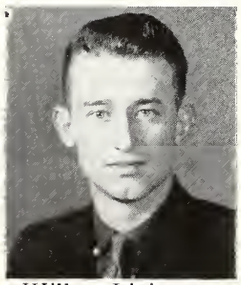
* * *



Albert Lancaster

Albert Lancaster edited THE JOURNAL in his senior year and produced a magazine that won third place for excellence in a field of over twenty competing publications. He is now a member of the foreign language department at Castle Heights Military Academy in Tennessee.

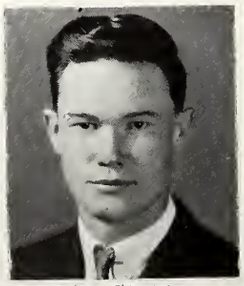
* * *



Wilbur Livingston

Wilbur Livingston, editor of the 1938 *Bohemian,* has been a reliable contributor to our pages with his very appealing poetry. His verse is outstanding for its mature and well expressed thought.

* * *



Bill Gladden

Covers of THE JOURNAL for the past two years have been the handiwork of this versatile contributor. Besides maintaining a high scholastic average, he has played varsity football two years, and is very active in extra-curricular events. Gladden was recently elected to edit the 1939 *Bohemian,* and he ought to put out a very attractive yearbook.

A MINER INCIDENT

(Continued from Page 5)

Christmas, I'd buy ya a present. Bubber, how in the devil did you ever pick a woman like her for a wife? I'm sure glad that I don't have to listen to her lip all th' time. (*Laughs.*)

MINNIE (*rising furiously*)—Why, yuh—yuh—I'll have yuh know that yuh ain't got to listen to nothin' I says. Yuh can git outa my hous' this very instance iffen yuh don't lik' what I says—yuh good for nothin' nuisance! (*Turing to Bubber.*) Bubber, air yuh gonna set thar an' let a low-down sot insult yur wife in yur own hous'?

SAM—Aw, maw, Tom didn't mean no harm, he was jus' joshin' yuh.

BUBBER (*angrily*)—Well, it ain't no diff'rence whether he was joshin' or not! Nobody's gonna insult my wife an' git away with it. (*To Tom.*) Tom, I reckon you'd better be movin' along. (*Opening the front door.*) Now, git!

TOM (*rising*)—O. K.! O. K.! I'm goin' but I'm warnin' you nobody's ever thrown Tom Waller out of their house yit an' got away with it. You'll be hearin' from me later, you and your sharp-tongued wench.

BUBBER (*fuming*)—All right now, Tom, you said a-plenty. You'd better git ta hell out of my hous' like my wife was a tellin' yuh before I lose my temper.

TOM (*staggering toward the side door which Bubber is holding open*)—I'm warnin' you! You'll hear from this. (*He shakes his fist in Bubber's face as he staggers out the door.*)

TRICKS (*rising*)—Well, I 'spect I'd better be going too, Bubber. I guess Tom ain't in no condition to work tomorrow. How 'bout you, Sam?

SAM—Naw, I guess not. My head is almost killin' me. (*Flops down on the couch.*) (*Tricks starts to leave.*)

BUBBER—Don't hurry off, Tricks.

TRICKS (*starts to open the door, but turns before he leaves*)—Bubber, you'd better watch out for Tom. He's apt to be back in a little while with a gun. You know he's the kind of a fellow who'd shoot ya in the back. (*He leaves, closing the door.*)

SAM—Now, yuh look what ya done, Paw! Tom's got a gun down yonder in the boiler room, and he don't have much love for us nohow!

MINNIE—Aw, he's nothin' but a big bully, but I'm a-goin' ter git the gun anyhow, so's Bubber kin call his bluff if'n he comes back. (*She goes out the center door.*)

SAM—Paw, you'd better let me handle Tom when he gits back. He kinda likes me, I think.

BUBBER—You've got too much likker in yuh to handle anything. You'd better douse yer head in a bucket

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Our Cultural Future

IT IS IMPORTANT to note the present trends of governments all over the world to rescue their civilizations from what they call cultural oblivion. They are busy recovering the valuable bits of their primitive arts, folk-tales, and ancient poetry. The one fundamental cause for this action by the educated people is the fear that their country has bogged down into a swamp of cultured stagnation. They realize that a unified national culture, instilled by national pride and patriotism, is necessary to maintain a high morale during these times of political and economic upheaval.

In the United States, we have never experienced the humiliation of a political defeat, yet here too has culture shown a lack of activity. School teachers are paid less than factory workers in many parts of the country, with secondary school and college curricula assuming more and more the appearance of trade school programs. Literary culture has gradually faded into the background. This atrophy is found not only in our educational institutions but also in moving picture houses and newspapers, where our children receive a very inferior philosophy of life. If we do not encourage the taste for good reading and a preference for the better plays and moving pictures, we cannot escape the humiliation of being singled out as a nation lacking culture. We ought to possess the firm determination to raise our standards of education, support colleges, libraries and other centers of education, so that the cultural decay among the great masses will be definitely overcome.

—A. C. S.

About This Issue

This month's JOURNAL shows, we think, the results of a little more effort on the part of the student body and editorial staff. We have put out a slightly larger magazine without in any way lowering our literary standards. This was possible only through an increase in the number and quality of contributions over last month. We hope that spirit continues, so that our publication will always be recognized as worthy to represent a school of Wofford's reputation in the liberal arts field.

The announcement of the JOURNAL awards in the three fields of writing is made in this issue. Three medals will be given—one for the best entry in the poetry, essay, and short story divisions. The names of the prize winners will be published in the May issue of the JOURNAL. The purpose in reinstituting these awards is two-fold: first, to serve as an impetus for those who are backward about writing for publication; and second, to reward those who have worked hard and long to turn out work of a superior quality.

No Death

When you are called from this we know
Into that boundless world beyond all sight,
Your soul will leave me not for long,
Although your face is cloaked in chill of night.
For when the trumpet blast of spring
Calls every sleeper from his darkened room,
Then you will rise and greet the sun,
A golden daffodil burst into bloom.

—*E. N. Braddy.*

Exchange

THE November issue of *The Concept* is a highly acceptable magazine. The change in the size of the pages has not harmed its appearance—in fact, the excellent lay-out is one of its most distinctive points. We also liked the review of Ceceille Corbett on that widely publicized pageant, *The Lost Colony*. The symbolism in *Nocturne* is very appealing, although the story of a dog by Everiell Ivey and *Lost Prize* left us slightly skeptical.

The Rain God's Bride in the Columbia College *Criterion* is probably the best article in the magazine, although *Fate* is rather appealing in its theme. Christabel Mayfield's *Saved By The Bell!* is amusing, while the joke page is noticeably devoid of humor. The chief criticism of the issue is a poor lay-out of material and the conspicuous blanks in the advertising section.

The Bozart-Westminster of Oglethorpe makes a strong bid for poetic supremacy with the poems: *Pedigreed Cats, Wild Cucumber Tree, Barrio Twilight, The Philosopher, Yesterday* and *Seesaw*, a grimly realistic picture of the changeability of fortune. We also confer praise on *Steep Yourselves In the Classics,* a timely article on good reading. The theme is excellent and the expression convincing.

Duke's October and November issues of *The Archive* are almost devoid of articles of literary merit for a university of its size. In the October issue *A Dead Girl* seems to be the best selection. The poem is descriptively beautiful with a fertility of individuality. *This Thing Called Play Writing* should be of intense interest to all those interested in the field of drama. *Le Cygne* also appeals to us for its correctness of style. It is the best freshman theme we have had chance to view this year. The November issue brings forth an article by Keui Hyung Chang, *The East and the West*, a study of human differences which gives us an insight into the customs and mental reflections of the Eastern World in contrast to our seemingly modern civilization. Walter Shaefer's *Rank and File* provides a study of the strike problem, an ever present source of disturbance. The author is a member of The National Maritime Union and writes of things as he has seen them. Jane Dusenburg in her *Ticket to St. Petersburg* has created a well built story with a skyrocket plot. The purity of style and the strongly constructed plot should appeal to all short story lovers. The foremost criticism of *The Archive* is that too much space is devoted to stories of no special literary value. Some of these are well written, but of what good are they?

The Georgia Arch of the University of Georgia, through courtesy of *Scribner's*, appears with a highly acceptable photo cover, and the extra candid camera shots that cover the two middle pages add a great deal of originality to the fine lay-out of the printed material. Martha Johnson, after a summer spent in the study of foreign journalism in Europe, reveals to us what sort of people we seem through the eyes of a foreigner in her article, *Who'd a Thunk It!* One can read it at almost a glance, and she should be commended for the absence of frivolous details. This type should be made a model for such discussions. Geraldine Devier has constructed the most hilariously "funny" story we've seen. The section devoted to old laws of the Alma Mater proves to be an interesting feature also, and we must applaud John Pye for a good majority of laughable jokes.

Lander's *Erothesian* in its November issue gives us an informative sketch on the *Present and Past of the Cherokees,* and we are attracted by the amusing article *State Witness. A Prayer of Vanity* is perhaps the best poem, while Dolly Erickson writes a discussion on *Noses*. The subject is good, but it is poorly developed.

A very attractive magazine is *The Distaff* from Florida State College for Women. It is handy in size and the reading material is printed on semi-rough paper that does not tire the eyes. The verse contribution *Sea Cycle* caught our eye, and also the well developed comments on outstanding successes in the field of screen and of radio. *The Seven Who Fled*, a book review, should receive some merit; however, the argument on *Why I Should Never Marry a Cuban* is too long and rambling to create much interest. *Stork Scoop* brings before us again the scene of a newspaper office and is amusingly realistic in parts. *The Egyptian Ring* is difficult to believe and does not possess the verisimilitude that is found abundantly in *A Sunday Experience*.

The Wesleyan for November is devoted to a plea for peace, a very appropriate subject at this time. Helen Jones, through an allegory, shows how history repeats itself as time heals and brings forgetfulness. *As the Moth Flies Into the Flame* is another convincing article with proverbial picturization. Betty Wiggins provides a light humorous touch with *Conversation at Half-Past Midnight.*

Presbyterian College brings us in its October issue of *The Collegian* an entirely new type of magazine. All

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AND SO—VICTORIA, by Vaughan Wilkins

CHRISTOPHER HARNISH was an idealist when idealism wasn't the custom of the day. Born in the midst of hate and jealousy, he was providentially transferred during his early youth to the home of an old scholar, where he grew up apart from the political corruptness that pervaded England during the early part of the nineteenth century. There was an implication that he came of high birth, but he could never learn from his guardian the exact origin of his parentage. One day he was taken from his haven by two emmissaries of the Duke of Cumberland. His life with these two, short as it was, served as a sharp introduction into the trend of the times. They entangled him into a plot to kill the royal princess, the future Queen Victoria, in order to avenge a wrong committed by her uncle! His escape from that unsuccessful conspiracy brings him violently into contact with life on its lowest scale, that of the poor orphans. His idealism suffers a severe setback at this period, but he fortunately is rescued by a mysterious rich gentleman, who has an unusual attachment to the boy.

Christopher's life from then on assumes a more even tenor. He receives the education of a boy of the upper class, experiences a light touch of love and learns that he is a member of the royal family. He wants none of their plots and hates, so Lord Setoun, his guardian, sends him to Germany in the service of a Hanoverian duke. There again, the inevitable opposition to his ideals confronts him, and he is the unwilling cause of shame and death. After a brief adventure in the deserts of America, he returns to England to play an important part in the preservation of the throne for Victoria, who personifies his ideals for England's future.

Essentially, *And so — Victoria* is composed of two themes, the personal history of Christopher Harnish, and the life of pre-Victorian England. The facility with which the author blends the two plots combines to form a story that should interest most people.

The descriptive passages are especially well done, showing evidences of a great deal of research and an unusual ability for observing details.

A. C. S.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK, by Walter D. Edmonds

Gilbert Martin had every reason to believe that the future held only success and happiness for him and his wife, Lana. With youth, sixty acres of good Mohawk Valley land, and a baby on the way that was sure to be a boy, Gil had begun to make plans. Then the ominous rumbles of war in the East made themselves heard in the peaceful settlement. The dispute seemed to center about an unjust tax on tea and the desire for representation. The frontiersman's sentiments were naturally for the cause of his countrymen, but he was not anxious to go to war about it. This hesitancy was soon brought to an end, however, when a company of Tories and Indians came down from Canada and attacked the settlers, burning their homes and crops.

Hard times came to the Martins, and everyone else in the district, for their home was in ashes, and the grain a field of black stubble. The excitement was too much for the expectant Lana, and her child was stillborn. They lived for a while off of the meagre rations doled out at the fort. However, fortune hadn't entirely left the Martins, for one day Gil found employment on the farm of the widow McKlennar, who became one of their most valuable friends.

Additional defense was needed at the fort, so a company of reserves was organized. Gil joined and soon was marching, with other units from the surrounding country, in a concentrated attack upon the Tories and Algonquins, who were harrassing the country to the west. The poorly disciplined colonials marched into a trap and were nearly wiped out, but not without inflicting heavy punishment upon their enemies. The ef-

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A MINER INCIDENT

(Continued from Page 18)

an' git to bed; you've already missed another chance to go to work on 'count of yur drinkin'.

MINNIE (*entering the center door with a large revolver*)—Here yuh air, Bubber. Hold this here pistol an' scare him offen the place if he comes back. (*She spits in the grate, gives Bubber the pistol, and looks out through the side window.*) Lawd Amighty! Yonder he comes now, and he's got a gun! What yuh gonna do? (*Nervous.*) He ain't got no better sense than to shoot yuh! Why, he might kill us all! What'll we do?

BUBBER (*looks through window and then turns*)—Aw, quit yur worryin', Min. I ain't gonna let him do nothin'.

A shot is heard from backstage, and then the loud steps of a man.

MINNIE (*screaming at the sound of the shot, and becoming hysterical*)—Good Lord! What'll I do? For goodness sakes do something, Bubber!

There is a loud rapping on the door, it comes open, and Tom staggers in, waving his pistol recklessly, and swearing. At this Minnie screams and runs out the center door. The two men are facing each other.

BUBBER (*sternly, holding pistol at his side*)—Tom Waller, I'll give yuh 'zactly ten seconds to git outa my house! Now, git!

TOM (*unsteady on his feet, and glaring at Bubber*)—I'll go, but not until I've squared things with you, you hen-pecked son of a ———. Here's what I think of you. (*He points his pistol in the general direction of Bubber and fires several wild shots.*)

BUBBER (*quickly fires directly at Tom's heart; Tom grunts and slowly falls to the floor*)—I hated to do it, but yuh had it comin' to yuh.

SAM (*coming from behind the sofa*)—Now you've played the devil!

Minnie peeps in the center door, sees Tom, screams, and slams the door shut again.

TRICKS (*as he comes running in the front door*)—What's going on here, Bubber? (*He sees Tom's body on the floor and kneels down to examine it.*) He's dead, Bubber!

BUBBER (*wistfully*)—Yeah, I reckon he's done for, but I had to do it afore he plugged one of us.

TRICKS (*slowly shaking his head*)—I always did believe that Tom's long tongue would bring him to a bad end. Now I guess it can take a rest, but I don't know where I'll get another mechanic as good as he was.

CURTAIN

Campus

"Speaking of Washington's Birthday — do you know the worst mistake Washington ever made?"

"No; what?"

"Inviting Pittsburgh to the Rose Bowl."—*Georgia Arch.*

———

He: "Oh, what wouldn't I give if you would let me kiss you?"

She: "Satisfaction."—*West Point Pointer.*

———

Prof.: "I hate to tell you this, sir, but your son is a moron."

Father: "Wait until he gets home. I'll teach him to join one of these fraternities without my consent."—*Yellow Jacket.*

———

"Frequent water-drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," says the co-ed, "but some of the joints don't serve water."—*Annapolis Log.*

———

Father: "Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

Suitor: "I'll have to telephone home first."—*Columbia Jester.*

———

Judge: "What's the charge against this man, officer?"

Officer: "Bigotry, yer honor. He's got three wives."

Judge: "I'm surprised at your ignorance, officer. That's trigonometry, not bigotry."—*The Lookout.*

———

I Question Myself

What is this life for which I fight to keep?
I wonder, if it is so dear to me,
Why do I try to make the minutes leap
So fast, to fall into eternity?
What do I want to get from living here?
Do eat and drink and things of worldly pride
Make me strain my soul until I leer
At all which seems to be on Justice's side?
Or do I sacrifice my worldly things,
Ignoring selfish urge to heap up piles
Of worldly goods. Do I forget what brings
My soul the peace of knowing I am free?

—*R. E. Kirtley.*

Carnival

A fellow had three suits: non-support, separation, and breach of promise.—*Yellow Jacket.*

Lapidus was worried. His wife was undergoing an operation.

"Vid me it's like dis," he told a friend. "I dun't mind de forty dollars so much. It's de tarrible denger."

"Dun't be silly," smiled his friend. "Vot kind dengerous operation could it be — ven it costs only forty dollars?"—*Exchange.*

"Lady, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

The lady was startled: "Why, what are you going to do with him?"

"Hitch him up to our truck to get it started."

"How idiotic! A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right, lady," said the man with complete assurance. "We got whips."—*Froth.*

She: "I want a lip-stick."

Clerk: "What size, please?"

She: "Three rides and a house party."—*Exchange.*

Mother: "I don't think the man up-stairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum."

Father: "Why?"

Mother: "Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."—*West Point Pointer.*

Go Back and Come Again

Are you human? Do you profess to have a mind
By which you are piloted through life?
If so, very well.
If not, dig a well — a hole for yourself,
And surrender yourself to the soil.
Your membership to the kingdom of mankind is void!
And in so doing may you, yourself as matter,
Pass through the due process of life-cycle
Deterioration, katabolism, and anabolism,
And return again as a manisfestation
Of life in a kingdom of living matter,
Whether it be vegetation or animal life,
For which you are vastly better fitted!

—*W. W. Hubbard.*

LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL

(Continued from Page 4)

The emphasis should be away from praying prayers which are in the beginning at right angles with Forces never to be thwarted, or even challenged as to priority.

Man is too disgustingly insignificant to entertain any presupposition as to his altering, reversing, or abolishing forces and influences which governed not only this, in comparison, atomic earth but the infinite mother universe trillions of years before the creature man became existant. Man has yet to elevate himself to that point where he lacks for anything, has control of even his own planet, or even free himself wholly from the animal class to which he surely belongs. He should recognize the superiority of that Great Unknown Force and model all his lines of action paralled to ITS course.

Prayer is not a communion between localities separated by measureless distances. Its answer comes not from a "quasi-material" Ruler, who manipulates the mechanism of the universe as one would play with a toy, to be cast aside with an abatement of interest. The voice is incidental to prayer and carries no further than physical attributes can force it. The answer to prayer is never obtained externally.

Prayer is rather the speaking to one's own soul, a communion with the Something within, a purposing of heart, a self-expression of kinship between one's own individuality and the intangible Over-Soul, to which the spirits of all individuals have contributed; and in direct proportion as to its sincerity, magnanimity, and general altruistic purposes will accessibility be had.

MUSINGS OF AN ASTRONOMER

(Continued from Page 17)

like our earth was in past geological ages.

I have passed from the dead moon to dying Mars and then to lively Venus. It should be noted that the inactive moon is easy to study and understand; Mars, with more life, atmosphere, and changes, is harder to explore, while Venus, which may be rampant with changes and phenomena that would delight the scientist if they could be seen, is nevertheless completely protected for a long time from having her secrets pried into by inquisitive earth astronomers.

There is not room here to discuss the other planets, but I'll give you one fact: their names are all perfectly appropriate, so long may they rest in the enjoyment of them!

Archibald visited his friend, who was in prison, and asked him if he wouldn't be glad when his sentence was up.

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"I'm in for life."

EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 20)

serious material has been omitted and we find left a mass collection of light fiction. These stories do not have as much special literary value as the informing kind, but could pass if they were expertly written. Humor stories are much harder to write and there are fewer authors of this type. Variety and perfection should be the goal for any publication.

The October *Winthrop Journal* is made most attractive by the simplicity of the cover designed by Remer Linley. *A Sail Boat* is the best lyric set forth, with *Autumn*, a selection in blank verse, contributing some worth. *Should Women Prepare for Careers?* provides a yes-no argument, with the negative putting forth the more convincing points. The sketch *Autumn* is well versed in description, but there are too many choppy sentences. To complete this varied diet of literary work, a short story by Lois Young tells of the adventurous episodes of one Professor Stevenson. The desire to improve the attractiveness of the magazine by using photographs is very commendable, but couldn't the printer tell you they wouldn't reproduce well on that kind of paper?

E. N. B.

"Your husband is in no great danger, Mrs. Murphy, but I'm afraid I'll have to anesthetize him."

"Well, if you must you must, but dear Mike did so want to have a boy."

AGE OF INGENUITY

(Continued from Page 11)

is no more daring than O. V. Looks, who also has capitalized on a misfortune. Once afflicted with a paralysis that caused him to lose control of his neck muscles, he succeeds in getting much on his examination paper as his head lolls from side to side. Quite a number of members have gained election to the club by adapting their limbs to the feel of cards held by rubber bands, by mopping their brows occasionally with handkerchiefs enveloping valuable manuscripts, and by suffering martyrdom by shaving their legs and writing on them. Many athletes have made the club by putting valuable cards in the large fold in their sweaters.

Membership in Noter-Club is becoming more and more desired. No aspirant should neglect to join while requirements are lax. You will be highly respected in your school, and the club key is worn with pride by thousands. Join now! You will not want to miss the grand convention, soon to be held at ———— college, where distinction is based on originality and ingenuity.

Stop Dreaming!

Saharah's furnace seers your face
And Alpine heights, all shining white,
May be your thoughts. Wake! Unwarned soul;
For your exams move into sight.

—*E. N. Braddy.*

- **POEMS**
- **ESSAYS**
- **SHORT STORIES**

THE JOURNAL will award three medals—one for the best article submitted in each of the divisions named above. Entries must be handed in to a member of the JOURNAL staff not later than May 1, 1938, when this contest closes. All articles submitted or printed in "The Journal" previous or subsequent to this announcement are eligible. Awards will be announced in the May issue. Members of the staff are not eligible for this contest.

Boy—"And now, doctor, that I've told you I am going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

Doctor—"You just tell me about it, my boy."

Boy—"A tattooed heart with the name Mabel on it."

OUTSTANDING ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 13)

trash-heap." His next step was the University of North Carolina, where he obtained his master's and Ph. D. degrees. In 1927 and 1928 he was Johnston research scholar at Johns Hopkins University, and is now engaged as research professor at the Henry Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

He has no favorite hobby, but likes to tramp along mountain trails and motor on deserted roads. His choice of the world's six greatest authors is: Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton. At present, he is making a study of the transit of literary culture from Engand to the American colonies in the early colonial period. A book on this theme is in preparation. It will probably be called *The First Gentleman of Virginia,* being a study of the intellectual interests of the ruling class in the early colonial period.

What Is Education?

To know just what is education,
One must attempt to find
The results of contemplation
Reacting on the mind.

It must be concentration,
If you wish to make it pure,
Made from some speculation,
In hope of making sure.

And in ending the reaction,
Just how to make complete,
Make sure of your location,
Then use extensive heat.

But beware of oxidation
And keep from idle time,
Or you'll get a precipitation
That'll neutralize your mind.

To say how fast it decomposes,
Is that which troubles me.
The safety point, as one supposes,
Might be a Ph. D. Degree.

—*H. B. Culbreth.*

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

(Continued from Page 21)

fects of this moral victory upon the frontiersmen was a more unified feeling of purpose, and fortunes of war became more favorable.

The narrative goes on, based largely upon historical facts which needed little embellishment to provide the reader with a thrilling story. Those familiar with the Mohawk River Valley will recognize the accuracy of the author when scenes and locations are mentioned. The very human account of Gil and Lana Martin adds much to the excellence of this highly acceptable novel.

A. C. S.

(Reviewed through courtesy of DuPre Book Store.)

Crimson River

Flowing, sweeping, rolling to the sea,
Turbid Yangtze — yellow river:
Restless stream, forever flowing on,
Never ceasing — broad-backed river.
Swiftly rising to a foaming crest,
Heedlessly your banks o'erflow,
Sweeping home and life and hope away;
Laughing to the deep you go.
Then, relentless fury spent at last,
You march swiftly to the blue;
Yellow men rebuild then from the bleak
Devastation wrought by you!

From the sea come other yellow men —
Men to quench your greedy thirst.
Rocked by thunder of exploding shells,
You leap up with each fierce burst,
Drinking blood from mangled corpses; then
Drag them down to join the ghosts
Haunting sunken ships along your bed —
Souls to add to your vain boasts.
Rolling, sweeping corpses to the sea,
Turbid stream, flow on forever;
Darkly stained with hot lifeblood, flow on,
Yellow Yangtze — crimson river!

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*


MERRIE CHRISTMAS
AS

Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus.. Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

Tobacco land's Finest Gift

When you offer friends the welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts:
1. Among independent tobacco men, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.
2. Luckies not only offer you the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted".

With men who know tobacco best...

It's Luckies 2 to 1


JOURNAL
EBRUARY
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WO
OFFORD COLLEG

"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS

"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is—they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America

Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one* and *only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."

"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylights out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS?

A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

—— CAMELS ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

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THE JOURNAL

The Timely Bonanza

By Miles E. Smith

AT four o'clock on a cold and rainy New Year's morning, a tired and sleepy young girl laboriously opened the crude and dragging rear door of an old, decrepit miner's cabin and rushed across the sagging porch to the wash bench. The cool, damp morning air quickly penetrated her thin cotton dress and even trickled through her heavy underthings to secretly pinch her shapely form until she flinched nervously. Mary began to think of John, her "fellow" and their date next week, when he was to take her to his sister's birthday party. As she hastily washed in the cold water, long strands of her silken hair fell carelessly into the water and left a tangled gossamer web spread across her beautiful face. Silently she wished, as she had done more than a thousand times before, that she had a permanent wave, not only to hold her hair in place but also to please John, who frequently said that he liked girls with curly hair.

As she turned to go back into the house, she met the doctor, who was wrapping his top coat tightly about him in preparation for a speedy dash to his automobile, which was parked in the back yard. When he saw Mary, he halted abruptly, a smile came over his kindly face, he took out a cigarette, lit it, and walked over to Mary.

"Are you very tired?" he asked casually, in order to begin a conversation.

"Y-Y-Yes sir, I'm pretty tired," Mary timidly replied, as she nervously tugged at her wet and tangled hair.

"Well, you can go to bed now. Your cousin is going to be all right, and you need sleep after the way you've been working. But before you go, I've got a little surprise for you. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes sir, I never tell anyone the things that John tells me, and he is always telling me secrets," Mary proudly answered.

"But before I tell you the secret, if you could have anything that you wanted, what would you ask for first?"

"A permanent wave," Mary promptly responded without giving the matter a second's thought.

"Well, I've just thought of something, and if it works you can have a permanent and lots of other things besides," began the doctor, "but I'm not sure it will work, so I'll just whisper it into your ear and you mustn't tell a soul until I find out definitely whether or not it will work." Then the doctor began to whisper the story into her ear. He said only a few words before Mary began clenching her fists tightly and smiling deeply, despite the biting wind that was almost freezing her scantily clad body. When the doctor finished, he rushed to his automobile, but before he succeeded in getting the sluggish engine started, Mary was in bed. As he drove out of the slippery yard she opened her book of dreams and was again in the arms of John, where she had left off the night before when Zeb came after her to help the doctor and midwife cure her productive cousin of her annual ailment.

Outside, the rural heavens were reluctantly yielding to the slow-paced dawn. All around the little cabin, the drenched country-side drowsed in tardy slumber as the incessant rain desperately struggled to wash the last lingering traces of darkness from the heavily clouded skies. The shivering oaks sighed audibly and bowed their wet and leafless boughs in futile, meaningless gestures. Down in the barn yard, the gaunt and lonesome cow stopped chewing her meagre cud, lowed, and half heartedly resumed her chewing; in the leaky hen house, the poor and thinly feathered chickens huddled closer and closer together until the weaker ones were forced to say their prayers, give up the ghost, and will their warm places to the more rugged members of the flock; the scrubby hog was sleeping soundly, but not too soundly to prevent him from keeping his mournful grunts in perfect unison with the clocklike creaking of the old barn door as it swung to and fro in the wind.

Nearer the house, all was quiet save the continual drip, drip, drip of the water from the eaves and the rhythmical swinging of the drooping blinds. But it was a strange and eerie kind of silence that bordered on desolation or despair. The slender brick pillars seemed to be desperately straining to support the little frame dwelling, although they had faithfully held it at the same uneven keel for many long years. Could it be that all their extra effort was due to the added weight of the new ten pound Easterland that the stork had so recently brought? Surely this could not be true, because the very same bird had paid similar visits eight times in an equal number of years and never before had such a great strain been placed upon them.

Inside the house, everyone was asleep, that is, either asleep or resting so quietly that only an experienced sandman would have known that a proud but heavy hearted mother had merely closed her weary and tear-worn eyes to dream of the little infant that snuggled close beside her feverish breast. She was dreaming of

the long hours of gleeful, childish play that should be theirs in the days to come; dreaming of the thrilling hours that she would spend in feeding this heavenly gift from the life-giving juices of her motherly heart; yes, dreaming of the days she should spend kissing, caressing, and always tenderly loving her boy and praying for the day when she would proudly watch him take a high place in the world. But she knew that these were all fantastic dreams.

At length her dreams were crowded into the remotest corners of her prematurely graying head by the savage onrush of a thousand depressing realities. For she was a poor woman, yes, a very poor woman. Her life was filled with rusty pots and battered pans, with dirty faces and ragged clothes, tiresome days and sleepless nights, and she knew all too well the years of hardship that lay before her son who had entered the world through the basement and would probably spend the greatest part of his life in the bottom of a mine.

This year, she was especially sad, for she had new and larger problems, larger problems than she had ever faced before. Zeb, her miner husband, hadn't worked any since the mines had closed down more than three months before, and as they lived in a privately owned house, the landlord was trying to put them out. Indeed, he had ordered them to move before the first of the year, but when Zeb told him of his wife's condition, he consented to let them stay until she was able to move. But worse than this, Zeb had lost confidence in himself and was drinking heavily. Ordinarily, Zeb was a good husband, that is, as good as any miner was expected to be. He made enough money to feed and clothe his large brood, and as a special act of kindness, he would take a big bag of candy home to the children on Saturday night; and occasionally, he would buy his wife an expensive piece of clothing and hire someone to take the family to church.

During his wife's period of confinement, Zeb had been unusually kind and considerate. He had watched over her day and night. When the crisis came, he took the children over to his sister Ethel's house, some two miles away, to prevent their immature minds from becoming excited about the tabooed complexities of the stork's mysterious arrival. Then he had telephoned for the doctor and obtained the services of old Mrs. Hadaway, an unofficial midwife, but a woman not without experience of this kind, as she was the mother of nineteen children and had been at the arrival of twice as many others. Her greatest fault was her didacticism in matters of this kind, but the doctor had worked with her so much that he knew how to get her complete cooperation. The blessed event was therefore a pronounced success.

Now that it was over, Zeb went to get the children. When they got home, they were all greatly thrilled to find that they had a new brother. Zeb Jr., the oldest boy in the family, was anxious to know how his mother was getting along.

"It's a pity that you have to be sick every year when a baby comes," he sadly said to his mother. Mrs. Hadaway, who was naturally quick at repartee, hastily replied,

"You said a mouthful, sonny, but I'm afraid we can't do anything about it until they get those incubator baby machines perfected."

At that moment Mary came into the room with a comb in her hand and went over to the bed where her cousin was proudly exhibiting her boy to the family. Mary carefully combed her cousin's bushy hair.

"We both need waves put in our hair. A wave would make your hair beautiful," Mary said.

"Yes, I wish we could afford to get them," her cousin replied.

"Would you give me a wave if you could?" Mary anxiously asked.

"Yes, of course I would, but why do you ask that?"

Without answering, Mary clapped her hands in glee and ran to the back door and opened it. In walked the doctor and several strangers, each loaded down with groceries, clothing, kitchen ware, and dozens of costly presents for the baby and its mother; one was a bank book that credited the baby with one thousand dollars. The doctor then explained that the baby was the first one born in the state and had won the cash prizes offered by the "Better Babies Clubs" of the entire state. In addition, its parents received hundreds of other prizes offered by stores and shops, including a permanent wave for the mother and any other person she designated.

The next week Mary went to the party bareheaded so that John would have no trouble noticing her beautiful wavy hair.

Impression

Crowds,
Hurrying, pulsing
Through the veins of the city,
Each man a tiny corpuscle
In its gigantic bloodstream. . . .

—John W. Hayes
in "Fordham Monthly."

FICKLE FATE

By Dave Garvin

IN all his twenty years, Johnny Martin had played the game of life fairly and squarely. Those kind blue eyes that looked out upon the world in a gaze of such frank friendliness were silent witnesses to that fact. A life-long policy of such scrupulous honesty should have left no vulnerable point for the barbs of avarice.

But the last three years had been different. A young slip of a lad out of school, he had managed to get a job in one of Belser's Drug Stores. Then it was that he found the world was not as friendly as he had thought. He grimaced and his eyes suddenly shone with intense feeling as he recalled the various persons and small experiences that had clouded his vision of a friendly world. Three bitter years, barren of friendships, had brought him to the brink of that chasm into which he could not descend and come out possessed of the same honest principles that had guided his life heretofore.

Johnny contemplated robbery.

It was all arranged to the smallest detail. A gleam utterly foreign to those pale blue eyes lighted them startlingly as he reviewed his carefully laid plans. Doctor Bentley and he would leave the store that night, as was their custom, to deposit the day's receipts in the night vault of the First National Bank down on the corner. The rest of the force would remain at the store to complete the closing up. He would flash his pistol, recently purchased from a friend, on Doc just as they rounded the corner of the bank, and then take Doc and the money to his swift little roadster that waited just a block off Market Street, ready for a quick get-a-way.

"Now, won't Doc be surprised when I poke that gun in his ribs," soliloquized Johnny. "Guess he'll change his mind about me being a kid. He'll find out I'm smarter than he thought I was."

Johnny was not altogether a stranger to ideas, but he tingled all over when this one hit him. "Gee! That's what I really want to do," he muttered tensely: "Just show this bunch of yaps I'm working with that I'm a whole lot smarter than they think. Course I want that dough. It ought to be about four thousand dollars. But my job is to show the world that I'm smart enough to take what I want."

With energy derived from his new idea, he tied the package with a flourish and laid it on the counter before his customer. "Something else, sir?"

"No, that's all. But, say, young man, you didn't give me the right change. What do you think you are going to do? Rob somebody?" returned the customer with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Johnny stammered in confusion and his frank boyish face paled one shade whiter as he corrected his mistake.

"Here, pull yourself together, you fool," he told himself. "That guy couldn't have known what you were thinking about. You gotta keep steady if you want to carry this thing through in the right style."

But his mental agitation increased with the passing moments as the time drew near for him to chart upon a spotless page of his book of life his newly acquired impressions concerning the logical attitude of mankind. And before the store was closed and the money was sacked his imagination cried out to him that everyone knew what he was planning to do.

Doc Bentley's voice, however, was heard above the voice of his imagination. "Come on, kid, let's go. Since we can't get any of this money for ourselves, we might as well hurry and dump it in the bank and get it off our hands and minds at the same time. Are you coming, kid, or have I got to go by myself?"

"Coming, Doc," called Johnny somewhat nervously from behind the prescription case. He shoved the wicked looking automatic into his spacious drug coat pocket. His pale face flamed with a passionate bitterness.

"Kid!" he grated the word through clenched teeth with a tear in his voice. "Did 'ya hear him, Johnny? Called you a kid. Damn 'im. Damn 'em all!" His body trembled with fierce emotion.

Johnny's thumb was on the spotless page. He had but to turn the leaf.

They walked together to the end of the block. Johnny dropped back and drew his automatic as Doc Bentley rounded the corner. With gun leveled, he followed in the wake of the luckless druggist in time to see a stranger sock his companion over the head with the butt of a heavy revolver. Then the strange guy saw Johnny. A ball of fire hit the boy in the shoulder, and his automatic spat flames. The world swam and he fell forward to make the third part of the human mound that was piled up over the sack of drug store cash.

Johnny awoke to realize that fate had completed the turning of the page. And finding the next page spotless, fate had inscribed there upon it that one Johnny Martin had merited the respect and friendship of his fellowmen as a man.

Old man Belser related his opinion of the affair to Doc Bentley as they paused in the hospital corridor just outside the young hero's room.

"He certainly is a smart boy, Doc. I'll have to

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BANK HOLIDAY

By Peter Baker

THE heavy steel door banged shut. God! I was locked in!

What could I do? Three feet of solid steel separated me from freedom. I banged on the door with my bare fists until I felt the warm blood trickle down my arms. Cold perspiration bathed my whole body. I couldn't see a thing in the pitch black darkness of my tomb. "Why in hell didn't that lazy damn president have that sunken foundation fixed two weeks ago. Hell! Put things off! Do it tomorrow! Was that his motto? I was always afraid someone would kick aside that flimsy door stop."

I felt around for the little stool we used to stand on to reach the upper tier of deposit boxes, sat down on it and began to collect my thoughts. "Today is Saturday. The bank closes at eleven o'clock. Hell, it's after eleven now! No one'll notice I've disappeared and seeing the vault closed will think I closed it before I left. That old wench who runs the rooming house won't think anything of my not coming home. She doesn't give a damn about anyone except herself! Tomorrow will be Sunday, the next day Monday. Great God! the vault won't be opened until nine o'clock Monday morning."

I figured: "Eleven o'clock today to eleven o'clock tomorrow, twenty-four hours, eleven o'clock tomorrow 'til nine o'clock Monday, twenty-two hours. Hell! that's forty-six hours! Damn! Will I have enough air to last?" My heart began to thump in loud, regular beats that echoed from the walls. Cold sweat broke out anew on my shivering body.

All of a sudden an uncontrollable nausea came over me, followed by a succession of staccato sobs that racked my hysterical body. I, the future great financier; I, who was to set the world on fire; I, with my great schemes and ambitions, was to die like a rat trapped in his hole.

I tried to quiet my shaking nerves but fear seemed to permeate my entire body. "Hell! I wish I had a smoke!—No, that would use up air." For several minutes I sat still, my mind almost a total blank. What should I do? What in hell *could* I do?—Sit and wait! I sat and sat, lost all track of time. The only sound I heard was the dull thud of my heart thumping against my ribs. My whole body ached from inaction. My sweaty clothes stuck to my perspiring body. I thought of my boyhood. The tricks I played on my teachers, the old swimming hole with its cattails, everything came back to me like a dream. My mother and dad — both long since dead — returned to stare at me with questioning eyes.

I began to get hungry. It must have been supper time. The supper I should be eating at the boarding house — I'd have given half of my life for the chance to sink my teeth in one of those stringy steaks.

I must've dozed off. I awoke with a start and found myself lying on the narrow floor. Dazedly I picked myself up. My bones cracked. How long had I slept? What time was it? I must've slept a long, long time. I felt dopey. I couldn't quite wake myself up. All of a sudden a horrible thought struck me — the air was almost used up! The thought began to grow in my mind. I began to get excited. My chest heaved. I couldn't seem to get enough air. I grew frantic. "God A'mighty! I gotta do something!" I reached down and groped around for the stool, slipped, got up with the stool in my hand. "Crash!" I splintered the stool against the steel casement. The dull clang only sent quivers down my shaking body. Sobbing in desperation, I threw myself at the door, lashing out with both hands and feet. "Let me out of this damn hole! Let me out!"—I began to cry and the only replies were the mocking reverberations. Hysterical sobs shook my whole body as I pounded furiously on my prison door. I felt myself growing weaker. My arms and hands grew numb from pain. Sweat ran in my eyes, dripped off my nose, and I could taste its salty tang in my mouth. I grew weaker and weaker, but still with demon-like fury I clawed and struck at the steel door. My knees began to give way under me. I felt myself slowly sinking to the floor as in a dream. I crumpled up and lay in a little ball at the foot of the door. A sweet sensation of peace slowly crept over me, starting in my toes and fingertips it invaded my arms and legs, and then my body.—I felt nothing — A cloud enveloped me — and then — peace.

. . . . . .

At nine-thirty sharp Monday morning the huge steel door of the safety deposit vault swung slowly open. A horrified clerk gazed into the glazed eyes of a corpse. The coroner said later, "He died of heart failure about three-thirty Saturday afternoon."

THE TRAGEDY of AIPOTU

By J. M. Woodruff

IN THE MIDST of the turbulent Sea of Anavrin, thousands of miles away from anywhere, lies the desolate, sand-blown, desert island of Aipotu, an island on which not a creature can exist, not even the crabs or mussels will inhabit its beaches, nor will a sprig of vegetation grow in its hot, arid, sandy soil, not even the prickly cactus. But the Island Aipotu, drear scene of desolation, has not always been as it is now. For once in the dim lethargic mist of the past, it was the most fertile spot on earth.

The legend is that when Adam and Eve were driven from Eden, the Garden was removed from its original location and transplanted to the mist of the calm, sapphire-colored Sea of Anavrin; a sea whose waters were never wave tossed — a sea on whose coral bottom Neptune dwelt with his court. The island was so pleasant, so lavished with all the bounties of Nature, the climate so mild, that even the gods would leave Olympus and rest upon this precisely cut gem. This precious jewel was so beautiful that a window was cut in Heaven in order that the Heavenly Host might always look down upon His lovely emerald of the earth.

Sailors who have dared to venture across the mysterious Anavrin — though the ones who have returned are few indeed — say that they have turned birds loose from their ships and these fowls, instead of lighting on the desert Aipotu, would either come back to the ships or head for the open sea. These sailors declare also that when sand from this inferno is cast into the briny sea, the parched earth will not sink — even Anavrin refuses the dirt from this unhappy, ill-fated land.

What is the cause of these strange things? Long ago, when the world was young, soon after the fall of Adam, the Creator decided to experiment with Man again. He drove Adam and Eve from Eden, moved it into the center of the Sea of Anavrin and called it Aipotu. He peopled this luxuriant country with the fairest race that the world ever has beheld. To rule over them He created from His own Body, the Prince Love and his consort, Peace. This pair soon had a child, a daughter, who grew to be the fairest maiden in either Heaven or Earth, the Princess Liberty.

For years all progressed well, progressed beyond all expectation. The subjects all seemed extremely devoted to their rulers and the land yielded a most abundant life with only the slightest effort. Harmony reigned supreme everywhere in this idyllic kingdom; even Capital and Labor sat under a tree and drank from the same cup. Never has there been a more prosperous land and people.

Liberty grew to be the most graceful, the most alluring, the most radiant maiden, so that one would become intoxicated, would lose all reason, if he gazed on her most exquisite beauty for long. Why, it is believed that the angels even became jealous of her, for none in Heaven was equal to her in comeliness. She was the fairest virgin that ever trod upon the soil of earth.

One day a stranger, preaching a new gospel, arrived in Aipotu and soon began to gain proselytes to a new faith, called Nationalism. The good monarchs paid little heed to either him or his doctrines, for they firmly believed in their subjects professing whatever belief or creed that they chose to. But lo! This movement slipped from the control of the stranger and fell into the hands of his radical confederates, Religious Prejudice and Race Hatred. These evil ones slipped a strong drug into the wine which Capital and Labor were sipping and soon these two became crazed, began to quarrel. Each said the other was drinking more than his share of the beverage. They began to fight and Capital threw Labor down and started beating him in the face. Love started to stop them, but Capital cried, "Let us be; let us alone!" The dear Princess Liberty, who saw no harm in anyone, persuaded her father to let them continue at their own devices.

Two newcomers — Fascism and Communism — appeared on the scene of the fray and lost no time in joining the melee. Alarmed at this sudden turn and the ferocity of the conflict, Princess Liberty ran out to entreat, to plead with the combatants. Then occurred the outrage of all time — the lovely maiden, the maiden who made even the moon to blush when he gazed on her beaming face, Princess Liberty, the most fascinating creature in the universe, was stripped of her garments, and in front of a vast multitude, was devastated by Religious Prejudice, Race Hatred, Fascism, and Communism.

Why did the citizens of Aipotu stand so calmly by and let this go on? Because they were infatuated with the new doctrines; they were a populace gone mad. They smelt blood and as cattle, they went wild. They rushed; they clamored; they stormed the streets; they ascended the high hill where the Royal Palace was. With cries of rage, they swarmed into the Palace, slaying all the Royal Guards, Ministers of State, and household servants that attempted to stand in their way. Finally they entered the throne room where calmly and serenely sat Love and Peace. They pulled the amazed monarch Love down from his high place, jeered at him and buf-

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Senator Ellison DuRant Smith

Outstanding Alumni

The third in a series of eminent Alumni who have become distinguished for their conspicuous part in the affairs of the country.

SENATOR ELLISON DuRANT SMITH

"DEAN of Democratic Senators" is the name given to this veteran statesman. Senator Smith from South Carolina shares with Senator Fletcher of Florida the distinction of having served longer than any other Democrats in the Upper House.

He has probably done more than any other legislator for the benefit of the farmers. His services, particularly those to the southern cotton growers, have earned for him the nckname, "Cotton-Ed" Smith. The name has stuck throughout his public career, typifying his devotion to the southern farmer's cause, and it can be truthfully said that in every bit of farm legislation he has had a prominent part.

Ellison D. Smith was born in Lynchburg, South Carolina, on August 1, 1864. His preliminary training was obtained at Stewart's School in Charleston, South Carolina, from whence he entered the state university in Columbia. He spent only his freshman year there, however, and transferred to Wofford College. He obtained his A.B. degree from Wofford in 1889 and started in as a farmer near Lynchburg. He became vitally interested about this time in the plight of the cotton grower and in 1901 helped organize the Farmer's Protective Association. Four years later he became one of the prime movers at the Boll Weevil Convention in Shreveport, Louisiana, which ultimately resulted in the Southern Cotton Association in New Orleans the same year. He was appointed field agent and general organizer of this latter organization and in that capacity gained national recognition for his outstanding work.

He served as a member of the South Carolina House of Representatives from Sumter County for four years, and then in 1908 he was nominated for U. S. senator at the primary election by the largest vote ever given for that office in this state. Since then he has been re-elected to his office three succeeding terms. His present term of office will expire in 1939, when it is expected that he will oppose another Wofford graduate, Governor Olin D. Johnston.

Senator Smith has held many important offices in the senate chamber, chief of which are chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to which office he was elected after thirty-two ballots had been cast; chairman Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, Manufactures and Patents; member of the Naval Affairs and Privileges and Elections Committees.

The eloquence of Senator Smith's speeches depend upon an exceptional combination of a wide mastery of facts concerning agriculture and a powerful emotional appeal in presenting them. He is always quick to perceive the human interest in any economic problem, and for that reason always has an attentive audience. Senator Smith has several times returned to the platform of his Alma Mater and delivered addresses.

On Brushing Your Teeth

By E. N. Braddy

ARE you going to go through life as an untrained tooth-brusher? Do you want to be the object of mumbles and piercing glances just because you do not know the proper "Posted (by Emily) Method" of brushing your teeth? Gather 'round the Water-Hole and let me give you some tips on your frothing exercise.

Tooth-brushers are divided into two groups: The Powder-Duster and the Tube-Presser. The only real advantage of being a Tube-Presser is that there is always enough paste left in the tube for one more brushing, no matter how battered and compressed it has become.

Let us look into the actions of an amateur Powder-Duster. This certain character bears the expression of one who has been rudely deprived of the sweetness of slumber and must vent his anger in the wholesome activity of brushing his teeth. This is the wrong way to approach your duty, for one must put his whole mouth and soul into it to really acquire perfection. Ump! At last, a hit, out of ten tries, and into the water goes enough wasted tooth powder to brighten even the cold metallic heart of its manufacturer. Now a stab for the mouth — yes, he made it, but look at that form! Surely he has had no training whatsoever. He is using a slippery grip and his form is what we familiarly call the "Submarine Plunge," long heavy strokes accompanied by a constant bubbling (a Shep Fields creation).

Our Tube-Presser across the way is also in need of correct training. He approaches the operating room widely awake and with uncanny accuracy places brush and paste together, but there — dropping like a plummet, it descends to drown itself in the maelstrom of troubled waters below — another offering to the tooth paste God of Aqua, all because of a lack of training. See how he slowly peers sheepishly over his shoulder to see if he has been embarrassed. Don't let this happen to you!

Now pay the strictest attention, for here is the correct method (approved by *Good Toothbrushing*):

"Sustained and soothed, approach your task as one who wraps the drapery of his bathrobe about him and dismisses pleasant dreams. Annoint your brush accurately with a display of careless energy. Then move it in an arc with a centrifugal acceleration of not over a half-hand per second in the direction of the mouth, which at this time should be open. The First Phase is terminated as soon as the mouth is reached.

"The Second Prase deals with the brushing action. The preferred rhythm for the straight stroke is the brisk 1-2, 1-2, 1-2, etc., while the rotary movement is governed by a slow 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. A firm grip on the brush should be kept at all times.

"As for the different styles, some desire the 'See-Saw,' a regular up and down motion, and others cling to the 'Joe Penner,' a slight duck with each stroke. There are many other acceptable forms that our brush brothers everywhere will be glad to show you."

Begin at once! And soon you'll find in your mirror that soapy smile of achievement. You've become a Brush Artist! You've won!

Love and Beauty

Of beauty softly whispers love,
Of love so often beauty speaks;
Together joined they stand above
And far from hate's enraging peaks.

Oh Beauty! fill with love our souls
That we may know thy blessed gifts.
Oh Love! keep us within thy folds
And teach us how beauty uplifts.

—*Wilbur Livingston.*

FRESHMAN THEME

The "One-Horse" Farmer

By T. Emmet Walsh

WE pick up our morning paper and not infrequently read an article which vigorously proposes to put into effect some plan that will bring relief to the small farmers. Often we hear this class of farmers called the "under-dog" or the "one-horse" farmer. Do we ever pause for a moment as we read to catch a glimpse of this man in his reality? Do we ever pause for a moment to examine carefully the treatment this man receives? Do we ever try to get a clear picture of him in our mind so that when we read of him we shall think of him,—not as a mere something but as a human being who is in extreme and unmitigated poverty?

These questions I leave for you to answer. Briefly I am going to describe for you this disconsolate person, his surroundings, and his family. Although there are men of our own race and of the negro race who live the same kind of life on the "one-horse" farms, I shall try to picture to you only the life of the negro.

It is my belief that the negro farmer suffers the worst oppression. The house in which this man and his family make their home is generally dilapidated and small. Usually it comprises one or two small bedrooms and a kitchen, which serves as a dining and living room. There is not the slightest evidence of any ceiling in the house except overhead, where rough boards are laid upon the framing. The largest cracks in the walls are covered by pasteboard and by leaves from magazines. A lone fireplace affords him heat and a place to cook his meals. As we glance to the floor we notice several cracks through which the wind blows and adds to his host of discomforts. An oak block of wood is the only step into his small porch.

The farmer himself is clad in blue denim overalls that are ragged and frayed by hard work. On his feet are heavy brogans, picked up from a rubbish pile; on his head a felt hat handed down to him by an aristocratic planter.

His wife is attired in a blue gingham dress and a calico apron. She earned enough money washing clothes to buy herself a pair of 98-cent shoes from a second-hand shop in the village. Five of their children are clothed in mere rags and the remaining two have not been clothed since their birth.

Some "one-horse" farmers own the land upon which they live, but this one does not. Consequently, he must burn wood at the discretion of a landlord; he must migrate at the will of a master. He is forced to live on the mere pittance that his despotic landlord or master sees fit to dole out to him.

This "one-horse" farmer starts his agricultural year in January in high hopes, usually starting off under a new master who has made him many vague promises of how they both will get rich this year. His overbearing landlord furnishes him with enough money to buy him and his family a supply of new clothing and a fair stock of food, which will probably last him only a month or two.

Then the share-cropper harnesses his mule and begins the strenuous task of planting and cultivating a crop. The cold and blustering winds of March beat down upon his head, but he courageously works on. The sweltering heat of the summer sun brings showers of sweat from his strong and vigorous body, but he begins singing an old negro spiritual and courageously works on. Day in and day out he toils, hoping and expecting to receive his reward at the end of the harvest. He is overcome with joy when he hears that "the government's going to make cotton go up." He has coined this phrase from the conversation he overheard, at the crossroad store, between two aristocratic planters who were discussing the feasibility of Congress' passing an act to aid the farmers.

Summer turns swiftly into Autumn, and this farmer begins the hard task of harvesting the fruits of his labors. All of the harvest goes into the storehouses of his master, to be redistributed when all has been gathered and is ready for the market. Day after day he discusses with his wife the things which he wishes to buy with the money which he is so sure he will receive from his portion of the crop.

Finally the long awaited day of settlement comes. All of his year's fruits are placed upon the market and sold. His master receives the check.

The two rush over to the big white house for a final settlement, which is completed on the back steps of the landlord's mansion.

"Remember your exceedingly high living expenses during the past year," his master tells him, "and don't forget your doctor bills and the rent, and the fertilizer." Then he hands our tired laborer fifteen dollars as his reward for his year's labor.

Slowly this once courageous farmer walks away, a desperate, disillusioned, heavy-hearted man who has been cheated. "That man took my money," he mutters, "but I can't do nothing. He's a big shot."

POETRY

FIRST MEETING

Like a stately statue standing
Silent, graceful, and serene,
Her Grecian face more all-commanding
Than lordly Nature's loveliest scene.

Two star-dipped eyes so gently shone
From a heaven of richest hue,
And jewels bedecked her queenly throne,
And robe of radiant blue.

Air teased the rose beneath her chin,
Her lovely hair caressed the breeze,
That failed to cool the warmth within
My heart, which longed to seize —
And seizing to forever hold
This mortal angel to my soul.

—Miles E. Smith.

GOOD MORNING

The sun peeks over
the eastern line of gray
and rubs his eyes,
like an old man
getting out of bed
on the wrong side.

Slowly . . . watching . . .

Now he gets the sign
from old Joe,
who is sweeping
out the night,
and up springs the sun.

All the dull red glow
of sleep is thrown off
and a blinding flood of light,
silently bubbling
with a fresh warmth,
caresses the sleepers.

"Enough!" he cries,
and clocks obey
and turn each dream
into shattered fragments
of fanciful ramblings.

Satisfied and amused
by the yawns and funny
morning smiles,
he mounts his sky bridge,
and in glowing splendor
rules the day.

—E. N. Braddy.

The Idealist and the Realist

I see the beauty of things
In the depths of an inner light;
Grace in the sweep of his wings
As the seagull soars in his flight;
Freedom of will in the wind
As it spanks the sail on the blue,
Ebbing, then rushing to send
The little boat scampering anew.
I feel the hand of a power
In the sparkling stars overhead,
See his touch in the flower
When it tenderly waves its head.
Yes, I have dreamed, I have hoped,
Just to watch them tumble in vain,
But in the ruins I have grasped
And rebuilt every dream again.

I look at facts as they are,
Unadorned by a fanciful dream.
Life is a routine of care
That engulfs all men in its stream.
Selfish and sordid and cold
Is the battle of man to excel.
Greedy the thirst is for gold,
And without it men drown in the swell.
Night — but a moment or two
Till the morning brings more of the same—
Lose and the world laughs at you—
Only win and they load you with blame.
I do not seek to conceal
The truth in the midst of the brawl;
But, with my hands to the wheel,
Try to make the best of it all.

—Sheldon M. Dannelly.

AN END

Secure in faith, impure in deeds,
At last he stands before his God.
"There lives more love in some men's nod
Than you expressed in all your creeds!"

He mutely hears his Master say,
"No longer bright is love's pure light
When black'd by hate's eternal blight."
Too late, he wishes he had pray'd

And sought some will beside his own.
Instead, he sought by mind and strength
To mould his world to suit his length.
Now him the Master must disown.

—Frank Moore.

Christian Youth and a Changing World

By Bill Houck

IN the recent meeting of Methodist youth in St. Louis, Missouri, at least one fundamental idea was stressed, which, if not new, is nevertheless vital. Briefly stated this idea consisted of the recognition of a challenge to the Christian church to reinterpret its message and readjust its program in such a way as to offer a concrete basis for the solution of our modern economic, social and spiritual problems — certainly no idea is more worthy of consideration just now than this one! In a world more capable than ever before of giving its vast population not only the necessities of life but also happiness and contentment, it is certainly distressing and bewildering to see how far away we are from giving our fellowmen, as a whole, even an equal chance at the necessities.

With huge and efficient machines to do our work for us; with automobile, steamship, airplane and locomotive to transport our goods for us; with radio and cable lines with which to transmit messages to any part of the earth; with a highly efficient credit system to aid us in national and international trade; with modern medicine and surgery with which to reduce individual physical suffering to a minimum — with all these and countless other facilities at our disposal we have the most muddled, confused and distressed world that has ever been known.

In trying to solve our problems we have discussed and tried Democracy, Communism, Fascism, National Socialism, Limited Monarchy and various other systems —they have all failed. We have never really tried Christianity. And yet the fact that Christianity has never really been put to the test is not primarily the fault of the dictators, the statesmen, the businessmen, the doctor, the lawyer, or even of humanity at large. It is primarily the fault of the church itself — and the most encouraging thing about the St. Louis conference was that the delegates were intensely aware of this fact.

Not only the student delegates but also the adult leaders and speakers were frank to admit that the program of the Christian church is at the present inadequate to cope with the world situation. Dr. W. A. Smart of Emory University, in his opening address emphasized the fact that the Christians are not sure that they have a workable program and that to overcome this lack of confidence a new program must be built which takes into consideration the rapid movements now afoot. He pointed out further that systems are not sacred and that Christians must not necesarily support Capitalism. "A system," Dr. Smart suggested, "must be judged on the basis of its service to humanity. . . . War is an aspect of our modern system of dealing with problems. This is one thing which we must eliminate in our Christian system."

Bishop James Baker of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in discussing "The Meaning of Jesus for Students Today," presented Jesus as an obstacle to Atheism, to a low and cheap estimate of human nature, to a selfish tyranny in the social order, to a narrow-minded Nationalism and race prejudice, to methods of violence, and to conventional religion. Realizing these barriers to be weak if not really non-existent today, he revealed the necessity of translating our religion to meet the perplexities of social problems if we are to really practice Christianity.

Dean Thurmond of Howard University accused present day Christians of putting God aside when it is convenient to do so. "Individual action is imperative. . . . Christian piety is not enough. The guilt of society must be assumed by all. We must put our minds together in remedial work."

T. T. Brumbaugh attempted to explain the failure on the part of Christians in bringing about unity in the world by pointing to the selfish and personal ambition which has continually crept in to deteriorate original motives.

With these brief appraisals in mind there are two fair and logical questions which I believe will naturally occur to the reader. First: Is it possible, through applying Christian principles, ever to bring about a perfect adjustment in our social and economic structure? Second: What are some of the steps in improving our Christian living so as to meet the needs which have just been mentioned?

The answer to the first question need not long delay us. Total perfection, I think all of us agree, will never come about. Dr. Georgia Harkness, in a forum discussion at the conference, expressed the idea that life will always be a quest and that God limited Himself in His formation of the universe, not having as His purpose an arithmetical and mechanical perfection.

The second question is much less easily dealt with, but not impossible of contemplation. Bishop Paul Kern presented some challenging thoughts in this regard in his discussion of "The Church in a Changing World." Perhaps the more thought-provoking idea in his lecture was

(Continued on Page 28)

"Yes, found at last,—the earthly paradise!
"Here by slow currents of the silvery stream
"It smiles, a shining wonder, a fair dream,
"A matchless miracle to mortal eyes: . . ."

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

❖

The Most Beautifu

MAGNO

LESS than a score of miles from Charleston, up the Ashley River, are the romantic and beautiful Magnolia Gardens. Tradition speaks in the history of the gardens just as in the proud old city, for they have remained in the hands of direct lineal descendants for almost two and a half centuries. The original colonial mansion of brick was destroyed by fire in the revolutionary period, and a second dwelling was burned during the War Between the States.

The old steps of this second residence now lead up to the present cottage — the springtime residence of the owner, Mr. C. Norwood Hastie.

While from earliest Colonial times there was a garden, the estate as it is now was designed by the Rev. John Grimke Drayton, whose exquisite taste and artistic nature enabled him, about 1830, to create the wonderland of unrivalled beauty that for more than a century has attracted travellers and tourists from far and near.

The estate, Magnolia-on-the-Ashley, took its name from the many fine specimens of the Magnolia Grandiflora. The garden itself comprises twenty-five acres, and in front of the house is a spacious lawn of about sixteen acres, surrounded by live-oaks planted centuries ago. In fact, the place was originally known as Live-Oaks, and it is about that place that Owen Wister, famous American novelist, writes in *Lady Baltimore*. He describes in his vivid style the glowing splendor of the flame-like azaleas and the magnificent live-oaks veiled and muffled in their long webs and skeins of hanging moss.

rdens in the World

DENS

While the Rev. John Grimke Drayton had his choice of a garden laid out in formal lines, like those on the European continent, or a garden of the English landscape type, he chose the latter. The formal garden represents the mastery of man over nature, while the English landscape type represents the glorification of nature. A garden of this style is the most difficult to create, because in trying to conceal the hand of man the line between overdoing and underdoing is very delicate.

Some of the bushes are fifteen to twenty feet high—solid masses of blossoms in all shades of red from palest pink to deepest crimson, from light blue to deepest purple, and now and then a pure white bush.

When phosphate was discovered in the rock underlying most of that section, Mr. Drayton sold a lot of his acreage to mining companies. There are heavy deposits of this rock underlying the garden and lawn.

A description of this mystic spot could never hope to be anything but inadequate; however, that master of prose, John Galsworthy, has attempted a word-picture that most nearly catches the spirit of the place, "Nothing so free and gracious, so lovely and wistful, nothing so richly, yet so ghost-like, exists, planted by the sons of men. It is a kind of paradise which has wandered down, a miraculously enchanted wilderness.

"Brilliant with azaleas, or magnolias, it centers around a pool of dreamy water, overhung by tall trunks wanly festooned with grey Florida moss. Beyond anything I have ever seen, it is other worldly. And I went there day after day, drawn as one is drawn in youth by visions of the Ionian Sea of the East, or the Pacific Isles. It's perfect. The most beautiful spot in the world."

—A. C. S.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

By Miles E. Smith

DOWN! Down! Down! You are carried in a large steel bucket which is being rapidly lowered by a constantly lengthening thread of cable until you are more than three hundred feet below the surface of the earth. You are taking your first trip into the deep and secret places of an old and highly productive southern gold mine.

"Howdy, stranger," is the only comment of the grimy old miner who guides the bucket to rest on a little tram-car at the bottom of the shaft and assists you in the difficult task of dismounting. As your feet reach the miry earth beside the tram, you instinctively look up and see a small speck of light filtering through the mouth of the long shaft, like the sunlight through a torn spot in the top of a circus tent. The high, converging walls of heavy oak framing which stretch upward toward the heavens begin to close in around you, a lump rises in your throat, a faint chill chases itself up and down your spine, and you gasp for breath as you become aware of your utter smallness. You compare your frail form first with an ant on a mountain-side and then with a paramecium in the bottom of the sea as your ego shrinks into insignificance. You are as an acorn lost within a mighty forest; a piece of living clay hidden within a vast, whirling sphere.

The miner unhooks the cable from the bucket and pushes the tram-car out along the tramway into the longest drift. Unconsciously, you follow him. A new feeling of awe wells up within your breast when you enter the drift. For the first time you realize that you are on the threshold of a different world — the world of those brave men who work beneath the surface. A world so much larger, yet so much smaller; so vast, yet so compact. The world above was filled with life, sunshine, brightness, and everyone was warm, dry, and cheerful; this world below is filled with death, darkness, shadows, and everyone is cold, wet, and gloomy.

When you reach the first electric light on your journey down the long, dark tramway you are prone to give a shout of joy. You are as happy as a weary desert traveler who unexpectedly finds himself beside a large oasis. But when you raise your head and see the massive gray walls closing in around you again your buoyant spirits are smothered and your vocal chords refuse to function. Light after light is passed and each one in its turn produces within you the same reaction of momentary happiness which is as quickly dispelled by the endless darkness which lies above and beyond.

The miner whom you are following suddenly interrupts your depressing thoughts as he stops the tram-car and goes around in front of it to throw a switch. You look up and see that you have reached a fork in the drift, one branch curves sharply to the left and the other bends slightly to the right. When the miner begins pushing the tram-car again it follows the tramway to the right. A gentle, but damp and pungent breeze strikes your face as you pass the mouth of the other branch of the drift. After another stretch of darkness, broken only by an occasional light or a faint breeze of foul air, the tramway leads up a long incline which almost stops the miner and his tram-car. While you are sympathizing with the difficult task of your companion you look upward and gasp in surprise at the marvelous scene which greets your eyes. Stretching outward and upward before you is a vast, cave-like expanse which has been stoped from the solid rock by years of daily blasting. Several large two-story houses could be built in the enormous cavern and there would still be enough space left over for spacious front yards and flower gardens. From your position on the tramway as you follow it down through the center, the rugged arch of gray rock spread across the roof looks like the evening heavens on a dark, cloudy day. The large drops of cold water which fall upon your chilled frame add an effective touch of realism to your dreary thoughts. But when you reach the miners who are working in a little alcove far beyond the cavern, your gloomy spirit is conquered by a mixed emotion of admiration and sympathy.

The "muckers" are wearing garb similar to that of firemen, except for the fact that the miners' clothes are wet, ragged, and mud covered and their caps have small carbide lamps securely fastened on the front. Their hands are rough, dirty, and calloused and their wrinkled faces are as expressionless as the wet muck which they are laboriously shoveling into the steel bucket which brought you into this unholy place. The first impression that the "muckers" make upon you is rather grave, but if you look close, you can see through this dark exterior. You can look into a heart not completely unlike the one beneath your fastidious business suit; you can see an eager, ambitious soul crying out for expression from within a body that has been worn, gnarled, and bent by years of mole-like existence. A body broken by years of drudgery in a dozen different mines; a body which has labored under many kinds of earth, but always under the same unwholesome conditions; a body which has been crushed and scarred by hundreds of accidents and hardened by decades of exposure, but always driven on by a spirit that refuses to be crushed. It has been driven on by an insane desire to rise to the heights in the

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Leaders in Religion

By Walter S. Allen

The Sigma Tau Alpha Fraternity takes to the air in its effort to spread Christian leadership.

Prof. Price, Announcer Crutchfield, and Wofford Male Chorus Gather Around the "Mike" at WBT for Their Weekly Broadcast.

ON Thursday, November 18, 1937, a Renaissance in Christian Leadership took place at Wofford College. Since December, 1933, a Christian Leadership fraternity, Delta Chi Alpha by name, had been established on the campus, contemporarily with chapters of the same national organization at the University of S. C., at Presbyterian College, and at Textile Industrial Institute. The work done by Wofford's chapter was commendable, there being qualities of leadership on the campus, but there was something lacking. A spark of leadership was needed to obtain the proper spirit of cooperation and system; also, the interest seemed to be only local, and even then only with a certain set of students on the campus.

Certain of the student leaders held a lengthy discussion concerning the fraternity. A new Christian Leadership organization was proposed and approved and the entire organization of the fraternity was changed. First, the name Delta Chi Alpha was changed to Sigma Tau Alpha, the Greek translation of these words being "Fellow Workers for the Truth," the motto of the new Fraternity. The organization is honorary and interdenominational; its membership is not restricted to ministerial students, but to those who have a common interest in Christian Leadership and who strive to lead more truthful and wholesome lives. The purpose of the fraternity was brought out by its honorary president, Dr. A. M. Trawick, in a radio broadcast from Charlotte, N. C., Tuesday, December 28, when he said, "Evidences of Vital Religion among students are manifold and unmistakable, in the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations, students missionary unions, church-campus committees, deputation groups for preaching, teaching, singing, prayer and discussion groups, summer and winter conferences and the earnest search after truth through reading, church attendance, and personal cultivation, all testify that religion lives and grows in the hearts of students. It is out of this urge to promote religious living that the S. T. A. has arisen."

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The "Eyes" Have It!

By Donald Foster

HAVE you ever made it a point to watch the eyes of the people with whom you come in daily contact? I don't mean just the eyes of those whom you count among your close friends, but those of every person you meet, regardless of his station.

Several years ago I got a job as an extra postman one Christmas during their annual rush, and, as a result of my experiences during that time, I was prompted to try to read in the eyes of those I met just a little of what their lives might be.

I recall that, as I would go from house to house with the mail, I would often be met at the door by some one expecting to receive mail. I have in mind one boy in particular that I liked to watch. The girl with whom he went was away at college, and she always wrote to him on blue stationery. On the days that he was due a letter he would invariably meet me at the door; sometimes he would even come half a block down the street. As I would hand him the letter, his eyes would light up so that the whole expression on his face would be altered. I tried one time holding his letter back, as if it had not come, but there was such utter disappointment which he was unable to hide in his eyes that I never tried it again.

My route led for a short distance through a poor tenement district. There was a pitiful old lady in that district whose son I learned was sick in another city. Every time I went up her street I would see her fearfully looking out through the broken glass of her front door. Her eyes, which seemed to bore right through me, would follow my actions from the time I got in sight until I had safely passed her house. There was deep, unashamed fear in those eyes. One day I had to carry an advertising circular to her, and I would gladly give anything I have to forget the look of soul-racking horror and despair that I read in her eyes as I handed her the circular.

I have just mentioned two of the many instances that crowd my memory as a result of my experiment during that job. Part of my duties while I worked at the post office were to keep the general delivery window during the dinner hour of the man who regularly held that job. This afforded me a marvelous opportunity to continue my experiment.

During the time I kept the window, I had a periodic visitor every other day. She was a young girl whom I knew. The first day she came to the window while I was on duty she was so surprised and startled that she turned away, and then, after apparently thinking it over, she came back, and, after securing my promise not to give her away, told me that she was carrying on a correspondence with a boy whom her parents had forbidden her to go with. So each day during her lunch hour she would come and stand in the lobby until she caught my eye. When I got the letter from my pile, she would hurry past the window, taking the letter as she went. All the time she stood in the post office she would glance nervously around at the various other people to see if anyone were noticing her. One day after I had found her letter, I noticed her father coming in the door. I tried my best to stop her before she came over. Just as she took the letter her father, who had seen her, came up to her. They were facing each other, so that by dint of a little straining I could see both of their eyes. As he questioned her regarding the letter, I could see a rather hurt look in his eyes which gave way to anger. Then I looked at her. Stark fear was at first prevalent in her eyes, then they began to fill with tears and bitterness showed itself uppermost. When she began to talk, a sort of defiance superceded the look of bitterness. At that moment I was interrupted in order to wait on someone. Sometime later when I was again free, I looked up to find them both coming toward my window. There was a new look of understanding in both pair of eyes. When they got to the window, the father told me to forward any mail which came to his daughter straight to their home, so that she might receive it there.

Another outstanding incident occurred during that period when a traveling man came to call for his expected mail. As I remember, he came the first time on Friday, and I noticed that he was an average type traveling salesman. His clothes were neat but not expensive. As I looked through the mail to find his particular letter, he rather expansively told me that it contained his commission check. He went on to say that it certainly was badly needed just then, and that it was nice to have it to depend on. I looked through the stack twice, and, at his request, a third time. As I glanced up after the third time, I noticed a rather stunned look in his eyes. I realized that he really did need it, so as he turned away I told him I was sure it would be in by the next day. The next morning as I went around opening the various windows, I recog-

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Exchange

THE usual appetizing variety of composition is to be found in the December *Concept*. The sketch on Archibald Rutledge, guest artist, is extremely well versed and gives us some informal information on this outstanding poet of Living America. "Te Deum" and "Christmas Knowledge," a revelation, supply the Christmas atmosphere in verse. Josephine Myers reviews *Life and Miss Celeste*. In "Harbor Lights" an old plot is dusted off and again tells the tragic story of a poor girl saved in the instant of hurling herself over a bridge and into the waters beneath, to end this cruel life. At least she could have gotten her feet wet. Compliments to Florine Huger for a very attractive cover design.

In Cornell's *Arcopagus* "The Role of the College Journalist" by Bernard Gartlir supplies us with the candid statement:

> "The functions of the college newspaper is to train undergraduates how to read a newspaper and to help them appreciate unbiased accounts of the news."

The Archive of December is the best we have seen. It contains the final chapter of "Rank and File" by Walter Schaefer, and Jane Dusenbury also contributes an excellent short story in "Her Four Years," a tale of two college girls — one a conformist, the other a non-conformist. The plot is well developed and linked with passages of thoughtful realism leading to a skillful culmination. "Princess" is a tender innocent story of a romance for which we had almost given up hope. It is pleasingly written in a dialect that mirrors the simple purity of the characters:

> "We vowed there that nuthin' 'cept death'd ever part us, an' nuthin' never has. You know, I don't believe there's many mates like that lef' in

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CAMPUS CARNIVAL

First Old Maid: "I shiver every time I think of a handsome young man kissing me."

Second Old Maid: "And here I had been thinking you had St. Vitus' dance all these years."—*Texas Ranger.*

●

I

The moon had been shining a few minutes ago, but now there were pouring from the heavens, cats, dogs, pitchforks, hoes, rakes, Sears Roebuck catalogues, and some rain. Our ardent young lover was caught at his "one and only's house," without an umbrella (as though an umbrella would be of use against the elements on a night like this). His sweet young thing heaved and sighed, "Darling, I can't let you go home on a night like this; you'll catch your death of cold. I'll ask mother to fix the guest room." The lad was all thanks as the beauty disappeared into another room in search of her parents.

II

A few minutes later the young girl came back to find her lover's favorite chair empty. She called his name several times and, receiving no answer, was about to call out the state militia, for a night like this was enough to frighten anyone, when a timid tapping suddenly sounded on the front door. She cautiously opened it and peered outside to find our young hero soaking wet and drenched, with a small package under his arm.

"Oh, where have you been?"

"Who, me?" he said, "Oh, I just went home for my pajamas."—*Scripps 'N Pranks.*

●

An athlete is a dignified bunch of muscles unable to split wood or sift the ashes.—*Boredwalk.*

●

They do say that one dumb freshman, having been told by one of his profs to put his pledge at the end of his quiz paper, wisely wrote, "Pi Kappa Phi."—*Scrips 'N Pranks.*

●

"What kind of a fellow is Gene?"

"Well, the other night the lights went out in his girl's parlor and he spent the rest of the evening tinkering with fuses."—*Kitty Kat.*

●

Old Maid (hearing noise under bed): "Quick, Ida, the lights."

Ida: "But they're on."

Old Maid: "Don't argue."

She: "Here come the chaperones!"

He: "They make me sick. Something should be done about these thrill seekers."—*Pup.*

●

She had just received a skunk coat from her husband.

"I don't see how such a beautiful fur can come from such a foul smelling beast!" she exclaimed, enraptured.

"Really, my dear," exclaimed the outraged husband. "I didn't ask for thanks, but you might at least be courteous."—*N. Y. U. Varieties.*

●

"Next time we'll bring sandwiches and have a real picnic."—*Yellow Jacket.*

●

"An tink of all de cultural advantages a fratoinity offers youse."—*Covered Wagon.*

●

"Another pupil lost," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.—*Yellow Jacket.*

●

"Who's that awful lookin' femme in blue over there by the orchestra?"

"That's my aunt."

"Oh, I don't mean her. I mean that horrible one who looks as if she had on a fake face."

"She's my sister."

"Boy, she sure can dance."—*West Pointer.*

●

"What you need is an electric bath."

"Nothing doing, Doc — I had an uncle drown that way up at Sing Sing."—*Annapolis Log.*

●

Wise Guy (boarding a street car): "Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"

Conductor: "Nope, we need one more jackass! Come on in."—*Maroon Bee.*

●

Dear Clarence:

I so want to thank you for that lovely card you sent me. It was more than I expected after only going out with you steady for the last eight months. I'm so glad you picked out one with a good deal of written matter on it — but then you always did know that I had a yen for poetry. The card reveals your real character, and I really appreciate your sending it to me very much — in fact some day I'm going to read it. It was nice knowing you —

Your ex-girl-friend.

—Yellow Jacket.

Crisis in the Church

UNDENIABLE is the fact that the church is losing out as the leader of intellect and inspiration among human beings. More and more we find that the congregations are dropping off, not because the church has nothing to give us, but because we have progressed and the church has not. Everything it has to offer today we find in a superior form somewhere else. The charitable duties of the church have for a large part been taken over by the government and organized institutions. Education in church schools has greatly been superceded by the state universities. The promotion of art and music has also largely been the result of non-denominational interests.

"What then," one might ask, "is there unique about the church that cannot be found in a better form elsewhere?" There is nothing. For while the church is doing some good work, this work is being done outside the church as well, and usually better.

The fate of the church lies in the youth of today, who are to be the religious leaders of tomorrow. They realize the problem and are taking constructive steps to effectively meet it. The concensus of their labors indicates a return to the old-time religion—to basic Christianity. Mr. Houck in his article on *Christian Youth and a Changing World* points out that we never have really tried Christianity. Perhaps that is the answer to what people want in church—the pure religion of the old kind that uncompromisingly adheres to principles of Christ throughout a changing world.

—A. C. S.

In This Issue

May we indulge in a bit of that pardonable pride when we bring to your attention a few of the facts connected with that full-color picture of Magnolia Gardens on our center spread? In the process of printing, five different plates were necessary to faithfully print the array of colors found in Magnolia. It is with the kind permission of Mr. Hastie, the present owner, that we were allowed to use them. With over thirty years of experience in publishing college magazines in this State, our printers state that this is the first time they have used such an illustration in such a periodical as ours. The plates were originally manufactured for use in the booklet distributed to visitors in the gardens. The number of these booklets printed has run well over a million in the past decade.

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

The tragedy of the higher educational system in America is that for one hundred years colleges and universities have been magnifying science and minimizing philosophy and graduating young people to whom truth means "little more than a body of observable facts; beauty, conformity to fashions; goodness, doing things that will make one comfortable or popular. Out of our most capable youth, capable of high adventure, we are manufacturing mental and ethical jellyfish."
—*Henry W. Tiffany in The Watchman-Examiner.*

SHADOWS

Queer things,—
Racing up and down hills, cross streams,
Following you like a faithful servant,
Jumping from tables
To chairs and walls;
Darting across the room,
Chasing you about,
Meeting you at a point,
Head to head, to whisper.

—*Kenneth Herbert, '37.*

The Poster-man

By Peter Baker

He is tall
and strong.
His bronze face lifted to the sky,
as he stands with feet
firmly planted
far apart.
His well-proportioned body
radiates the essence of
health
as he stands basking in the warm
sunlight,
— the Poster-Man.

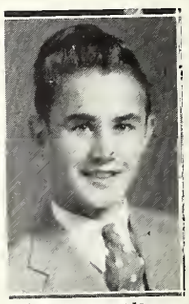
Tall black letters
spell,
"Workers of America,
Unite!
You are the
Backbone of the Nation,
Fight
for your rights!"

A thin emaciated
worker
gazes at the Poster-Man.
His skinny
half-fed body
swells with pride.
He looks at Him and sees
embodied
his highest
hopes and aims.
Momentarily a sparkle lights
his eyes.
Momentarily his hard drawn face
relaxes.
And then immediately
he regains the
dull
listless
look of lost ambition.
But in his
heart
he carries an
ember of pride
inspired by the Poster-Man,
kept alive
because he is the
"Backbone of the Nation."

Authors' Column

Bill Houck

Bill Houck contributes his second article of the year in this issue, and we think you will find his account of what was done at the recent Methodist Conference of real interest. The youth of today are aware of the weaknesses of the church, and it is in their hands that its future lies.



Walter Allen

Walter Allen, head of the Sigma Tau Alpha publicity department, released the current article for publication and procured for us the attractive cut that accompanies it.

Dave Garvin

Dave "Colonel" Garvin surprised us with his "Fickle Fate," and we were glad to print it. Dave has an ingenious imagination that enabled him to compose those "tricky" ads you've been noticing in the *Old Gold and Black.*

Donald Foster

Donald Foster writes entertainingly about an experiment that he was interested in. His thoroughness in covering the subject indicates that he is a good observer of details.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT — By Ernest Hemingway

LIFE on the Florida Keys isn't an easy matter when you haven't got money and it's especially difficult when you have three growing girls and a wife to support.

Ed Morgan had managed pretty well before the depression to charter his fishing boat quite regularly, but now money and free-spending weren't so popular. He crossed the Stream over to Havana in hope of better luck there — and found it, or at least he thought he had when a brusque northerner engaged the boat for an indefinite period of gulf-stream fishing. He gave Ed enough money to pay for gasoline and each day for almost a week they trolled for the elusive sword-marlin. Then one day Ed waited in vain for the stranger, only to learn later that he had skipped out on the Pan-American Clipper. He was stranded in Cuba without money and a very slim chance of getting any.

Only these desperate circumstances drove him into a deal with a suave Chinaman who was engaged in smuggling his native countrymen into the United States from Cuba by having them transported across the narrow stretch of water in the night.

Plans were negotiated, and at the proper time Ed Morgan approached a deserted spot of Cuban shoreline and took on eight cowering orientals. He locked them in the hold of the vessel, collected for them, and then fell upon the unsuspecting smuggler and strangled him. At the point of a gun, he forced his cargo to jump over the side to wade back to the Cuban shore, while he opened the throttle and was headed once more for Key West, amid a cloud of spray and smoke.

Thus concludes the first adventure of Ed Morgan in the book. The remaining chapters tell in Hemingway's vivid, sometimes exceedingly vulgar but always realistic style, the life of the native Floridian in the Keys. His story is human and exceedingly interesting.

—A. C. S.

MAN CHILD

A germ imbued in fertile sanctury,
Stirred by some power unseen,
To grow and grow, until one day
The shrillness of a baby's cry
Heralds birth of another Man Child.
Pain and joy intermingle
Around this pink, new-breathing thing,
Guarded well with proud responsibility,
And minds alive with lofty imaginations.
Tiny hands, soft and helpless, to grow
Into strong hands, but still . . . helpless.
To be destroyed by a three-letter word,
Not horizontal or vertical as in a puzzle,
But like eddies in the wake
Of a toy sailboat, it pursues ruthlessly;
Waiting, watching, for that moment
When the wind will come in swirls
Of sudden gusts, to beat fiercely
On the proud hand-tailored craft
And cause it to quiver, poise uncertainly,
Then, with a sudden helplessness,
Flutter like a wounded bird.
Tired from the race with its pursuing eddies,
It allows them to rush over and imprison it.
A dumb stare envelopes the youthful boatsman
As he sees his handicraft overcome.
With a cry he springs forward,
And with outstretched hands reaches
To rescue his boat, but there . . .
Too late, it glides with a sudden thrust
Over the brink and down the drain.
War!
Are you but a chessman, a pawn?
Will there be a cry heard around
The world, a cry of anguish for you?
The wind blows; the waters grow murky;
Will you ride out the storm, Man Child?

—*E. N. Braddy.*

EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 19)

this ol' world. Everybody's too busy t' ever know what real hones' t' goodness livin' is. Princess 'n' me wuzn't that a way. We didn't have nuthin' but each other, an' we set there under that ol' black haw tree a dreamin' uv' th' years that wuz t' come. We didn't do no fancy kissin' 'r carryin' on like mos' young folks nowadays do. Princess never wuz a body fer kissin' an' a carryin' on jus' fer th' hell uv it. An' you know, I ain't never seen no good come uv it myse'f. I jus' kissed her an' set there a holdin' her real tight in my arms a wonderin' if it wuz all a dream. I thought t' myse'f that I wuz jes' natur'lly th' luckiest man alive t' have as fine an' pure a woman as my little Princess."

In the Columbia College *Criterion*, poems by Louise Abney and Gwendolyn Hoover are particularly good. "My Star" by Annie Martha Spell carries a good thought. We are still scanning the joke page in search of some form of humor, but so far none has been found. Inspired by the call for contributions in your editorial, we are sending you a good joke.

The Florida *Review* is sincerely a hero-worshipper of *Scribner's* and has achieved a high degree of perfection deserving praise, especially the Art Editors. Their work is fresh and novel, adding both color and life to the printed words. Fascinated by the simple easy rules enumerated in the new book *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* Roy Benjamin, Jr. springs them on a ticket-giving policeman in his story "How to Apply Dale Carnegie to a Traffic Cop." Cracker life is illustrated by swift dramatic action in the play "Cracker Coal," with Stetson Kennedy's "Black Bottom" to hold the interest of the short story enthusiast. Poetry by Frank Shea adds a finished touch to a fine publication.

We find in the December issue of *The Aurora,* from Agnes Scott, a review of the book *New Frontiers of the Mind,* a story of experiments in mental clairvoyance and telepathy conducted at Duke Uuiversity during the past seven years. J. B. Rhine, Professor of Parapsychology at Duke, says, at the close of his book: "The lure is there. If from these future adventures we attain an evidential eminence from which still future frontiers of the mind of man are visible, who would prefer to have stood with Balboa on a peak in Darien for the initial sight of a new ocean or even on the bow of the Santa Maria for the first happy glimpse of the outlines of a new world."

The Erothesian creates a laconic thought-provoking article in "Naked Souls," and "The Flowering of New England Poetry" permits a brief study of the works of Freneau, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, with

selections from each. In "Showers of Youth" by Florence Bolding there is a choice description of a rain-storm in a reminiscent atmosphere. The three-page narrative on "Columbia, South Carolina" should be of interest. Our chief criticism is with the length of most of the articles. They remind one of the two-page English themes to be handed in every week to the professor. Some of the authors should write something reflecting a little time and research.

From the Fordham *Monthly* we quote a stanza from slides of human experiences expressed by John P. McElroy in his "Forever Remembrances":

"The footsteps of a worker
in the quiet stillness
of the early morning
sounding on the sidewalks
of the sleeping city
like a lost friend walking far away."

A review of *Life and Death of a Spanish Town* appears in an interesting form by Max Jones in *The P. C. Collegian* for December. Robert Rogers' poem "So" speaks for itself, and "Lovely Thing This Is" deserves mention. The stories are still being written in a wholesale manner with no thought toward perfection of detail. This detracts immensely from the good ideas expressed. Several proof readings should serve to get rid of these rough corners and give them the finish they need.

Congratulations on your second anniversary, *Georgia Arch*. "Holiday Mail" reminds us that such students still exist who try to influence professors into giving them good marks — Interesting subject. The cover design of *The Georgia Arch* is artistically modern.

— E. N. B.

THE "EYES" HAVE IT

(Continued from Page 18)

nized the same man anxiously waiting for the regular man at the general delivery window to look for his letter. Remembering the occasion the day before, I stopped just long enough to see if his letter had come. It had not. As he passed me he recognized me and squared his shoulders. Still he was not able to hide the look of disappointment and desperation in his eyes. Monday morning the same situation occurred. This time I noticed that he was badly in need of a shave and that his clothes showed that he had slept in them. This time I came up to stand beside him as he waited. The man behind the window looked through the batch one time and had started on the second. I glanced at the man beside me, and, as he looked at me, I read a sort of mute appeal therein. I was on the verge of offering a small amount to tide him over when a letter was handed across the counter. The man took one look at the envelope, put it in his pocket and turned to me. His eyes glistened with unaffected tears of relief.

I cannot help but reflect when I review my experiences in watching people's eyes that therein are the truest mirrors of a person's feelings. The exterior veil of clothing and fine surroundings sometimes can disguise the true personality — but the eyes are windows of the soul.

THE TRAGEDY OF AIPOTU

(Continued from Page 7)

feted him with many blows, but they fell back, stopped, when they beheld the stately, matronly beauty of Peace. She arose majestically and spoke to them, spoke to them with a voice so lovely that the rainbow-colored songbirds in the ever fragrant, shady Aipotuian bowers ceased their heavenly warbling and listened with rapt attention. With a voice so melodious that no singer in Heaven or earth has yet been able to equal: "Hold! Sons of Man! You know not what you do — hesitate just a moment, think! You are intoxicated with what you believe is new wine, but it is really as old as the ground on which you tread. So consult the sage, Reason, before you continue to commit such rash acts as you are now doing."

"Away with her! Down with her! To hell with both Love and Peace!" cried one member of the sanguinary rabble, and at this the crazed, blood-thirsty mass of humanity surged forward, dragged down the comely Peace, tore her clothing and bound her with rusty chains. Then the two monarchs were made to walk the streets, were forced to be the object of the jeers of the maddened multitudes. Peace wept long and loud for her daughter, Liberty, but it was all of no avail, for the Angels had compassion on this pure virgin and took her through the opal gates so that she might dwell with them and lend a new light, add a greater lustre and beauty to the golden streets of Heaven.

The Aipotuians now called in Mars to reign over them. His first act was to banish Love from the island, but he saved Peace for his own pleasure. He assembled the entire population of the island in the immense public square, and before all these, he desecrated the stately matron, Peace. Her shrieks rent the air; Anavrin rose and tried vainly to swallow the island, but his strength was wasted; his waves dashed harmlessly on the sand beaches, for then as now, Lucifer took care of his own. And then, to complete the atrocity of his heinous crime, flagrant Mars stabbed virtuous Peace with his blood-stained sword. It is said that the cries of Peace were so heart-rending that the window in Heaven was sealed up, that the sun hid his face for eleven days, that Neptune moved his court from the coral-bottomed Anavrin, and that Almighty God Himself took compassion on the unfortunate Peace, for darkness fell upon the face of the earth and the waves of Anavrin rose high and angrily about the shores of this unfortunate isle. Peace lay on the ground unheeded, her life blood streaming out on the sand, but when the world ascended from the mouth of darkness, the body of the bleeding Peace had disappeared — it is related that two men clothed in shiny raiment bore her away.

Nevertheless, Mars was undaunted and all of Lucifer's Satanic hordes were let loose upon the population. The Aipotuians soon rued the day when they called in Mars. All the horrors, terrors, diseases, deaths, mur-

ders, and atrocities unimaginable fell upon the stricken populace. The cries and groans of dying and afflicted men, women, and children continually filled the air. Vainly did the people pray for, vainly did they wish for, vainly did they seek for their old beloved rulers.

Finally, when Mars had completely exhausted this one-time paradise, this former haven of the virtues, he left it in the power of his degenerate bastard childred, Revolution, Plagues, Immorality, and Anarchy. Chaos was supreme. Long did this continue until one morning the sun rose out of his cloud-draped eastern bed and diffused its torrid, golden radiance upon a barren, silent land of death — the inhabitants of Aipotu had exterminated themselves.

Today Aipotu is still the silent, white-bleached lonely tomb of four million people. Only the sound of Anavrin can be heard, pounding relentlessly upon Aipotu's desolate beaches. Nothing of the race can be seen because the sands of time and the eternal waves have completely effaced the traces of these unfortunate people from the earth.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

(Continued from Page 16)

world above just as it has forged to the depths in the world below. The world where danger lurks everywhere, behind each rock in the roof and walls, under every loose timber, beneath the muck in the form of unexploded detonators and dynamite, and throughout the mine in the form of pre-mature explosions and poison gases.

The foreman comes over and offers to explain anything that you do not understand. He tells you that keen observation and quietness are the key words of safety in a deep mine; therefore no one may sleep under the ground, no whistling is ever permitted, and talking and swearing must be toned down. He also tells you that, contrary to general opinion, miners as a class are a very religious people. The constant fear of sudden death and the omnipresence of impending disaster necessitate continual vigilance on the part of everyone for the safety of all as well as of himself. This produces a brotherhood among miners which is stronger and more binding than that of the members of any other occupation. Before you turn to go he also tells you that the close contact in which the miners work breaks their natural reserve, conventions are let down, and everyone talks freely about their most intimate family relations.

The miner who led you into the drift motions to you that the bucket is ready to go to the surface again, you bid the foreman good-day, and eagerly begin the return journey. As you are gently lifted toward the surface upon the rim of a bucket of sparkling gold-laden ore, your spirits become buoyant, leap joyously upward, and struggle to throw off the repression and gloom of the grim subterranean world from which you are fleeing. When your feet touch the earth again, the world has taken on a new brightness, new life, and new beauty. The fresh air, the sunshine, the bird-filled and gaily-foliaged woodlands, the solid dry earth, and even the heavens above are overflowing with the radiance, splendor, and vivid color of a Hawaiian sunrise, and the sordid cabins of the miners are as inviting as the little grass shacks of Waikiki when you remember the damp and murky darkness of the world beneath the surface.

LEADERS IN RELIGION

(Continued from Page 17)

Not only has there been a marked influence for wholesome Christian life on the campus by the fifty odd members of the Sigma Tau Alpha, but also many people throughout the Southern section have become interested in the work done and programs sponsored by this fraternity. Interesting and helpful deputation programs have been exchanged with other colleges in the state, various services have been conducted and Sunday School classes taught in the churches of this vicinity by the fraternity's members.

The initiative of a few leaders has become a reality and Sigma Tau Alpha is rapidly achieving success. This has been proven by the good work being done in the four departments, Radio, Deputation, Worship, and Publicity. Hundreds of people throughout the country are being brought closer to Wofford College by the varied and interesting radio programs sponsored on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons by the Sigma Tau Alpha from Charlotte and Columbia. The picture above shows this department in action, having as its guest on the Charlotte program the Wofford Male Chorus. The radio programs include speeches by members of the faculty and student members of the fraternity, discussion, debates, dramatics, and music. A series of weekly hymn appreciation programs has been conducted by the fraternity quartet from Columbia.

Dean A. M. DuPre once said to a group of Wofford students at a Y. M. C. A. meeting that he would like for them to be more interested in the wonderful old hymns and to enrich their lives by studying, reading, memorizing, as well as by singing some of the famous ones. This series of hymn appreciation programs seems to have been an answer to Dr. DuPre's wish as well as an enjoyment for many people throughout the state.

FICKLE FATE

(Continued from Page 5

keep an eye on his progress. He had sense enough to carry that gun along for protection when we thought there was no need for it."

"You bet he's a smart boy, Mr. Belser. Lucky, too. You see, he gets the reward of five thousand dollars for capturing Black Mike. Smart kid," Doc murmured this last with real affection in his voice.

CHRISTIAN YOUTH AND A CHANGING WORLD

(Continued from Page 13)

the necessity for sacrifice on the part of Christians. The early Christians went to the extent of even giving up their lives for an ideal and a purpose. Yet we who call ourselves Christian today are unwilling, it seems, to inconvenience ourselves to a comparatively slight degree to bring about needed reforms.

Bishop Kern insists that if the Christian church is to take the lead in building a new world it must first of all be a pure church. "The weapon of the church," he says, "is the integrity of its members." Faith, also, must be an element of church character. Further, the church of today must be an adventurous one. In the past it has been too timid.

It need not be thought that these remarks about the church represent a minimizing of the individual's part in a program toward improvement. This speaker, for example, made it clear that the church is not a distinct organization in itself; that the people make the church. Indeed, his emphasis was upon the individual and not the church. In reply to questions on what the individual, particularly young people, may do in finding tangible contacts with the religious life of which we have been speaking, Bishop Kern urged the necessity of "much work and seeking within the individual," and to a similar question concerning where the new spirit of the church is to begin, he confidently replied, "whenever a man or a woman sees the necessity of it beginning."

Perhaps when we have considered rather seriously the question of how youth is to face a changing world, we will come to a decision something like this: Fundamentally the individual youth must follow without compromise the teachings of Jesus Christ even in a world where the various aspects of Christian problems seemingly change more rapidly and become more and more complex each day.

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SPRING

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Have You Heard the Chant of the Tobacco Auctioneer

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THE JOURNAL

The Case for Conservatism

By Fred Conley

LIFE has a strange way of weaving into its pattern such a weird conglomeration of circumstances and events that we are scarcely conscious that any of them are being threaded into our lives until some impulse or desire reveals them as a part of us. Then we know that we have gathered something from the past. And as the years go by it becomes an ever increasingly difficult task to separate from this maze of events those that have projected themselves with most force into our beings; to tell the effects that their coming have had upon us. Still we know that they have profoundly influenced our lives. Perhaps it is personalities more than things that have played the major role in making us what we are today; if so, we must remember, as we look down the long lane of memory into the past, that it is lined with faces, every one of which has become a part of us; because they have, we have either lost or gained. Black faces, white faces, sweet faces, bright faces; the further backward we go the dimmer they grow. For the human within us is fickle, and for the most part we pledge ourselves to the present and place our trust in the nearest, when it may so chance that the dearest and best that we are or have known is buried deep in the past. And thus often by jealously guarding the present we prove ourselves traitor to the past with its sacred store of love, friendship and experience. The real man is the man who can think, love, live in the best of the present and at the same time hold to the best of the past. For time is like a golden ball of thread continuously unwinding itself; it cannot come in sections or divisions but must roll out in one long uninterrupted flow; and the first measure of golden thread is just as important as the last, for it is a part of a perfect whole.

If it is true that the individual has precious ties with the past, then is it not also true of the State? Emerson once said, "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man." Likewise, also, is the State but the lengthened shadow of one man — the combined masses; the teeming millions who compose our great body of humanity. That great structure that we call government is but the representative of the collected interests. It gains its singularity from them, for it proposes to speak for them. Therefore, just as each individual is linked inseparably with the past and is a part of all that has gone before, so is the State joined to the past.

From the proud heights of modern civilization we look down toward the era that marked the beginning of human history; we sigh and say, "Look how far we have come, at the wonderful changes that we have wrought; behold 'our' triumph, and joy with us in 'our' superiority." But wait! Before mocking our ancient forbear with his awkward club and his savage growl; before branding him as primitive and sneering at his simple ways, we must remember that he is a part of us; that the first golden measure is as clear as the last, for it is a part of a perfect whole. Someone had to be first, someone had to grapple with the greedy, unharnessed elements and wring from them their first reluctant servitude; someone had to stalk the lonely savage trail and kill and eat with naked hand; he did, and because he did, even from our lofty perch we, too, must pay tribute to him. And it will be a sad day for us indeed when the streamlined conveniences of the present shuts away from us the bewitching shadows of his altar fires. Let us continue to recognize him as a blood-brother of the present tribe, chosen by God to be the founder of his race; honoring him, reverencing him as a part of all we are. *For when we can see in him, the earliest of our race, the beginning of that which we now call "our" modern civilization, then we are ready to reconstruct the past; to see it alive again; to wander slowly back down the hoary trail of the centuries meditating upon man's achievements and failures, seeing them all as such; finally emerging into the clear light of the present with a new vision of truth; a vision not premature but one that is based on time-proven principles.* Accompanying this new vision of truth will be the feeling that we, of the present, share a trust, not only with those who are yet to come but also with those who have gone before; that life in an enlightened age was made possible by the sweat and blood of all the toiling hands that have ever labored to sustain human life on this world.

Of late we have attached a kind of stigma to the word *conservative* for the stiff attitude it connotes. We have condemned those men who held what we have called a conservative spirit. By the same token we have placed a premium on liberalism and have praised the men in every field of endeavor who have dared to break with the past; and joining with them we have prided ourselves in uprooting the traditional and breaking down the customary. Especially has this been true with reference to affairs of State. While admitting that this is a sphere where changes are needed that will culminate in new political, social and economic structures; nevertheless, this also must be admitted: We are treading on dangerous ground, and reckless experiment without the stabilizing weight and wisdom of the years is certain to prove tragic.

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Snow In Spring

PROLOGUE

Into the woods I went one day,
And very soon I'd lost my way:
But lost, no, never, for to me
The Forest is a vast, but charted sea.
I know each shrub, each stump, and tree
That spreads its beauty for the free.

I. WOODLAND SCENE

The naked lake, the full-dressed woods;
The singing birds, the listening trees;
The croaking frogs, the slimy snails;
The honeyed blossoms, working bees;
The moving stream, the resting stone;
The flowered hill, my wreathéd throne.

II. SIGNS OF SNOW

When first the dawn of Summer spread
The balmy web of waking life
Through all the sylvan hills and vales
And melted every berg of strife;
When next the verdant carpet rolled
Across the virgin meadows green,
Tinting Nature's newly flowered head
From ocean's edge to mountain ravine;
Then appeared the luminous cosmic light,
High above the rapturous scene;
But disdained to stoop with humble air,
Or tarry near an earthly queen.
Nor plaintive petitions, nor empassioned pleas;
Nor mournful sighs, nor flowing tears;
Sufficed the hardened heart to move;
Nor drew the haughty Sun from other spheres.

The dark and clouded heavens drifted low
And dared the balmy summer breeze to blow
Another warm and soothing blast of spring,
Or again inspire the gleeful birds to sing.

The shivering trees wept aloud;
Soon the forest family heard the cry;
Assembly sounded from the wooded deep
And spread by land, by sea, and sky
A coded warning of the brewing storm,
Loud threatenings to alter Nature's form.

III. THE FOREST FAMILY

(*Squirrel*)

The sleek gray squirrel in haste departs
To seek a loftier point of view,
He upward speeds with agile skill,
Pausing at length beneath the blue;
He perches long atop his slender tree;
The coded alarm disturbs his ear;
Erect he sits with racing heart
And then descends to quiet his fear.
He lithely leaps to a lower limb;
By chance he meets a passing crow
That will not stop his hurried flight,
But merely caws of coming snow.
Forth to the knotty storehouse door
The sad and worried squirrel turns,
To check his meagre stock of nuts,
And hope that Winter soon adjourns.

(*Opossum*)

The soundly sleeping sluggard rests
Secure within a hollow oak,
Reluctantly responds to Summer's call,
Sulking, sheds his cozy cloak
And ventures forth in search of food;
Slow-paced and stiff, his aching breast
Cautious lest some heartless hunter
Behold by chance his home-like nest.
But ere he leaves afar his restive lair
Chills creep beneath his dark and wooly coat.
The frigid light of Winter fills the air;
The East Wind's organ plays a dreary note;
Despondently the sleepy slug retreats
Again to foodless hibernation,
Defeated by the snow and sleet
And Spring's unkind frustration.

(*Hare*)

The bouncing bunny lightly leaps
Over freshly-carpeted wood and field,
Unchecked by logs or rocky heaps,
A flying Mercury with speed unsealed.
The snow piles deep, the trees bend low,
The drifted white does ever grow
Deeper, the weary hare to confuse
Till he falters, content to sleep
For days beneath the downy deep.

—*Miles Smith.*

RAIN

"What makes the rain?" said a little boy.
"Did the clouds all start to cry?
Or did the sun in her walk to town
Get a cinder in her eye?"

—*Edgar Braddy.*

The Lady and The Lake

By Owens Wood

THEY say he was handsome, and he must have been, for even now the older women sigh when they hear his name mentioned. There is a photograph of him hanging in Mrs. Grant's living room, one of the old oil-tinted enlargements that grow hazy with the passing of time. Yet, even so, you can still make out the high forehead line, the delicate Roman nose, the strong chin, and the broad shoulders. There's a faint smile on his firm lips, and in the soft light of the heavily-draped parlor it is easy to imagine that you are standing before the high-powered manipulator of the late nineties.

He came to the little town of Mineral Springs when the place was little more than the turn of the road that lead around the northern end of Lake Cinamoo. No one ever knew exactly where he came from. Reports had it that he was from Philadelphia. Others said that he wore a ring from a university in the west. Nevertheless, no one ever questioned him as to where he had lived before, and he never told anyone, unless it was Ellen, and of course she never mentioned it.

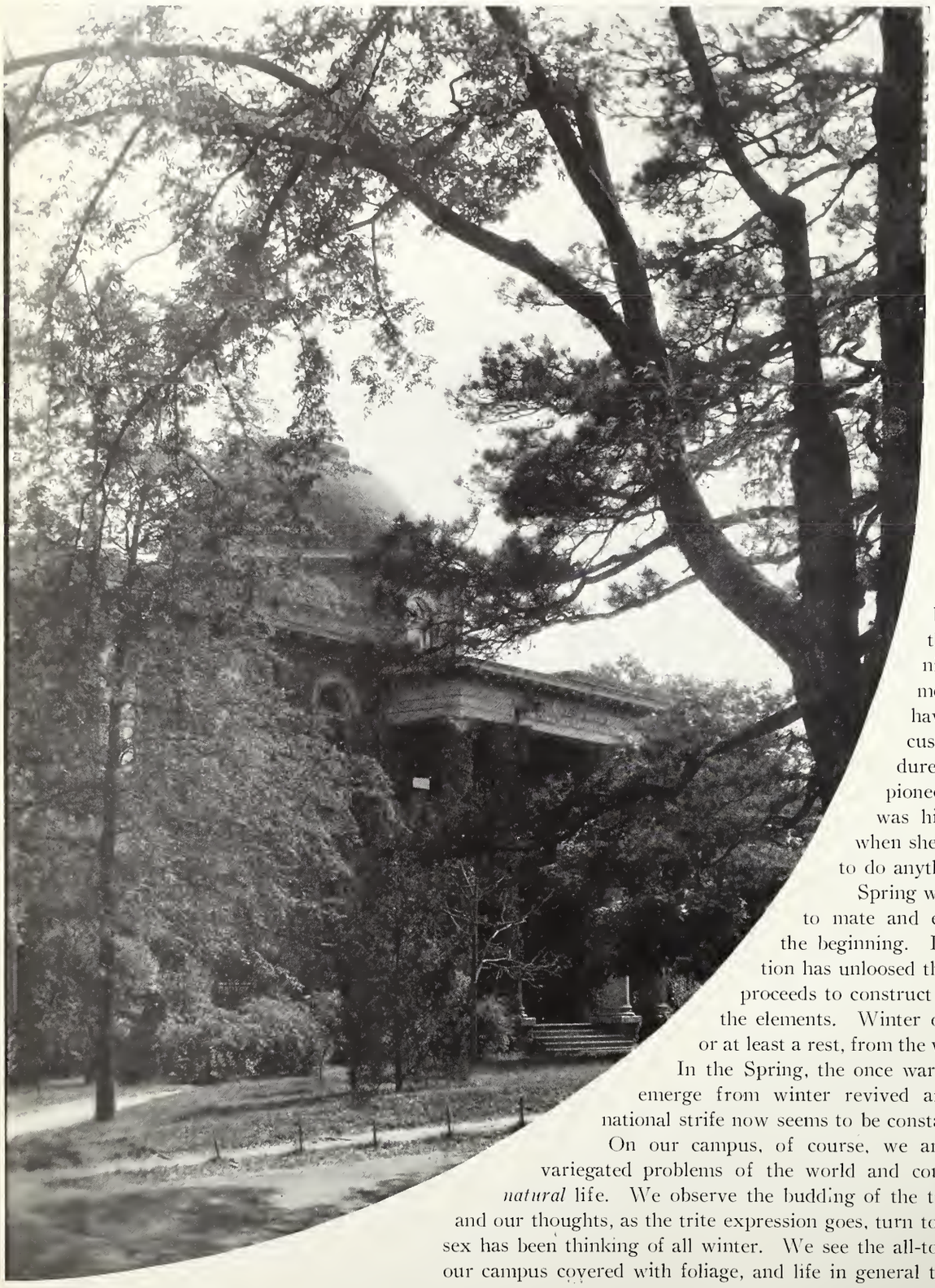
He had first come to Mineral Springs in the early spring, when the laurel on the hillsides around the lake was in bloom. One day, as he stood on the porch of the boarding-house where he had taken a room, he was seen to start suddenly and walk out toward the edge of the lake. Then for half the afternoon he was busy walking about the hillside, measuring, stepping, speculating, surveying. The next morning the village paper carried a front page story of the most startling news. The two hundred acre tract of hillside that surrounded Lake Cinamoo was to be the starting point of a development that was to transform Mineral Springs into the greatest health resort in the South. The idea was to combine the beauty of the lake and the healthful properties of the water of the local springs. A hotel of the rustic, hunting lodge type was to be built on the eastern edge of the lake and a huge dance pavillion was to be located on the opposite shore. A branch railroad was to be run over from Finnsburg for the benefit of the expected tourists. The editor added a lengthy comment praising the "interest that fostered the projected improvements in a locality that was already noted for its natural beauty." Yet, with the exception of a few vague references to "the outside interest" and "those undertaking the work," the account shed no light on the source of this mysterious project. Who could be behind such a costly and uncertain undertaking? Who could be providing the capital necessary for the enormous expenditures that would be necessary? The entire town was thrown into a state of wonder and speculation, and many were the inquisitive glances directed against the unknown boarder who had but recently come to "The Twin Oaks."

To the other eight boarders in the house, the stranger was known as Mr. Cable — Emory Cable they later learned; but beyond this they never knew. His neat appearance, his soft voice, and smooth manners made him the envy of the male boarders and the object of admiration of the only member of the fairer sex there — Miss Ellen Chase, who had taken a room with old Mrs. Dawes after her mother had died. Ellen and the new boarder met the morning after his arrival. The canary that she kept in her room had gotten out of his cage and was perched up in the black oak that stood in the front yard. In answer to Ellen's pitiful pleas, Emory had climbed up near the bird and was trying to catch it with a butterfly net. Old Silas Gibson, who had never done anything but fish in the warm sun on the banks of Lake Cinamoo, looked up out of the corner of his little gray eyes, turned over the chew of tobacco in his lean cheek, and drily remarked, "Looks like she's already got him up a tree."

Truly enough, from then on the two of them were the best of friends. In the evenings they could be seen sitting out on the broad veranda that overlooked the lake, he with his pipe and she knitting by the light of the setting sun reflected by the rippling waters of the lake. Often they would walk down by the boat house and sit out on the end of the pier, watching the sun set through the gap in the hills at the head of the lake.

Thus things were when the projected improvement plan was announced. About a week later, Cable opened an office in the old store building down by the warehouse, hanging out a sign reading "Cinamoo Investment Co. — Emory Cable, Director." Heads were nodded when Miss Ellen Chase took her seat in the outer office as secretary. In a few days the local paper carried a half-page advertisement of the new firm, making enticing offers to anyone who might be interested in investing in the new enterprise. And the results were immediate. Farmers who owned land nearby bought stock, hoping thereby that some day their land would be desirable for development. Within a few weeks the foundations for the new hotel were being laid, and a construction gang arrived to begin work on the railroad. Mineral Springs enjoyed a period of prosperity that had never been known before. The town was overrun with strangers: laborers, speculators, investors, and

(Continued on Page 23)



Cleveland Science Hall

Spring

SPRING was officially heralded in on the twenty-first of March, and contemporaneously with it came the rebirth of our natural world. While musing on this subject the other day, I thought it rather strange that man, who was so dependent on nature, should overlook this time as the logical beginning of our systematic seasons instead of January first. True enough, we do a lot of illogical things nowadays, but when the year was thought of as having a beginning, man lived in a much more simple state. He didn't have to contend with all the customs and complex procedures that inescapably beset the pioneer of today. Mother Nature was his master, and it was only when she so willed that he attempted to do anything.

Spring was the time to start planting, to mate and explore. Spring was truly the beginning. In our present era, civilization has unloosed the bonds of nature, and man proceeds to construct or destroy, unhampered by the elements. Winter once provided the terminus, or at least a rest, from the wars and quarrels of nations. In the Spring, the once war-torn world was allowed to emerge from winter revived and rejuvenated, but international strife now seems to be constant.

On our campus, of course, we are not confronted with the variegated problems of the world and consequently we lead a more *natural* life. We observe the budding of the trees, blossoming of flowers, and our thoughts, as the trite expression goes, turn to thoughts of what the other sex has been thinking of all winter. We see the all-too-numerous "sore-spots" of our campus covered with foliage, and life in general takes on a pleasanter aspect.

Time

The "ping" of the tennis racquets sound pleasantly across from the courts, where white-clad figures dash about, radiant in the sunshine. Out on the diamond, the baseball boys are having batting practice, or are "warming-up" for the game. On Saturday afternoons there is usually a track meet with a crowd of fans out to watch this most ancient of games. The crack of the starting pistol and the furious sprint around the cinder path provide many thrills.

Still another form of entertainment are the dances in the warm evenings and under the starlit nights at the country club. Experiences that will remain long in our memories as the most pleasant in our college career.

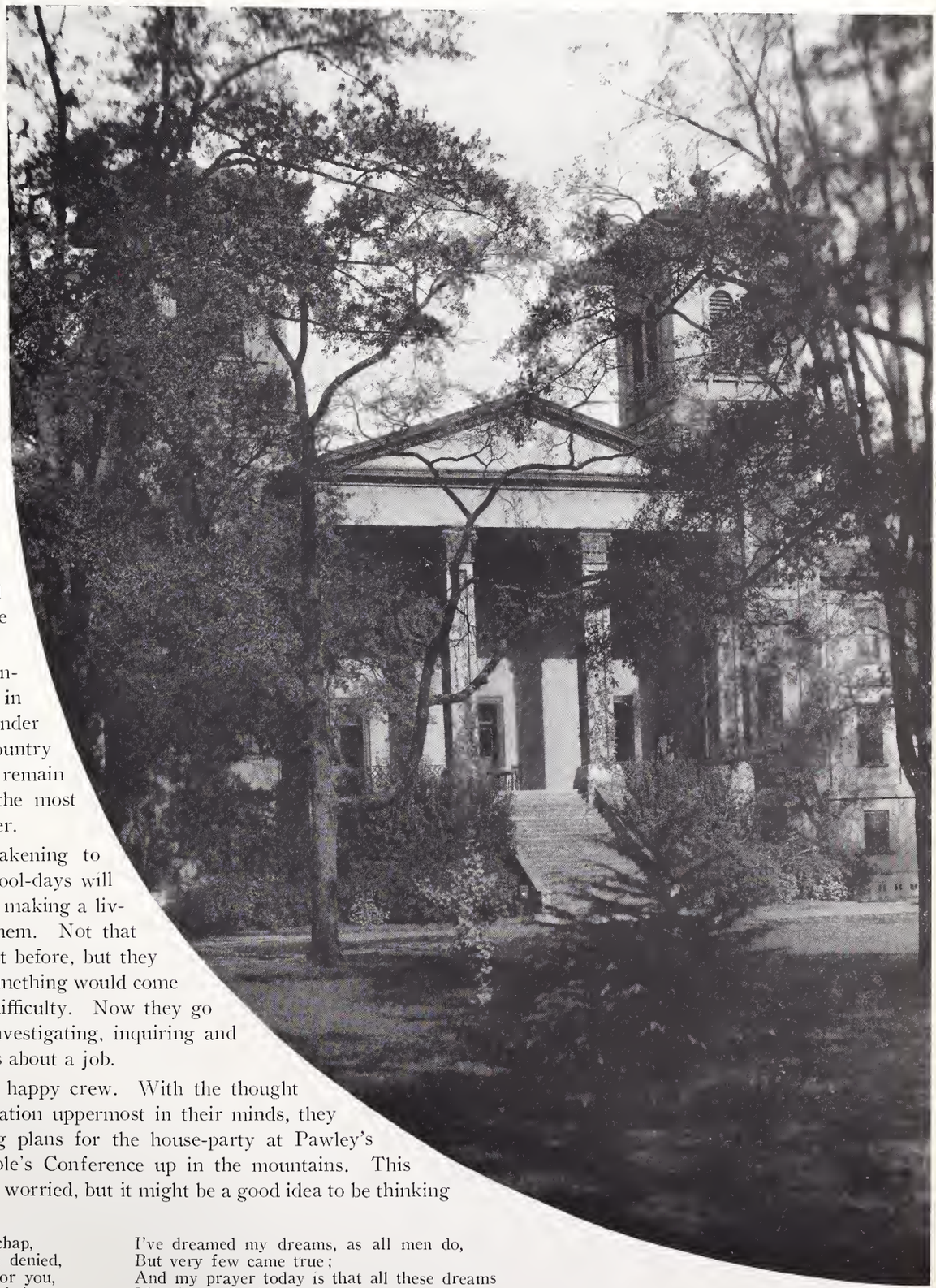
Seniors are finally awakening to the idea that soon their school-days will be over and the problem of making a living becomes very real to them. Not that they haven't thought of that before, but they always had a feeling that something would come along to take care of that difficulty. Now they go about with serious faces, investigating, inquiring and writing relatives and friends about a job.

Undergraduates are the happy crew. With the thought of the fast-approaching vacation uppermost in their minds, they blithely go about discussing plans for the house-party at Pawley's Island, or the Young People's Conference up in the mountains. This isn't the time for them to be worried, but it might be a good idea to be thinking about the future!

I wish you all success, old chap,
May your wishes never be denied,
I leave an unfinished task for you,
But God knows how I've tried.

I've dreamed my dreams, as all men do,
But very few came true;
And my prayer today is that all these dreams
May be realized by you.

A. C. S.



The Main Building

COLLEGIATE CONCLUSION

By Sheldon M. Dannelly

THE first pale rays of dawn crept into the eastern sky, giving to the whole countryside a purplish hue. As the streaks grew larger, the very distant crowing of a rooster heralded the approaching day. The rising sun lighted up the sweeping fields that rolled evenly to the far-away woods. Green grass lay, like a glistening carpet in the freshness of the morning dew, to the south, where a lazy cow rose slowly to her feet. Cautiously, the sun peeped over the tree tops before continuing its upward way as if it were afraid to come out of hiding. The purple had faded to gray, and quickly grew lighter.

Merry laughter rolled from the lips of an eighteen-year-old, light-haired girl, who was as fresh and vigorous as the early morning air itself. Her blue eyes flashed brightly, eager for whatever adventure the day might bring, and white teeth rivaled the gleam of the sun. The trimness of her feminine figure was accented by the cool, gaily-flowered dress that rippled in the breeze. She stood with hands interlocked behind her head and looked out over the fields and down the road that stretched westward toward a nearby town.

"Vacation!" she exclaimed, stretching smooth arms overhead. "No more books for three months — nothing to do but rest and have fun." She laughed again and ran up the walk into the vine-covered porch of the low-roofed home, paused to look again, as if to see if it were all still there, then went inside.

Half an hour later she emerged wearing tan riding breeches and white polo shirt. Around her neck was a light brown neckerchief. She seemed, if possible, prettier than before as she walked gracefully in riding boots toward the sleek bay hitched to a tree at one side of the house. Taking the reins, she grasped the pommel of the saddle, put her foot in the stirrup, and easily swung her left foot over. Waving to her mother at the window, she started down the road, lips parted in a broad smile and sparkling eyes throwing a challenge to the wind.

A little ways down the road she turned off across a grassy pasture through which flowed a small stream, on the bank of which stood a broad, towering elm tree, whose long limbs drooped to almost touch the ground. Pulling the horse to a stop, she gazed into the crystal clearness of the water and watched the white clouds slowly drifting by in the reflection of the blue sky.

Continuing her way, she turned the bay into a seldom-used trail that led through the shady woods. The groping limbs of the trees met overhead to form an almost perfect leafy arch, being broken only by an occasional big sunspot. Her body swayed rhythmically with each stride of the horse. Ducking quickly to avoid an almost unseen limb, she threw a laugh over her shoulder as if to say "try again."

Finally she came to the edge of the woods and out on the road, where she waved at a passing car. The sun was now rather high and the day was becoming quite warm, but even the warmth of the wind failed to destroy any of the freshness that was hers earlier in the morning; she still smiled and laughed, usually to herself, and rang out with a cheery greeting to all whom she met along the way.

The flowing vivacity and friendliness that was hers had won for Evelyn Taylor the love and admiration of all who knew her. The entire community missed her when she went off to college two years before, and everything seemed brighter whenever she was home for holidays. Although her father was one of the most successful farmers of that region, and gave every advantage to his only child, it had only served to make Evelyn all the more appreciative and unselfish. She was never too busy to stop and chat a minute with whomever she chanced to meet. Even though every young man around vied for her affection, none of whom had succeeded, she was far from unapproachable, and was appreciative of their attentions. Few of them, however, could keep pace with such an adventure-loving girl as she, and for that reason usually had an inferiority-complex when with her, in spite of her efforts to avoid it.

It was on a similar day, but in the afternoon, that she was lying on her back in the shade of the old elm beside the little stream when she was awakened from her musings by a gentle, "Hello."

"Oh," she started, "Hello," sitting up quickly and looking squarely into the brown eyes of a smiling young man. "I didn't know anyone was around. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks," he replied, running a hand through his fine brown hair. "I'm new around here. My name is Nelson Wright."

"Glad to know you." She extended a suntanned hand to grasp his. "I am Evelyn Taylor."

"I have heard of you since we moved here last week," he grinned, "but this is the first time I've had the pleasure of—"

"Look out, now," she stopped him with a warm laugh, "Be careful; you don't know whether it's a pleasure yet." She leaned back on her elbows.

He laughed confusedly, "I'll take the chance on that. I really am glad I found you here, because —

(Continued on Page 22)

Denominationalism and Christianity

By James H. Carlisle

THE outward church of material edifices and visible organization is distinguished from the inner spiritual church by its multiplicity of variegated theses, creeds, ritual, and doctrines. This has occasioned the rise of many different denominations; which fact has been incomprehensible to many of the pious, and a lamentable source of most of the persecutions, jealousies and hatred among the followers of Christ. To many, even of the learned clergy, it has been unfathomable that such dissension could exist among professors of the same Lord. Denominationalism has been decried as an avoidable evil and the shame of Christendom. Some such attitude is the cause of the lack of sympathy between different churches. Yet, it may be doubtful that humanity could inaugurate and perpetuate the idealistic state of total harmony and accord in belief and opinion; perhaps it would not even be desirable and practicable.

The truths of religion are not bold, stark facts, seen by all who view them in the same perspective, background, and illumination, without distortion by the mists and mirages of the human perception. It cannot be. It should not be. If such were so, if all men striving to see the same religious truth saw it alike, it would be because they saw the only property of the truth which can have no varying or change; the essence which gives the truth its being. Those men would need to hunt no more for that truth, for its creating support is known. What is Life? Is it a search for many truths, which search is infinite in duration because there are an infinite number of truths to learn; or is Life a search for a few truths which, when known, will leave Life purposeless? Is Life incapable of ever really learning a multitude of truths in essence and, hence, doomed to no hope of realizing its ideal? Finally, has Life a dual purpose, to know in essence of many truths, which knowledge makes us aware of and to study those truths that either create or are created by those we know, and thus to reach toward One Truth that is the ultimate basis of those particular ones we have studied?

The last is the true nature of Life. Life must know Truth. There are certain fundamental truths, each of which exerts and reveals itself by its properties which are also truths. Life or Mind learns the truths which are properties of things, and as these properties of each body are changing and infinite, then Life cannot become static as there are numberless truths to learn. Yet, this does not satisfy the mind. Those truths which are the properties of things are intercorrelated. Each of those truths learned, simply reveals itself as due to another. To know fully the essence of any truth we learn requires not only search for the prelinking truths that caused those we know, but recognition of one basic Truth, which is not caused by, but causes all those that make its properties. A scientist can take pleasure in studying the infinite properties of water. He could take any one property and find an endless number of other properties which cause it. By this he cannot reach, but he believes in, a truth which produces all those, and he calls it water. Water, however, is not uncaused. Since the mind finds every truth it knows founded on another, it calls the truth uncaused of which all else are results, God.

To know God through His deeds and works is the ultimate purpose of Life. As He is infinite, Life cannot know Him in full essence. He reveals Himself by an infinite number of truths caused by Him. We are in His image, that is, we are Spirits in Mind, and we can create truth by mental action. So by studying the truths God has created and carrying by analogy to our mental creation, we frame a mental conception of God sufficient for our needs.

It is evident, then, that men must acquire by nature varying conceptions of religious truths from three reasons: God reveals Himself in an infinite number of actions. Second, it is desirable, since human understanding is finite in capacity, that as many sides of God's nature as possible be revealed, even by denying to one the revelation given to another. Third, since men judge God's will by comparing His actions with theirs, then where men vary in the actions they consider prompted by a certain volition, their attitudes toward such a volition of God will deviate.

Such a condition among men is the natural result of man's free will and hence desirable. The Bible excels all other religious books in this respect. It is capable of revealing more different sides to God's character, and forming a greater healthy variety of religious experiences than all other non-Christian works combined. The token of this is that the Christian religion has produced a greater number of different sects, denominations, and in-denominational movements than any other religion. Does not this indicate vitality? It is well known that increases in religious interest and experience all cause, accompany, and are the result of denominational growth. Look at the Reformation and the Wesleyan revival!

The great reformers from Luther to Wesley made

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A COUNTRY STORE

By Dick Covington

OUTSIDE the snow fell thick and lazily. The sky was grey. The wind was silent and the air cold. The countryside was covered with nature's beautiful silvery blanket. The trees stood as great monuments, clothed heavily in a soft white coat.

As I trudged nonchalantly along through this small borough, I was strangely attracted by an old general store which stood silently nestled among a few old buildings. It was in bad need of repairs. Dead ivy clung to the gapped brick and two sheets of rusty tin did their best to keep the chilling air from the interior. Several hungry sparrows with ruffled feathers cuddled shivering in its battered eaves where time had left gapping holes.

I pushed my way through the heavy door, padded with tin advertisements, noticing the brown footstone badly worn by many footsteps. The old candy counter to my right attracted me. Worn and scarred by knife marks and carved initials, it seemed invincible. A few shelves lined the rustic walls and on them, covered with a thin layer of dust, was a supply of canned food and general merchandise.

Near the center sat a pot-bellied old stove, glowing red. Its door was half open and one of the legs was broken and replaced by brick. On top, a soot-covered kettle sat steaming.

Around this quaint old stove sat a group of old-timers, who gazed indifferently at me. Two old fellows were engaged in a game of checkers that seemed to be at a standstill. One sat with folded hands, while the other leaned back in an antique rocker, their faces frozen in their game and all other thoughts forgotten. Three others sat with their feet on the stove rail. One was a very old fellow. His gray hair, hidden under a battered felt hat, and his weatherbeaten face revealed tobacco-stained teeth when he grinned. Overalls, an old army coat, and a pair of much-worn boots completed his dress. A battered old pipe in one corner of his mouth sent smoke circling to the ceiling. The others appeared similar and gazed into the flickering fire, contentedly seated on old crates. A grey tom-cat slept stretched out under the stove.

I seated myself on a sack of feed covered with an old board and listened to the desultory conversation. My eyes wandered over the rest of the stack and many articles from groceries to hardware lay on the over-burdened shelves.

Time passed quickly in that contented atmosphere, and when I finally gazed through the dust-stained window, the sun had long ago begun to fall. Slowly I lifted myself and slipped out the big door. Only the hinges squeaking disturbed the quiet.

Again I found myself in the deserted road. A few lights gleamed through the darkness as I trudged up the dark road toward the old inn. The snow had stopped and the wind whistled angrily about my coat. Overhead a few stars twinkled and the moon tried vainly to pierce the grey denseness of the clouds.

Ghost Ship

Yonder's a boat on the open sea.
It's tilting badly toward the lee.
It tosses and blows from reef to rock,
Forlorn as a slave on the trader's block.

Who knows what winds may it assail?
Who knows how soon its strength will fail?
Alone it wanders; who gives a thought —
Who cares how cheap its hulk is bought?

And many a soul like the derelict ship
Is doomed in life by one small slip.
It's facing life's storm-battered west —
Must wander aimless without rest.

—*Frank Moore.*

Outstanding Alumni

Olin Dewitt Johnston

IN A RECENT speech, Governor Olin D. Johnston declared that South Carolina, along with other southern states, is entering upon a new period of development. In this period, he says, "we want equal privileges, and we are going to work and fight for them."

Governor Johnston goes right to the point when he indicates one of the South's greatest drawbacks to modern development. "We should look back with pride and satisfaction upon our valiant past," he states, "but we must not live in it. If we are going to move abreast of the other regions, we must think along with them."

Thus in a few words, but with many deeds during his administration, has Governor Johnston sought to bring about the reawakening of South Carolina in terms of concrete development. He typifies the practical leader who is ready to act more and spout less.

Governor Johnston was born on November 18, 1896, near Honea Path, South Carolina, and attended Wofford College, where he obtained his A. B. degree in 1923. He states that the interest which first stimulated his desire to become a lawyer was a mock trial held in the Wofford College chapel, sponsored by the Carlisle Literary Society, in which he took an active part.

While attending the South Carolina University Law School, he was elected a member of the legislature from Anderson County. After his graduation, he went to Spartanburg and began the practice of Law. He also ran for the legislature in Spartanburg County and was elected for two terms. He was elected governor of the state in 1934, succeeding another Wofford alumnus, Ibra Blackwood.

Governor Johnston served as sergeant with the 42nd Division during the World War, and received the Regimental Citation in 1919. His favorite hobbies are hunting and the witnessing of all kinds of athletic contests. He believes the traits most necessary to the present-day politician are aggressiveness, sincerity and honesty.

—A. C. S.

FRESHMAN THEME

THE DUEL AT HATTON'S FORD

By Kenneth Richardson

HIGH among the names of South Carolina's great men, we find the name of Turner Bynum, who lived and died before the Civil War. He was only twenty-eight years of age, yet because of his unusual intellect and scholarly attainments had already made a marked impression on the political history of his state.

Bynum was a staunch believer in liberty and the right of a state to self-government. In his efforts to further his beliefs, he came in contact with and made friends of many of the leaders in South Carolina and national politics. One of these was John C. Calhoun, the most famous of South Carolina statesmen, whose principles Bynum admired and defended.

One of the leaders of the cause against states-rights and nullification was Benjamin F. Perry, who later became one of our most capable governors. He openly attacked both Calhoun and his beliefs. This action aroused Bynum's wrath as well as Calhoun's, and therein resulted some of the bitterest debates in our country's history. These violent tactics culminated in a challenge to a duel by Bynum at Pendleton, S. C. The weapons used are not exactly known, but the place was very definitely an island in the Savannah River, near Hatton's Ford and only a few miles from Andersonville. Duelling was outlawed in those days, and for this reason an island lying between the two states, but under the jurisdiction of neither, was chosen.

In the early dawn of the agreed date, the two parties landed their boats, exchanged stiff remarks and withdrew to one side, leaving the two opponents to fight out their differences. The result was that neither opponent earned anything for his cause, but Bynum was dead.

Bynum's body was carried by litter through the woods and rain to Old Stone Church, located about a mile and a half from Clemson, S. C. His body was deposited in the soggy earth and the two pine poles of his litter were placed upright in the ground at his head and feet. Legend has it that these sticks took root and are the origin of the two pine trees that until a few years ago actually grew at the head and foot of Bynum's grave. A stone monument now marks the grave of that pioneer for state independence. Thus ended the career of one who might have reached a goal unattained in Southern history, but acting courageously, he died defending his principles.

The Death of Kaleb Marcus

KALEB MARCUS died quietly. He went to bed on night very hungry and didn't wake up the next morning: he had starved to death.

When the landlady discoved him, he was stretched-out the length of the bed. One hand hung stiffly over the edge of the mattress, while the other held the crazy-quilt to his neck. Kaleb's face, although still now, was not expressionless — laugh-lines had creased the skin at the corners of his eyes and his mouth was concave, giving the impression of a faint smile.

The room would have seemed bleak with only an iron bed, an easel, and a combination wardrobe and wash-stand; but hanging on the walls and piled in one corner were a number of canvasses. They resembled very much the quilt that covered Kaleb's body. An art critic would have seen in them a cross between Picasso and Braque; but to the average person, they would have appeared to be nothing more than a conglomeration of angular lines and splotches of color dabbed promiscuously over the surface.

The most startling of the pictures was still mounted on the easel. Kaleb had painted a large overstuffed chair upholstered in a gaudy fabric containing red, blue, and yellow. The chair showed signs of age and was terribly soiled. Resting on the seat and propped against the back was a tremendous leg of pork. A pearl necklace encircled it about midway, while around the smaller end pink and blue ribbons had been tied in a neat bow-knot.

After the police had been called and the coroner had pronounced Kaleb Marcus dead by starvation, the landlady was thrown into a state of agitation. Why should Kaleb starve to death? She would have helped him had she known he was in such a bad way; but how was she to know, unless he told her. Besides, everything seemed to be going well with him lately. True he owed her for his rent; but only last week that rich Mrs. Vanderburger had sat for her portrait.—*Exchange.*

History

Catch a boat to Germany.
Climb up atop the Kickelhahn.
Look back to see Goethe at a hunting lodge
writing "Uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,"
wanderers on overnight journeys, Cologne
cathedral used for a purpose, Mozart
and Beethoven composing, quiet villages,
staunch peasantry, folk-dances, over-
flowing beer steins, Stahlec Castle
towering over a serene Rhine,
Metternich spinning and respinning
entangling webs forbidding unity,
thirty-eight sovereign states,
Prussians, Bavarians, Hanoverians,
simplicity, culture, knowledge.

Look long: people are in village churches,
in ancient cathedrals, calling herds
high on the hills, working with their
hands, sodding hillsides, building
vineyards, betrothing fair maids,
going to flower-colored weddings,
enjoying a man to man sincerity,
having time for prayer at night.

Look again:
Be sure you see aright.
There is sanity there.
There are people in the empire,
Living by their hands,
By their brains.
Knowing life,
And freedom.

Turn around now.
Look straight at your feet.
Look at robots, mute robots reviewed
by an ex-corporal, thousands of
goose-steppers, craft, blood,
iron, no votes, executions,
hatred, steel helmets watching
on the Rhine, purges, dead Jews,
exiled people, mass weddings,
bonfires of books, marching
youth, brown shirts, swastikas,
one folk, one leader, one father-
land, Greater Germany; a nation
of "have nots," millions jammed
together, a people with no place
in the sun, a rolling war-
mechanism. —*William A. Jones.*

CONTRAST

A sonnet is a lady,
exquisite,
according to pattern
conventional and charming
pretty in every detail, nice,
beautiful — yes, but
artificial.

Free verse is a man,
a man's man,
powerful and unconventional,
surging and
rough,
not beautiful — but
alive!

—*Peter Baker.*

THE BOSS

I saw a cloud the other day
That looked just like my Boss.
A playful puff of summer wind
Soon made him roll and toss.

His face and eyes got awfully big;
His nose then blew away.
Again I warned the summer wind
'Twas not a time to play.

Poor Boss, I mused and heaved a sigh,
You are no longer there.
To think this playful summer wind
Would do what I'd not dare.

—*Edgar Braddy.*

Prejudice

Southland, have the years yet found
Healing for your gaping wound?
Will time erase the carnage of your own,
Or dim the shriek of tortured souls
That on the weeping wind of years is blown?
The distant peal of thunder rolls —
A solemn, dark, impending token
Of a people's spirit broken.

Bow your weary heads and sweat;
Bear the pain that taunts you yet!
Don't dream like fools of that once glorious day —
The prosperous land that was your home —
It's gone, you blinded fools, it's gone for aye;
Swept by a salty, sanguine foam.
The fruit it bore is wormy, rotten,
But its savor unforgotten.

Like the rose-cheeked maiden's blush
By the sweet magnolia bush;
The old plantation's gay Virginia reel,
On ballroom floor where joy was queen,
Has, too, been crushed by fortune's churning wheel;
Contentment's gentle eye has seen
Glory die in battle clashes,
Leaving naught but smoldering ashes.

Darkies singing in the sun,
Singing still when day was done;
But can you hear the negro singing now,
Having home and peace and food —
Or do you find disease and drunken row
And slayings — pools of blood?
Freedom! But what price was paid;
What was in the balance weighed!

Mansions rising on a hill,
Safe from hatred's wintry chill;
Secure in rich rewards for labor done
By pioneers, who faced the bleak,
Unsettled wilderness alone, and won;
What weary bones from labor weak
Dared to buck the surging swell,
That their kind might thusly dwell!

Swarming hordes for battle spoils
Wrecked the homeland of your toils;
Still discontent with devastation wrought,
They ruled your squalid huts, and took
From hungered grasp the meager food that sought
To ease the baby's painful look;
Then profaned your sacred halls
With their gambling, drunken brawls.

Struggling in the mire you rise
With such faith as never dies;
In the dark, unseeing still, you strive
To find the Dixie you have lost;
But heavier, greater burdens now deprive
You of the chance — a brother host
Seized your wealth and kept its own —
Turned a deaf ear to your groan.

"Prejudice!" they cry to you,
"The past is gone — today is new."
And to the task you turn your wearied heart;
But how can you forget the wounds
That tore your very living soul apart?
Yet in your barren field resounds
An echo from the ashy earth —
A new south struggles for rebirth.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

The Poet

The Poet is a man whose soul
Shines brighter than the purest gold.

His heart is pure, his spirit sublime;
His lyre in tune with fleeing Time.

His Art is more than life to him
When once he tastes its honeyed brim.

He mirrors only the pleasing forms,
Finds beauty hidden in the storms.

He paints on many-colored glass
Designs as life-like as the grass—

That grows beside the lilac tree
And stains the light with beauty free.

—*Miles E. Smith.*

Look this way for MORE PLEASURE

Three things that add up to more smoking pleasure...

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness... good taste... and appetizing aroma

They Satisfy ..millions

CAMPUS CARNIVAL

WE'RE ON THE AIR

"My dear friends of the air: The Uncle Benny Pipe Tobacco Company, sponsoring this program for your enjoyment, does not believe that the radio listeners want their programs interrupted by long advertisings spiels. Therefore, the makers of Uncle Benny's Pipe Tobacco will not delay this program more than a few moments. They appreciate the fact that you are more interested in the subsequent program than in the excellent qualities and aroma of Uncle Benny's Pipe Tobacco. And since the beginning of its weekly broadcasts the Uncle Benny Pipe Tobacco Company feels that in giving you an hour of superior entertainment it is accomplishing more than by telling you about Uncle Benny's Pipe Tobacco Company and uses only seven words in its radio advertisement announcement. And those words are: 'Uncle Benny Pipe Tobacco is really superior.' The next selection by the Uncle Benny Tobacco Company will be the Uncle Benny Pipe-sters singing 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,' an old favorite. The boys will be accompanied by the Uncle Benny Pipe Tobacco orchestra."—*B. J.*

●

"What kind of work is your sister's boy-friend engaged in, Willie?"

"I think he prints free theatre tickets."

"You think he prints free theatre tickets? What ever gave you such an idea?"

"Well, I heard sis say he was always making passes."

●

"Are they strict at your college?"

"Strict? You remember Brown? Well, he died and they propped him up till the lecture ended."

●

Pupil: "My sister ate some chicken yesterday."

Teacher: "Croquette?"

Pupil: "No, but she's very sick."

●

"Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

"Do you need help?"

●

Son: "Pop, what is an optimist?"

Pop: "An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house."

●

They call her opportunity because she necks but once.—*Covered Wagon.*

●

A good definition of an optimist is an old maid powdering her nose before looking under the bed. —*Puppet.*

Junk Man: "Any old beer bottles you'd like to sell, lady?"

Old Maid: "Do I look as though I drank beer?"

Junk Man: "Any vinegar bottles you'd like to sell?" —*The Covered Wagon.*

●

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say, when Adam cracked a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

●

"Let's get down to business," croaked the old oaken bucket as it was lowered into the well.

●

Reformer: "And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls. . ."

Voice from the rear (faintly, with a sigh): "O Death!"

●

Sig Ep: "Hey, don't spit on the floor!"

Pledge: "'Smatter, is it leaking?"—*The Blue Jay.*

●

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know; I only laid the table."—*Bored Walk.*

●

"Unaccustomed as I am to public spooking" — began the amateur ghost.

●

Father: "Mary, who was that man I saw kissing you last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

●

Hello, Professor Jones? . . . This is Phil Smith. Can you tell me what grade I received in your course? . . . E? . . . Oh, you said E. . . . That means I didn't pass, eh? . . . Yeah, I know what an E means, I'm just checking up. . . . Yes, it is bad.

Say, prof., didn't you once teach high school in Petark? . . . You did? . . . I thought so. You see, I come from that town. . . . Yes, it is a coincidence. But on the basis of that, how about passing me in your course? . . . Nothing doing, eh? . . . O. K. Is Mrs. Jones in? . . . Swell. May I speak to her for a moment, please? . . . What about? Oh, just something I happened to remember about a little incident in Petark. My sister taught school there for a while. But she was fired. You see, she . . . What's that? . . . You've rechecked your records and found I got a B in your course? . . . B as in Baltimore? . . . Thanks, prof. I knew there was a mistake.—*Punch Bowl.*

THE SEVEN WHO FLED - By Frederick Prokosch

THE flight of six men and one beautiful woman from the scene of a Japanese-Russian conflict in the middle of Siberia to the coast of China, provides the reader with one of the most vivid and tensely interesting stories of current fiction.

Kashgar is two thousand miles from Shanghai on the rim of the great Gobi Desert and, at the time of our story, the residence of seven Europeans. Suddenly, and without any evident reason, the settlement becomes an armed camp. The seven are ordered to leave, so they start out with the caravan of Dr. Lin, a Chinese fur merchant, eastward across the red valleys of Genghis Khan. The story from there on deals with each of the travelers separately.

Layeville is a despondent Englishman seeking a goal that apparently he will never find. He is cold, lifeless and bitter toward the world that he has known, so he leaves the caravan in search of a remote city, hoping to find peace. His quest ends when he becomes marooned in the snow-covered mountains and freezes to death.

Serafimov is the Russian refugee whose weak mind is unable to withstand the strain of living in close quarters through the long winter months. He becomes suspicious of the brilliant little Belgian, Goupilliere and finally murders him.

The story of Wildenbruch and Von Wald dramatizes the effects of Siberian prison life on two young men. Their experiences during their confinement and final escape provide one of the most forcible adventures in the book.

Olivia is the beautiful Spanish wife of de la Scaze, who strangely accepts her fate when she is separated from her husband and finally ends up as a prostitute in the dens of Shanghai.

Aside from the unusual plot offered by the author, *The Seven Who Fled* contains a wealth of striking description that very adequately serves to carry the reader through wondrous lands and intricate situations. Prokosch's style is very absorbing and his latest work will undoubtedly be enjoyed by many fiction-lovers.

A. C. S.

THE CITADEL - By A. J. Cronin

The Citadel, a novel concerning the medical profession, was first immensely popular in England and then crossed the Atlantic to become one of our best sellers here in America.

Andrew Manson, having just finished medical school, accepted a position as assistant to Dr. Page in Blainelly, an obscure Welsh mining village. Conditions in this village were very bad and Dr. Manson was compelled, because of a disagreement with the wife of Dr. Page, to resign his position after about six months' practice. In Blainelly, however, he met Dr. Denny, a cynical but efficient physician who became a permanent friend, and a Miss Barlow, who later became his wife.

Dr. Manson's next position was with a hospital at Aberlaw, another mining village. Here he made many friends and had some successes, but after about six years he resigned because of difficulties with the committee which employed him, and went to London.

In London he secured a position with the Metalliferous Mines Fatigue Board and met a young Dr. Hope, who became a close friend of his. But because he was not permitted to carry on research work as he had expected, he again changed positions, this time he bought a practice of his own.

The new practice was particularly bad and after a period of half-starvation, Andrew fell into the group of doctors who were prostituting their profession by catering to rich clients and receiving money for worthless work.

After a few years of this shallow prosperity, Andrew was awakened by an unsuccessful operation which he

(Continued on Page 25)

(Reviewed through courtesy of DuPre Book Store.)

Α Β Γ Δ Ε Ζ Η Θ Ι Κ Λ Ν Ο Π Ρ Σ Τ Υ Φ Χ Ψ Ω

The JOURNAL

POLL OF WOFFORD FRATERNITIES

GREEK LETTER FRATERNITIES	NUMBER OF MEN	ACTIVITIES HEADED	ALUMNUS BIG-SHOT	DOUGH IN BANK	LOCAL HERO	SCHOLASTIC RATING	RELIGION	NUMBER OF BLOCK "W"S	TYPICAL FACE	MASCOT	FAVORITE BEVERAGE	VOODOO	WOMAN PREFERENCE	FINAL RATING
ALPHA LAMBDA TAU	22	STUDENT BODY FRESHMAN CLASS BASEBALL (MAN.)	DIXIE HOWELL	LESS THAN $1,000	WOFFORD	7	HEDONISM	3		TOMMY GAULT	ICED-TEA	DE WOIKS	LIMESTONE LASSIES	~
DELTA SIGMA PHI	16	BLUE KEY BOHEMIAN (BUS.) TRACK SIGMA UPSILON DELTA PHI ALPHA	HAL KEMP	NO STATEMENT	JONES	6	ASTIGMATISM	3		DOC WILSON	FIRE WATER	" "	WINTHROP WOMEN	=
KAPPA ALPHA	18	BASKETBALL (CAPT.)	J. EDGAR HOOVER	$72.00	KILGO	1	ISOLATIONISM	3		PERRIN DARGAN	CORN	" "	CONVERSE COLLEGIETTS	∴
KAPPA SIGMA	26	FOOTBALL BLOCK "W" JOURNAL (ED.) BASKETBALL (MAN.)	LOWELL THOMAS	$15.00	ARIAIL	5	SUN WORSHIP	5		T. B. THACKSTON	SCHLITZ	" "	CONVERSE COLLEGIETTS	O^3
KAPPA SIGMA KAPPA	26	Y.M.C.A.	RUSSELL CROSS	$49.50	HUNT	2	THE LAW OF AVERAGE	2		CHARLIE HOLLAND	PINK TEA	" "	LANDER LADIES	?
PI KAPPA PHI	22	INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SCABBARD AND BLADE	WILLIAM P. JACOBS	UNDETERMINED	FLETCHER	4	STOICISM	2		NEVILLE HOLCOMBE	MILK	" "	GWC GIRLS	<
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON	19	OLD GOLD AND BLACK (ED.) GLEE CLUB BETA PI THETA	DANIEL C. ROPER	$111.95	JONES	3	ANCESTOR WORSHIP	2		JIM CALDWELL	DOPE	" "	CONVERSE COLLEGIETTS	⅝
THETA KAPPA NU	15	JOURNAL (BUS.) SIGMA TAU ALPHA ORCHESTRA	DAN MONTGOMERY	LESS THAN $10,000.	AYCOCK	8	MOON WORSHIP	1		GEO. WHISENHUNT	SUDS	" "	GWC GIRLS	—

ACS

Α Β Γ Δ Ε Ζ Η Θ Ι Κ Λ Ν Ο Π Ρ Σ Τ Υ Φ Χ Ψ Ω

EDITORIALS

In Appreciation

WE noticed with considerable interest the results of the polls conducted in two recent issues of the *Old Gold and Black* and are gratified to know that eighty-two per cent of our estimable student body at least glances at the publication. A further inspection of THE JOURNAL tabulations, however, aroused in our minds a grave doubt as to whether the eight hundred dollars spent annually on a literary magazine might not be better devoted to a joke or sex book and a stop put to the exorbitant imposition we have placed upon you.

The concensus of preference among readers of the *Old Gold and Black* reveals an overwhelming interest in one thing — *self,* as manifested by the number who read the gossip columns in the hope that they may see their names printed there in connection with some adolescent adventure.

There is a small minority on the campus, however, who read our magazine with interest, and it is to them that we have looked for constructive criticism. Our bashful group of contributors have submitted commendably to our appeal for their literary work and it is upon them that this apathetic attitude hits most heavily.

The entire difficulty resolves itself into the question, "Does a literary magazine have a place on a liberal arts campus?" If it doesn't, whose fault is it, the magazine's or the student body's? —A. C. S.

The Anti-Lynching Bill

It is a well-known fact that power feeds on power. The Democratic Party exhibited in the last election a display of power that has probably been unequalled in the history of political parties in this country. Not content with this overwhelming victory, the Democrats now wish to make themselves even more powerful by attracting the negro votes of the North, East and West by passing the Anti-Lynching Bill.

This bill is a direct affront to the Southern people. It is another encroachment of the Federal Government on the powers of the State — the police power. This bill, introduced by a northerner, attempts to deal with a southern problem — a sectional problem — through national legislation. Let the northern politicians first successfully solve their own problems of crime, such as gangsters, gun-men and racketeers; then, when they have their own problems solved, let them offer suggestions to the southerners on how to cure southern problems. Maybe then they will find more receptive ears.

Furthermore, the crime that this proposed legislation is supposed to prevent has been rapidly diminishing in the past few years until now it is practically extinct. The elimination of the crime may be traced to two causes: First, the negro is being, and has been, rapidly assimilated. Secondly, the negro is becoming educated, not only scholastically, but through association with his white fellowmen. He is becoming conscious of his responsibilities and duties as a voter, also learning how to become a worthy citizen through intercourse with man. Mob rule, therefore, is fast disappearing and the problem is in the process of solution. The only thing that the Anti-Lynching Bill will do is irritate a sore spot which was rapidly healing.

The most striking feature of this proposed legislation is that it was introduced by a Democrat, and is being fostered by the Democratic Party. The Republicans, immediately after the Civil War, by similar legislation, created a chasm between the Confederate states and other states which was bridged only by time. The Republicans at that time, known as the period of reconstruction, enacted legislation which would attract the negro vote in order to insure that party in power. Everyone knows of the hate and lust that was unloosed during that trying era. Because of this legislation, the southern people affiliated with the Democratic Party and have been faithful to it ever since. But the very party which the southerners joined now are proposing similar legislation that alienated them from the Republican Party. It might have been expected that the Republicans, under whom emancipation took place, should from time to time make a gesture to placate the colored vote. But it should never be expected that such a gesture should emanate from the Democratic Party.

If the Anti-Lynching Bill passes, the Democratic Party will lose much more than it will gain. It is true that it will gain a large number of colored votes in the urban districts of the North but it will alienate a great number of southern Democrats and possibly split the Democratic Party. —P. C. B.

Exchange

Peter Moody's poem, "Concert," found in the February issue of Duke's *Archive*, is a highly commendable piece of work. Another is "Excerpts from a College Sketch Book," forming one of the best collections of brief thoughts and characterizations we've seen. The characters are of the staple types of every-day individuals, with their dreams and hopes as realistic as their idiosyncratic nature. Sidney Stovall's poem, "Our Last Duke," depicts the well-known bronze stature of Duke, cigar and all. In the book reviews we find *Serenade* by James M. Cain. Written for public interest and filled with dynamic action, it should rank highly as modern fiction.

The Royalist of February has called in the faculty of William and Mary to contribute to the magazine. It is really an interesting experiment of the "two heads are better than one" idea, but if *The Royalist* is to be a student publication, we suggest that the students make the bulk of the contributions before they become dependent on the help of the faculty.

The two pages devoted to the showing of "The 'Who' of the *Journal*," with pictures and sketches of the editors, add even more vitality to the attractive Winthrop *Journal* in its winter issue. The story "Rain" has a good plot and it is well carried out, while the heroine in "The Little Old Lady in Black" of eighty-three years, taking her habitual walk of ten miles, seems a little hard to believe, for we haven't seen it mentioned in any of the "Believe it or Not's" lately. "Seagulls" and "Wonder" hold sway in the field of poetry, as does "Tally Ho!", by Katrina Pardue, seem the best of the plays. The story of the comical gentleman in "From the Family Album" deals with a number of humorous incidents that culminate in suicide. What a change of tone! But we were glad to see the old fellow go. Memory of our childhood innocence is renewed in the delightful little story by Margaret McMillan, "Excerpt From Other Years." Sadie Battle shows talent for good description and similes in "Ocona Luppa," with a barrel of roses to Charlotte Wheeler for the striking cover design.

In Agnes Scott's *Aurora* there is a review of Walter Duranty's first novel, "One Life, One Kopeck," reviewed by E. Blackshear.

"The reader can but feel the driving force of the Red Movement as he suffers and loves and kills with Ivan Petrovitch. Through filth of actuality and beauty of loyalty to one's cause, Duranty sweeps his readers along with a never-lagging interest throughout the three hundred and thirty-three pages. . . ."

We joyfully welcome the birth of a new publication — *The Carolinian* of the University of South Carolina. The first issue shows great prospects. The illustrators are to be commended, also Hal Tribble for a novel idea. The story "Mothers Are Like Balloons" is decorously written, and who would have suspected a romance on a chess-board as told of by Max Revelise in "The Knight and the Queen"? As for verse, we especially liked the poem "To David," by Helena Proctor.

"The Return of I. Ketch Kold," in *The Georgia Arch,* should excite all mystery lovers to a high-keyed frenzy. It really is funny! Another worthy contribution to the University of Georgia publication of February is "Devotion," by Zims Grayson, with "March Times On," in very free verse, reminding us of Whit Waltman's style.

The story "The Answer" in Columbia College's *Criterion* is good propaganda and is almost as inviting as a vacation folder. Sara Kennedy makes us shamefully conscious of our wasted opportunities in the sketch "On New Year's Eve." In poetry, "The Old Year," "This Thing Called Life," "Will Angels Vigil Keep?" and "My Quest" seem the most prolific. "Toscanini," by Ethel Munn, is full of detailed information about the great conductor. Christabel Mayfield, in turn, with "The Old — The New" focuses our attention on one of the palatial colonial mansions — symbol of an Old South. Then a note on Sarah Moye's, "This Thing Called Life," which reflects a poignant insight that *is* refreshing. We would like to see longer stories and sketches. The ideas are good, but not enough space is devoted to the developing of them. With so many short articles, the reader is continually jumping from one idea to another with such rapidity that none of the ideas leave any impression.

The Distaff of Florida State College for Women prints an argument for nation wide fingerprinting — "Who's Who?". The idea of using the ink impression of a hand for an illustration is very good! Evelyn Fisher scores again with "These Are the Children" — an attractive bit of work, with the poem "Red Moon," by Bertha Bloodworth, to give a polished touch to the publication.

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The Victor

The Wreath,
Fast One;
This race
You've won.

The gun
Shoots loud;
Long cheers
The crowd.

The cup!
Speed King;
Your praise
We sing.

But ere
You go;
You ought
To know—

Your Wreath
Will wilt,
As ends
A tilt.

When comes
The shade,
Your fame
Will fade.

And in
The end;
Your cup
You'll vend.

—Miles Smith.

Time-Server

A century ago:
The Whangpoo — a yellow, muddy,
Sluggish river, choking itself on silt,
Spitting it against a walled fishing village.
You doomed the village.
Dredges moved your gift by the yard;
Dredges made you recant —
You brought trade, world trade!
You gave growth, mushroom growth
To Shanghai!

Today:
The Whangpoo — wealth-giver to Shanghai,
Ill-fated Shanghai, the Orient's Paris.
You were dredged,
And you showed gratitude,
Only to vacillate, then decide — treachery!
Floater of invaders' warships —
Shell-laden, ravaging monsters —
Destroyer-river now, not builder.
China's traitor!

—William A. Jones.

COLLEGIATE CONCLUSION

(Continued from Page 8)

well — I don't know anybody around here — and — I think you'd make an excellent beginning."

He was soon feeling at ease and talking quite freely. How long they sat there talking neither knew. Evelyn was first to notice the greying sky and lengthening shadows. "Gee, I didn't know it was so late. I've got to be going." She rose to her feet.

"Will I see you again?" he asked, rising.

"If you want to," she returned. "I come here almost every day."

Walking beside her for a little way, he summoned the courage to ask, "Do you have something planned for Friday night?"

"Well, not that I know of. Why?" she queried expectantly.

"Would you mind if I came over?"

"And — at what time shall I expect you?" was her assent.

They were together again the following Friday night, and the next, then more often, including frequent meetings on summer afternoons. Sometimes they went horseback riding together. Even the lake was visited for a swim with others, and once in a while by only the two of them. The bonds of friendship grew stronger as June faded into July and July into August. With the coming of cool nights also came the moonlight picnics with their wiener and marshmallow roasts.

Reluctantly they watched September come and more reluctant still did they say goodbye when Evelyn had to leave for college; but there would soon be Thanksgiving and then Christmas. Before very long there would even be another summer like this one. Their letters would help pass the time until the holidays. Nelson left a few days later for school.

Except for one week-end, he was unable to find time off from college activities to go up to see Evelyn. Thanksgiving was not far away, he wrote, and they would be together then. He had forgotten his promise the year before to spend it with his room mate up in the mountains. He hated to write her that, but he just couldn't back out — he'd been putting his room mate off two years already. She'd understand; she was sensible.

To Evelyn, the rest of the days until Christmas dragged by slowly. They were planning a big Christmas party for all the college folks back home — and Nelson would surely be home then; he promised that in nearly every letter. All that was what made it so hard for her to tell him she had to go to Virginia, Christmas, and would only be home one day. Her mother hadn't been to see her folks in three years, and she couldn't expect her to turn down the chance to spend the holidays with them. It was probably the only chance father would have to take them up there — he was so busy — and mother had her heart set on the whole family going.

It was not until Nelson had to turn down her invitation to the Junior prom in March — "exams," he wrote — that the break came. She couldn't see where her letter could have peeved him enough to make him want to ask for his pin back. She didn't even write when she sent it.

The summer vacation didn't seem as good as usual. Even two weeks at the beach wasn't much fun. She had gotten enough after a couple of days. Evelyn told herself it was not because Nelson was in R. O. T. C. camp; that affair was definitely over. She knew she didn't still care for him anyway. He was just conceited enough to think she did, though. That was just the way with a boy after a girl showed him a little attention. She was glad she had learned her lesson early. She wondered if camp was over yet — then — what if it was!

She had started to rise from where she sat in the shade of the elm tree in order to mount her horse when a familiar voice said, "Hello. I didn't expect to find you here."

"Oh, I didn't know you were back yet," she blushed. "How was camp?" He was tanned darkly, she noted.

"At least I'm still living," came his mirthful reply. "How have you been?" This was not a mere attempt to continue the conversation.

"Oh, fine," was the quick return. "The summer's been swell." This slightly forced.

He held the horse for her to mount, "Going to the picnic tomorrow night?"

"Maybe," her eyes twinkled. "Well — goodbye."

He waved as she whirled her mount and cantered toward the distant house. The midsummer sun was setting the western sky aflame with a flushing scarlet hue that deepened to purple near the edges, and brightened to lively, shining gold toward the horizon. The isolated trees across the fields were silhouetted against the melting colors of approaching night. Evelyn smiled, her lips half parted, her eyes glowing like the stars that would soon come out. They had parted — but they would meet again.

To Beauty

Ah, beauty, fairest flower of youth
From ancient Greece to the morrow's distant day,
Through changing tide of time and clash of man —
From boundless sea to soaring mountain peak —
Art goddess queen o'er all the universe:
True classic masterpiece — creation's crown —
Surpassing even nature's sylvan wilds;
Far deeper than the flame of setting sun
And purer than the lily's jeweled white
At morn. All else in time's hard course may fade,
But thou, true beauty, thou shalt never die.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

THE LADY AND THE LAKE

(Continued from Page 5

technical experts who came seeking their fortunes in the new enterprise. And there were jobs for everyone. All the inns and boarding houses were filled, and new houses were springing up like mushrooms. Prosperity had come, and it was Emory Cable who had brought it.

But through it all, he remained the same, quiet and unruffled. Though their time was mostly taken up by work at the office, Ellen and Emory occasionally found time for a walk out by the lake, noticing the progress of the work and watching the moon rise over the tops of the hills. It seemed that in exchange for the prosperity Emory had brought to Mineral Springs that the former sleepy town had given him a far more cherished possession, happiness in the person of Ellen Chase.

Their engagement was announced in the early summer, the wedding to take place at the opening of the new Laurel Terrace Hotel, which was then nearing completion. All the town was happy, but none seemed so happy as this couple as they went about the work that was to turn this sleepy town into a resort that would bring hundreds of tourists and thousands of dollars there each year.

And then one day another visitor arrived. He was of a different type: stern, silent, looking as if he were intent on some mission of deep importance. The landlady of the "Twin Oaks," where he stopped, started the reliable rumor that he was an agent of justice. The evening of the day he arrived Ellen and Emory were seen walking down by the lake as usual, but it seemed that their conversation was more serious than usual. The work that had been done around them seemed to have no interest for them then. Their heads were always close together: her eyes on the waters of the lake and his eyes upon her. Even at nightfall they sat on the end of the pier, making a black silhouette against the moonlit waters of the lake.

The next morning the offices of the Cinamoo Investment Company did not open. Nor the next. The bird had flown. Emmett Gable, better known to the residents of Mineral Springs as Emory Cable, was gone. Emmett Gable, the financier; Emmett Gable, the promoter; Emmett Gable, the one whose fraudulent speculations had threatened to wreck the New York stock market, and for whom officials had searched for two years. And again he had given them the slip, just as they were about to drop the net on him.

The government agents — for others had arrived by that time — examined the books of the company and, strangely enough, found them to be in perfect order. "Must have been intending to start over and go straight" the villagers concluded, being in sympathy with the well-mannered young man who had so recently transformed their town into a thriving vacation center. "Can't they make her tell where he's gone to? She's bound to know." This thought was speculated upon by the village gossips. But it couldn't be done. The laws of the state did not force a woman to testify or give information against her husband, and Emory and Ellen had been married the night before he left.

Ellen remained silent about his departure. For a few weeks she busied herself with closing up the office he left behind and in transferring the accounts and various documents to a new company that was hastily formed by the local investors to meet the crisis. After this she worked awhile in the office of the new hotel. Then one morning she failed to come to work. Ellen Chase had left on the early morning train. She had gotten a negro boy to buy her ticket in the city, and a primitive loyalty prevented him from telling where it was to take her. But the villagers all agreed that wherever she was, there too was the man to whom they were all indebted.

The Hired Hand's Lament

I wish I could forget her eyes,
  Her grace, and careless ways,
Her lips and hair and rounded thighs,
  That haunt me through the days.

I met her every night at six
  Down by the old north gate,
And every night her bed I'd fix,
  And so would end my date.

Some days we'd wander to and fro
  In search of greener grass,
To find some place where we could go
  Together, me and Lass.

I know that others envied me,
  For morning, noon and night,
Always, together we would be
  Through rain, and drought, and blight.

But on one dark and dreary day,
  (I really mourn it now),
A stranger took my love away.
  She was a good old cow.

—Peter Baker.

THE CASE FOR CONSERVATISM

(Continued from Page 3)

These few words are not written in support of a narrow conservatism, nor are they an appeal to men to look backward instead of forward, but rather a warning that when man breaks completely with the past his position is precarious. We point to the past that we may see the beacon lights of human achievement and profit by them.

Rome had her day in the sun, as a power, and she constantly drew more of it unto herself; but the larger she grew the weaker she became, until the whole of all she had conquered, conquered her. She emerged not greater but in tottering ruins, the victim of her own power.

Time measures all of this man-made confusion; its height, its depth, its length, its breadth, and by every dimension finds its pitiful weaknesses. Yes, and the years march relentlessly onward, passing like light through each generation, where men like fools are squandering their little moments in endless bickerings and conflicts.

Why cannot men realize the value of the past and learn wisdom from Father Time? Instead, in their egotistical way, they proceed to carry out some crackbrained idea to the expense of the world, while only a brief glance into history would have shown them the flaws and ultimate results, sparing civilization another setback in its course toward perfection.

Denominationalism and Christianity

(Continued from Page 9)

one mistake. They concentrated their efforts on making their novel experiences accepted by their old denominations. They did recognize — refused to recognize — that any denomination which bases its principles, not on temporary material exigencies, but on definite attitudes and forms of religious experiences of certain members of mankind, must endure so long as there are men to whom such principles articulate their inmost spirits. New denominations subtract from membership at first but do not destroy the old. So, much as some may not like it, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Catholicism, for example, will exist till the end of mortal differences; for the great change in heaven will be that each one acquiring a new experience will be able to communicate it unimpared to all others with God's presence to authorize it. Then denominations will cease because religious experience will become common property.

From the above exposition it is apparent that the proper mean is between the two extremes: On one hand of over-emphasizing denominationalism to the extent that one believes one's own is so superior to the rest that it is the only proper one, and on the other hand under-rating it by a flaccid opinion that all denomina-

tions are but equally imperfect gropings to truths common to all. The former exalts one's own sect and regards the others as imperfect, while the latter regards his own as imperfect as the rest. The current opinion is that this is exalting our ideas of other churches, but in truth, it is only debasing our own. It is really a symptom not of real tolerance of the others, but of consciousness that our own lack of church patriotism and regard leaves us no better than they. It is but a salve to the aching conscience of the self-condemning churches. The mean is to uphold the position in Christianity of the denomination, its value, and the right of the sincere, sober, opinions of each to general respect and regard.

The religious experiences of men in this earthy life may be likened to several men, wearing colored glasses, who inspect a multi-colored picture. Each man only sees the color in the picture which is that of his spectacles. All other colors will appear black. Also, all white areas will appear the color of the glasses. The picture is Spiritual Truth. The colored glasses are different religious opinions. Each cannot see the Truth which is colored contrary to his opinion. Some Truths are like the white portions, the men see only their own color in it, and no one sees it as it really is. Such is man's life now, but in time to come, the spiritually tinted glasses will fall away, and we shall see not "through a glass darkly; but then face to face."

The over-stressing of the past and the understressing of true denominationalism to today, with the layman's bias on the subject makes it imperative that our prospective clergy make some real, concrete decision on this so that against the destructive forces that play on the church today the religious bodies will be homogeneous in all their parts and opinions and thus become really attractive to men.

THE CITADEL

(Continued from Page 17)

had helped perform into a realization of what he was doing. He immediately set about making plans for a sanatorium which he and Dr. Hope and Dr. Denny would operate. He would give up his rich practice.

Then his wife died and just as he was recovering from this shock he was brought before the medical board in London for trial because of certain dealings he had had with a Dr. Stillman, who was somewhat of an outlaw in the medical profession. He was acquitted of this charge and permitted to go on with his work.

The Citadel is so written as to keep the interest of the reader sustained to the end. The author gives us two qualities which are rarely combined in one book — an unusually interesting style and a truly great story. —C. A. H.

Reflection

I heard the bluejay's mating call
And caught the distant answer clear;
I climbed the stalwart oak tree tall
To throw my voice upon the air —
And romped amid the leaves in fall,
Then watched the leaping bonfire's cheer.

I climbed the tangled jasmine vine,
Or picked the flaming goldenrod;
I held a time-worn fishing line,
And dug for bait in black, wet sod;
Or shinned to ride the limber pine
'Til dusk — and slowly homeward plod.

I played among the gold broom sage
And found the swift jackrabbit's bed.
I teased the cat to fitful rage,
Then tried to drop him on his head —
Sometimes put sparrows in a cage,
To find them later, always dead;

In summer waded in the brook
And gathered every small snail shell
I found — or from the pantry took
One doughnut, thinking all was well
(I did not reckon with the cook) —
Or chased the cow to hear the bell.

I roamed the fragrant wood to find
The first frail violet of the spring;
Or in the summer's cooling wind,
I sailed my kite with picked up string —
And many bushes stood behind
To watch the fledgling first take wing.

I looked not then ahead, nor cared,
Nor always did as I was told —
The only earthly thing I feared
Were the storms when thunder rolled.
Reality was never bared —
But years passed by and I grew old.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Smiles

When you smile, is the heart sincere,
Or is it all a thin veneer?
A smile that's false and used for gain
Will bring its user only pain;
For what's been sown in falsehood's garb,
Will surely grow a lie's fierce barb.

—*Frank Moore.*

Christian

I was a coward to leave him.
He was brave to stand there
to let me slip through
the crevice, to face
the Turk in the alley
and let his life be
gouged from his heart.
I couldn't help looking back,
though it tore my soul,
and seared itself in my
brain.
Why couldn't he have died
instead of living, a
battered piece of hu-
manity — battered,
but not enough to
erase his features?
It would have been so easy,
letting him die with
the usual care instead
of giving him life by
extra tending.
Crucified! I crucified my-
self in giving back
life to my brother's
destroyer, deserver
of nothing from me —
God, forgive me!

—*William A. Jones.*

Last Chance..

To enter **THE JOURNAL'S** contest for the best articles submitted in the following divisions: Poetry, Essays, Short Stories. Remember that contributions for the May issue are eligible but must be in the hands of the editor by May 1st. Medals are on display at the canteen.

EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 20)

The winter issue of *The College of Charleston Magazine* has an appealing photo cover. The poems "Dancer," "Reporter" and "The Sun Went Down" reveal poetic ability, and especially does the article "Contra Viam Mediam" deal with a meaty theme. J. H. Frierson adds a humorous touch with his life and letters of a "Sweet-water Chemist." "The Negro's Life of Song" is rhythmically expressed by Kathryn Melton in this picturesque sketch of the exuberant quality of song instilled in the negro race.

The stories "Chance" and "Too Late" found in Citadel's *Shako* illustrate the fatality of hasty actions. The poem "Patterns" is the one we deem the best, though there is a supply of good verse scattered throughout the magazine. "Arrival," by John Cunningham, is a good "gold-brick" story of the frisking vocation as practiced by a shady individual, with good negro dialect. The novelette, "Judge Werewolf Tilts the Scales," is one of the best features in the issue — it's interesting, fast-moving and contains enough bland mysticism to stir the imagination.

An attractive cover design of William Shakespeare adds a distinguishing touch to *The Concept* of Converse College in its February issue. "Mortal Craft," a poem by Mildred Williams, is remarkably good, as is the essay on the poetry of Millay, "Poetry Creates Anew the Universe." "Napoleon Bonaparte," by Ceceile Corbett, shows a great deal of work spent in accumulating interesting details on the private life of this well-known personage without the usual repetitional reminder of his affairs of state. We enjoyed the treatment of "I Am X-Rayed" by Llewellyn Murray, and her reference to the sign "All X-Ray Pictures Are Strictly Cash"; thanks for the memories! — E. N. B.

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!

Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says **MEL KOONTZ** to **PENN PHILLIPS**

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

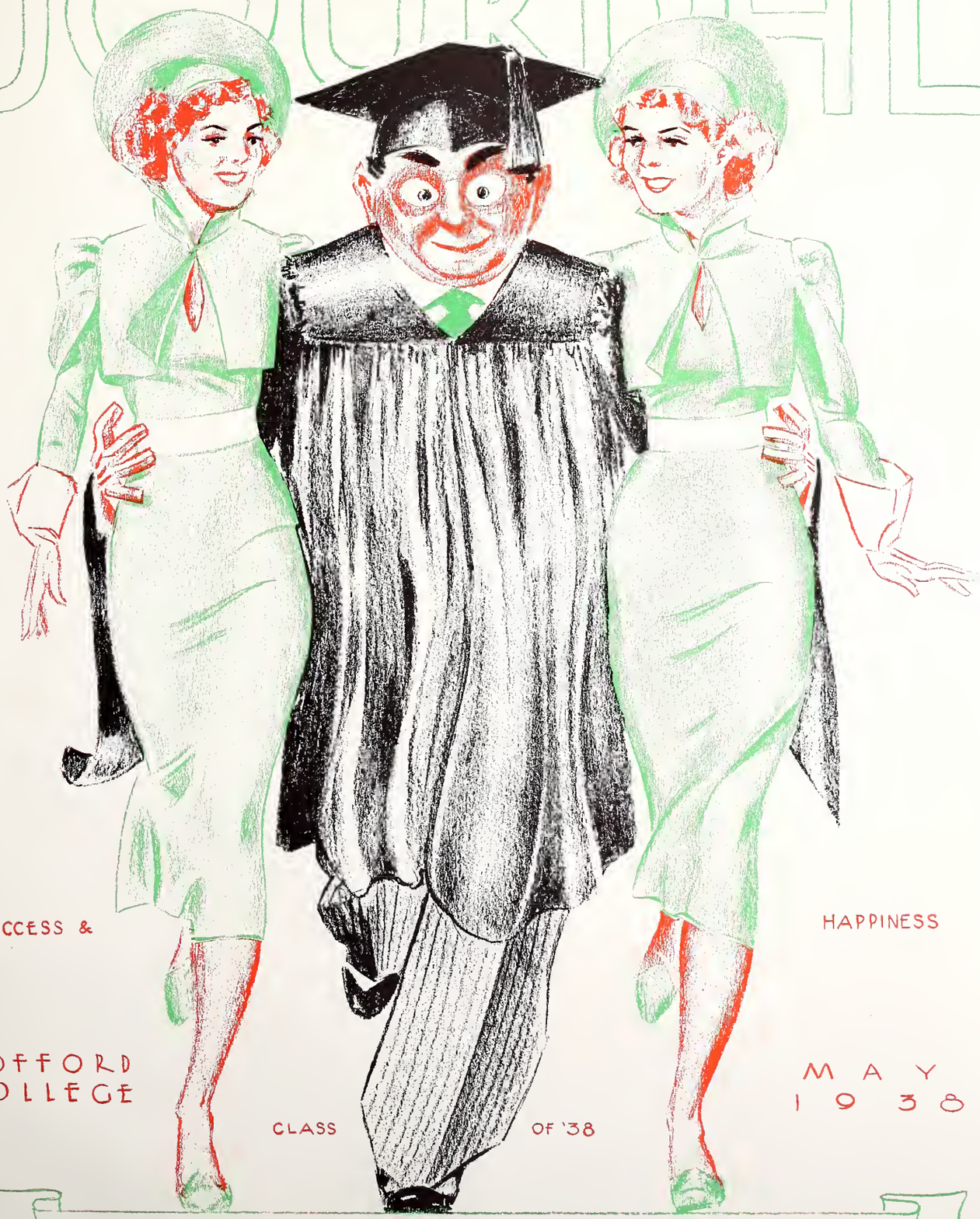
"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. *Most* planters favor Camels."

"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

JOURNAL



SUCCESS &

HAPPINESS

WOFFORD
COLLEGE

MAY
1938

CLASS OF '38

GRADUATION NUMBER

Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT CIGARETTES CAN BE!

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.

JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player.* On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER — *"Camels agree with me"*

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels!*"

"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction *other* planters got top prices from the Camel buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco *growing* business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

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CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Values of The Commonplace Life

By James H. Carlisle

"'A commonplace life, we say and we sigh,
And why should we sigh as we say,
For the commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

"The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flowers that bloom, and birds that sing,
But sad were our lot if the flowers failed and the sun shone not,
For God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of the commonplace makes His beautiful whole."

—*Anonymous.*

COMMONPLACE is a word inclined to arouse in us an intellectual repulsion. We associate the term with unimportance and boredom. We are blind to see that it has a dignity and essential worth, even usefulness and beauty, which sanction and justify the omnipresent existence of objects and actions denominable by this word. He who can see the character of the commonplace can see the bone which gives framework for the support of all the fairer qualities of the universe. Like the bodily skeleton, it may be the least attractive basis of our world, but without it the more delicate organs of nature and human society would be shapeless and unstable. All the glorifications of poverty, humility, and toil that literature and art have expressed are tributes to the commonplace things which owe their beneficent results not so much to individual value as to the effect of their interactions and mutual tendencies to the same ends. The extraordinary and spectacular arise from the commonplace and finally are dissipated into the regular course of things even as the meteor which, startling the air, descends from familiar constant stars and after a few radiant moments becomes a part of the all-embracing dust.

As the commonplace must inevitably enter our lives and interpose its hindrance or help to our activity, we ought to see whether we can promote within us a love for the stability and order of all ordinary systems.

Inevitably, whatever becomes an essential ingredient of any permanent order of things becomes commonplace. If any particular form of thought should become indispensable to mental life and happiness it will become ordinary to the mind. Many of the commonplaces of man burden his spirits, but those of nature never do as strongly.

It is surprising, on reflective thought, how much of human behavior is involved in attitudes toward the commonplace. The restless search for success, recreation, and entertainment is often a drive to avoid this monotonous state. On the other hand, the sublimest effort to communicate and share one's experiences and convictions with other men leaves us with no choice but to adopt the commonplace in our art and literature, and make its symbolism interpret to others our ideas. Insofar as the poet removes from his work reference to objects within common experience, so far does he alienate the understanding and sympathy of his readers. The commonplace is the subject of all art except the idealistic, and the idealistic deals, too, with amplified and perfected commonplace rather than with the extraordinary.

Nature shows such wisdom in making so many copies of individual creations. A world in which change were the only commonplace thing would be oppressive beyond conception. Our thanks should be for the pleasure of expecting again to meet what has been met before.

Let radicalism and conservatism have their proper places—not with stoical acceptance of permanence or change, but with true appraisal of the commonplace and intelligent respect for a good alteration shall the prudent man conduct his life. His accomplishments will be fired with new effectiveness when he has permitted the fresh inspiration of his mind to act itself over with deepening control upon his faculties until his commonplace thought becomes an ingressive, productive factor of the universe.

The commonplace life need be in no way devoid of reward for sound ambition. It offers no bar to successful value of character in society, and within it the soul may still experience all that give it inspiration, impulse, discernment, and rest. And all the universe is ready to impart to such a soul revelation and spiritual power without measure.

The German With The Dutch Accent

(With apologies to Gertrude Stein)

By M. E. Smith

ONCE there was a German with a Dutch accent that sounded just like a Dutchman's accent, except it was more than others. This was not strange, because he was a large German and he talked with a large accent as large as the accent of the Dutchmen in Dutchland. But they do not call the land of the Dutch Dutchland, because it is The Netherlands, and they do not call the people of The Netherlands Nethermen because they are Dutchmen or the others who are the people of Holland. This German was not either a Dutchman or a man of Holland, but he had been there with his father, who was a son of the Fatherland.

His father did not like the Fatherland after he became a father himself, and he went to Dutchland, where the people spoke with a Dutch accent like his son who was always speaking to his father in a Netherland voice. When the war came, his father did not want to go to war, but the Fatherland said come home and go to war and he went to the Fatherland and he went to the war. They all went to war for the Fatherland except the German who had the Dutch accent. He left his father when he caught the train for the Fatherland and he told him goodbye for good or bad, for he was beginning to go on a long journey.

He was coming to some place in Iowa or Des Moines, where there were other Germans that had taken a long journey to where they lived in America and where everybody could speak with any kind of accent that pleased him. He worked hard and long like all the Germans that he lived with and the other Germans that lived on the land that was near the farm where he worked in the day and saved in the night like the other people did not do. After some time had passed, as it is always passing in America faster than it does anywhere else, he had some money, not much money, as they have money in America, but much money as they had money in the Fatherland.

The German with the Dutch accent took his money to a man who had some land, but wanted the money more than he wanted the land that the accented German wanted very badly. They traded and the German still had his Dutch accent and the land, but he no longer had the money that he had given to the American for the land that he wanted very badly. But Gretschen liked the land more than the money and Heinie liked Gretschen, so both the Dutch accented man and his German ladylove were much happy about the whole thing.

Love always finds some way, even if the lover must always make love in a Dutch accented voice, and he made much love and whispered little Dutchy nothings into Gretschen's ear, which was hidden beneath her flaxen German hair. Why do all German girls have flaxen hair when it is just like the hair of others except some German girls whose is more than others? But Heinie loved Gretschen and her long flaxen hair more than his brothers in the Fatherland pretended to love the Kaiser and now are more pretending to love Herr Hitler. They always "Heil Hitler" when they have nothing else to do, and at other times when they do have something else to do, because they have nothing to do when they "Heil Hitler," but it is better to have nothing to do and "Heil Hitler" than to not "Heil Hitler" and get something to do in a concentration camp. For there is always a concentration camp where the people who have concentrated are kept until they quit concentrating against Herr Hitler.

One night when there was a little Dutch moon the German with the Dutch accent took Gretschen in his strong German arms and with his sweetest Dutch accent asked her to come live with him on his new land and help him rear some little German Americans. Of course she said "Yes," as they all do, and soon there were some little German Americans on the land of the German with the Dutch accent, but when they began to speak they did not speak with a Dutch accent except when they were telling their playmates about their father's Dutch accent.

Low Ceiling

A flaw by nature's architect —
This ceiling low and green bedecked?
But no, the bearded trees all claim
That every spring it is the same.

—*E. N. Braddy.*

Economic Security and Political Liberty

By J. Reid Hambrick

AMERICA'S most urgent problem today is found in the clamor of the masses for economic security. The other great industrial countries of the world faced this problem decades ago, some a half-century ago. The United States, however, due to a peculiar chain of circumstances, has not been called upon to answer this demand until recent years. The size of our nation, the World War, the pre-war and post-war prosperity, and the nature of our system of government have been responsible for our delay in approaching this vital problem of security, the solution of which will affect every person within the borders of the nation.

The chief reason for the tardiness of our approach to this matter of economic security has been the vastness of our territory. Our western frontier closed only a little more than twenty-five years ago. Prior to that time men were free to move westward and settle on new land or establish themselves in new occupations in the growing cities. If they were dissatisfied with the life and conditions of labor in the East, it was a comparatively easy matter to move to the West along the lines of the newly-constructed railroads. That was the age of liberty, and a certain sense of security went with it. Therefore, since the question did not then exist, there was no reason to be concerned with it. Although the process of industrializing the country advanced on a grander scale than ever, the glorious prosperity before and after the Great War tended to silence whatever dissatisfaction there might have been with economic conditions. No one dared disturb the *status quo*.

With the advent of this demoralizing depression through which we have been passing in recent years, and which has not yet exhausted all of its fury, the desperate quest for economic security by industrial and farm labor has violently thrust itself upon us, refusing to be indifferently cast aside. Men have reached the point where they are no longer free to seek other employment when they become discontented with the conditions of labor. They have lost the fundamental liberty to choose their jobs, and even the right to work. It should be obvious to all that such a condition of affairs lends itself easily to oppression and exploitation of a helpless class who live in daily terror of losing their livelihood. The Wagner Labor Relations Act has gone a long way toward mitigating the situation in which industrial labor finds itself, but still many hundreds of thousands of unorganized industrial and farm workers are clinging desperately to their inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

What makes this problem all the more grave is that freedom is inextricably bound up with security. The two cannot be separated; each is dependent upon the other. Unfortunately, the forces of Labor disregard this truth; Labor is seeking security at all costs, with little or no scruple concerning the means. It is this attitude, entertained by millions of Americans today, to which I wish to address your attention. This is the very heart of the matter—freedom with security.

In attacking this question, there are two things we must do—first, we must realize that a burning thirst for economic security is actually uppermost in the thinking of millions of American men and women, that it is an essential fundamental principle with them, that they are really obsessed with it. It is a great deal more than a passing fad with them; it is the essence and inner spirit of their thinking; it is of vital concern to them and their children. Second, keeping in mind that positive action is imperative in this matter, we must constantly guard against the means proposed to attain this end. Institutions endeared to all true Americans by a long line of suffering and struggle and essential to our democracy can be easily destroyed by an imprudent and ill-chosen mode of attack. Although it is our imperative duty to heed this fundamental principle for which both industrial and farm labor fights, it is equally our duty to oppose any concrete proposal or line of attack which is un-American or which will tend to destroy essential liberties without which the quest for economic security becomes the height of folly. We are now in the process of performing a delicate operation upon the body politic; we must proceed with steady, understanding hands, for a slip of the scalpel may deform tre patient and cause greater suffering than before.

I have said that the nature of our system of government contributed to our delay in approaching this matter of protection for the masses of America and meeting it intelligently. Before we can hope to make a permanent and satisfactory settlement, some readjustments must be made in the State and Federal powers. Hardly anyone believes now that forty-eight separate States, each quasi-sovereign within its respective sphere, can ever work out a practical solution. These problems defy individual State action. Such action would inevitably disturb interstate comity and result in sectional ill-will. Our economic problems today are nation-wide,

and any lasting solution must be made with this fact always in view. Actually, of course, this is what is being done, but so far little permanent success has accompanied the efforts of our national leaders. Their failures, the most notable of which were the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the National Recovery Act, have been the result of a delusion that emergency creates or automatically calls into being new constitutional powers. The supreme court removed these illegal acts from the statute books, and thereby brought down upon its head the unfortunate condemnation of some of the nation's important leaders, the most regrettable censure of all coming from the President of the United States. Unfortunately, however, the supreme court did not, and judging from the new farm bill and the renewed agitation for a wage and hour bill, has not yet removed the delusion of which I just spoke from the minds of congressional leaders or from the President.

It seems that they have set forth the thesis that no constitutional change is necessary to accomplish the needed reforms, that they can be brought about by a more "liberal" construction of the Constitution. I grant that the terms of this document should be liberally construed, but a very unhealthy state of affairs can be brought into being by reading into the Constitution powers which are not contained therein and which were never intended to be there. For example, the President and his congressional leaders contend that where a corporation or business is engaged in selling and distributing goods in interstate commerce the control of the conditions of labor in its production-units should fall within the scope of the congressional power to regulate commerce among the several States. This seems to me to be stretching the commerce clause beyond recognition and negating the intentions of the farmers.

The proponents of this view can make out a brief which on its face seems logical and apparently right, but actually it is defiance of our federal system of government. If this theory is ever adopted by the courts, a precedent would be set which would give rise to an endless chain of federal regulation and control of affairs which rightfully and constitutionally, under the theory of separation of powers, belong to the several States. A federal system implies a stopping point beyond which the central government may not go. These masters of sophistry would completely abolish this stopping point and clear the way for unlimited federal interference with the internal affairs of the States. Anything remotely connected with anything remotely related to interstate commerce would eventually and inevitably fall within the federal sphere of action under the specious reasoning that it is regulation of interstate commerce. The Tenth Amendment of the Constitution, which provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," would under this construction of the commerce clause be read out of existence.

I submit that this method of meeting our national problems should be rejected as unwise and unjustifiable. The trend to Washington is undeniable, but if the States are to retain control of local government, this centralization must be kept at a minimum. I entreat you, however, I earnestly beseech you not to conceal your opposition to modern liberal trends behind your objections to the concrete expressions of these trends. We need above all things in this country to adopt a liberal viewpoint and a sympathetic understanding of the problems of the masses of our people. We need to take the Roosevelt administration off the defensive and cooperate with its fundamental tenets. These liberal trends in government are demanding concrete expression; the American people cannot with impunity reject them. Only through cooperation by all the people can we meet these modern exigencies in the most intelligent and satisfactory way.

Moreover, we cannot hope for a permanent, a practical, or a sagacious solution of these pressing questions —unemployment, labor's unrest, the plight of agriculture, business stagnation, the lack of confidence in business circles—until the powers of the Federal Government have been increased. The powers to cope with these exigencies lie dormant in the States, where they cannot be used without seriously interrupting the harmony of the United States. These powers must be transferred to the Federal Government.

Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, was one hundred and fifty years ahead of his time when in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 he submitted the resolution: "That the Congress should be empowered to legislate in all cases in which the separate States are incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by the exercise of individual legislation." We might well incorporate these provisions in a Twenty-Second Article of the Constitution. Randolph's resolution is a truly remarkable answer to the needs of today. It would give the central government a latitude of authority so essential to the best solution of the present problems of industry and agriculture; it would preserve intact the control of States over their local government; it would keep the trend toward central regulation at a salutary minimum.

At all events, some such enlargement of the federal sphere must inevitably come sooner or later. With all parts of the nation being knitted together in closer and more interdependent relations by the march of science and modern transportation, our problems stand to increase, not diminish. We have arrived at a critical point in our history. Our steps now must be slow and

(Continued on Page 23)

"--It Might Have Been"

By Sheldon Dannelly

THE sweet scent of green pine needles was mingled with the fragrance of the yellow jasmine entangling the lower brush. The wind rustled the leaves of the trees and made the tops of the towering pines rock slightly with a gentle swish. The bushes grew thinner toward the pine grove in the center of the woods, where the ground was covered with a thick carpet of straw. Here and there a bluejay hopped from one branch to another, calling to his mate. The sun was bright, but the woods were pleasantly cool. Across the deep blue sky white clouds floated lazily. Though it was late spring, the air was still exhilarating. A feeling of peace and contentment pervaded the atmosphere; peace from the hurly-burly of the city, contentment with things as they were. Here was nature sweet, untainted.

Echoing through the woods came the ringing of an axe as it bit into the trunk of a tall pine. The staccato blows softened to throbs as the sound travelled through the woods. The rich, shrill whistling of a youth could be heard between the blows of the axe. At length the tree rocked precariously, cracked loudly, and swung earthward, striking with a dull thud that momentarily jarred the ground. The young man began to methodically trim the limbs away. When he had completed this he stretched his arms above his head and breathed deeply, after which he set about cutting the trunk into two eighteen foot logs. Finally he began to cut the rest into cord wood.

Pausing to wipe the sweat from his brow, he looked at the late afternoon sky, grabbed his axe near the head, picked up the water jug with his left hand, and strode off through the woods singing. The notes were full and deep, welling on the spring breeze, rising and falling with mellow richness. The youth's classic face, enviable physique, and well-muscled body gave evidence of his love for the out-of-doors and many hours of labor. The sun had tanned his body to a smooth, soft tan. Every inch of his six feet was full man. As he reached the edge of the woods, he ended his song in a bursting note of triumph that echoed through the late afternoon.

A blue roadster was parked on the side of the highway nearby, and a girl, a blonde in a pale blue dress, was standing with her hand on her hips gazing at a flat tire.

"Oh — uh — pardon me, ma'am; can I help you?" ventured the young man.

"Oh!" she turned, then laughed. "Would you really? I'm afraid I can't do it alone."

"Anything to help a lady in distress." He noted that she was strikingly pretty. "Do you have a jack?" He put down his axe and water jug.

"I think so — under the seat." She started to get it, but he stepped forward quickly, turned the seat up, and took the jack and tools out.

"Now you sit down and rest. I'll have it fixed up in a few minutes," he smiled, "Miss — uh — er —"

"Sylvia — Sylvia Winfield," she supplied, "and who are you? I mean —"

"Larry Wayne." He began jacking up the right rear wheel. "I live down the road about a mile, on the left. . . . Did you say Sylvia Winfield was your name? I've been cutting some trees for Mr. R. J. Winfield. Is he a relative of yours?"

"Only my father," she laughed. "I've been out to look at Dad's woods."

"I see — um — bad cut. You must have run over a broken bottle," Larry commented, looking at the badly ripped tire. Going to the front fender he took the spare off and put the punctured tire in its place. Neither spoke for some time. Finally Larry broke the silence with, "I don't think you'll have any more trouble now." He put the tools back and adjusted the seat.

Sylvia had been intently regarding him while he worked. She smiled at him. "Your hands! Here's a cloth that might get most of that grease off."

"Thank you," he grinned, taking the cloth and wiping his hands slowly, deliberately. "Well, Miss — uh — Winfield, the tire's changed, and —"

"Oh, thank you very much!" she said appreciatively. She opened her purse and started to take a dollar from it, then snapped it shut quickly. He wasn't like ordinary people; he was different, grand — not like the kind that tried to marry you for your money. "How can I ever repay you. It was grand of you to go to all that trouble. . . . If you'll get in, I'll drive you home."

"Thank you, but it's out of your way. I don't mind walking, and I — I'm—" he looked at his clothes and hands.

"Please do," she gave him a half-coaxing look, and opened the door. He got in with her.

She drove slowly. "Tell me about yourself, Mr. Wayne; what do you do?"

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R. CARLISLE FOLGER

Outstanding Alumni

The fifth in a series of eminent Alumni who have become distinguished for their conspicuous part in the affairs of the country.

R. CARLISLE FOLGER

IN the years since his graduation from Wofford in 1909, Mr. Folger has been engaged in the Public Relations Department of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He has had the unusual opportunity of studying human relations with plain facts that do not present the distorted pictures of short-sighted politicians and the "controlled" press. In his mind, the most important problem facing our country today is the citizen's failure to consider it his inescapable obligation to work through all means open to him toward ending the current strife between the government, business, and labor. "A people who will not or cannot realistically tackle and solve this problem," says Mr. Folger, "may expect ultimately to sacrifice freedom for the bondage of dictatorship and the totalitarian state."

When he gave his reasons for instituting the Economics Awards made each year at Wofford for the best essays of an economic nature, he stated, "What are the seventy-five or one hundred young men who graduate in June going to do about the vexatious economic problems of their day — such as so-called social security, the economy of scarcity, the free competitive system, distribution of wealth, government in business, taxation that is destroying enterprise, and so on, which their elders seemingly are not solving? Are they going to follow the insincere demagogue and sincere but equally dangerous theorist to cure our economic ills? Have they been trained and stimulated in a liberal arts college to think straight on these questions and form their own judgments? They, as the future business men of the nation, and not the politicians, the theorists and governmental bureaucracies, will repair the damaged business and social structure, and make our country a better place to live and work in. Their years in college are as nothing, if they have not been equipped even in some small way to cope resolutely and intelligently with the economic problems they shall presently meet."

Carlisle Folger was born in Central, South Carolina, in 1887, and entered Wofford in 1905. He graduated with his class in 1909, and taught school for one year. He next entered the Western Union Telegraph Company in Atlanta, and was engaged successively by the same company at Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York. Mr. Folger's chief hobbies are golf and farming. He doesn't think President Roosevelt will be re-elected for a third term, because it seems likely that the electorate will reach a realization of his unfitness, as exemplified by the past four years of piling up the largest all-time debt of the nation, stirring up class hatred in the United States, drying up the life-blood of the nation through excessive taxation, and placing the government in business to the detriment of large and small industry.—A. C. S.

BIG MEETIN'

By Owens Wood

A HUSH fell over the little congregation as a burly man stood up on the front row and looked out over his heavy-rimmed spectacles. In a deep, positive tone he announced the selection to be sung. Then followed a general rustling of pages and a shifting to get nearer the feeble glow of the three well-smoked kerosene lamps that were suspended from the ceiling. At a nod from the leader, the organist, a young woman of perhaps twenty, with a soft look of piety on her rather pale face, struck a key on the dusty organ that stood to the right of the pulpit. It was a deep, hollow tone that rattled the doors in the back of the church. As the vibration ceased, the massive leader raised his hand. You could almost hear the congregation take a deep breath, yet before any sound came from them, the silence was broken by a line, "Oh-h-h, I'm on my way-y-y . . ." This from the leader, and his harsh, deep voice seemed to set the swinging lamps to flickering. Then the rest took it up:

" . . . to Jericho,
Oh, I'm on my way to Jericho,
Oh, I'm on my way to Jericho,
Yes, I'm on my way, on my way,
On my way-y-y to Jericho-o-o."

And so on for a seemingly endless number of stanzas. Finally, the singers filled their lungs for the last triumphant effort, and the song ended with the leader holding the last note long after the rest had ceased. Then followed a moment of general breathing, the women using the hymn books for fans and the men mopping their foreheads with sweat-stained kerchiefs. Then three or four more numbers followed in the same manner. After this there were two selections by a quartet, of which the songmaster was the loudest and most important part. Then the congregation again joined in the service for three or four more numbers. The heat of the August night apparently had no effect on the singers, except to increase the waving of fans. Finally the leader announced, "In conclusion, let us sing that old favorite . . ." When his voice had died away, the congregation sat down, and the song service was ended.

The minister, who all this time had been sitting on the left-hand side of the rostrum, assumed his place in the pulpit and announced that the evening offering would then be received. Two of the congregation acted as ushers, and passed the well-worn baskets about among the members. The collection was pitifully small, perhaps not more than three or four dollars all together, and certainly the largest donation was no larger than a quarter. Yet the pastor's prayer that it might be used to "carry out the teaching of Thy Word" was simple and earnest.

The opening remark of the pastor was an instruction to the ushers to invite the few who loitered outside the church to "enter and hear God's Holy Word." Then the sermon got under way. As the minister began, a woman left the building with a squalling baby and thereby made herself subject to the casual glances of the congregation. After developing his text, the preacher launched into the attack of the evening—a bitter denunciation of the 'dultry and sin and fornication that we see everywhere, all about us, every day. And Brothers-Sisters-Friends, it doesn't stop there, no, they don't stop there, with their drunkenness and sinning, no, murder is not too bad for them. But I tell you, there is a terrible furnace that is waiting for these transgressors; and I tell you there is no end to the fire that burns there. And unless they mend their ways and accept the salvation of Jesus Christ they will every one roast there forever." Here the air was split by a terrifying scream as a woman rose from her seat and started forward. She was of middle age, but though she was now leading a quiet life, she was known to have once been a wayward woman. As the minister lifted his arms to the ceiling and the congregation rose to its feet, she staggered up to the foot of the rostrum. Then the pastor pleaded earnestly for "the Almighty to lay His soothing hand on her troubled heart and guide her stumbling feet with His saving grace." A "saved" woman, she returned to her seat, weeping.

The sermon continued with a further condemnation of the sins of the congregation and of the world at large. The preacher was an unusually agile man, of perhaps only thirty years, but he had the reputation of being a "live-wire." It was characteristic of his delivery to resort to spectacular motions, one of which was a mock dance, in which he skipped about over the platform with a chair in his arms for a partner. His hearers were in complete accord when he wiped his brow and began singing a verse of an old hymn that illustrated his closing point. Then at his direction the audience rose and began the verses of the song that is climactic for such revivals:

(Continued on Page 22)

The Song of the Nibelungs

By William A. Jones

THERE has come down to us a story that is the product of an age, the age of chivalry, and existent in many forms it has aroused an interest equally as widespread. This is the *Nibelungenlied,* a medieval German heroic epic, that is of equal value to all peoples of Teutonic descent as it is to the Germans—it is one of those creations of the dim past that throws a glimmer of light into the oblivion preceding it. The interest aroused by it today is likewise aged, for the number of manuscripts had from the Middle Ages attest to its past popularity. There are at least twenty-eight of these existing in thirty-one fragments. This poem is exceptional in character. In it are to be found traces of Teutonic mythology; *Beowulf* touches upon it; the Scandinavian version has come down to us in five forms; among its kin is the *Erlösungsmärchen,* the well-known fairy tale of Sleeping Beauty; and based on it are Wagner's cycle of operas, *The Ring of the Nibelungs;* a drama by Hans Sachs, the shoemaker Meistersinger of Nuremberg, and parts of Grimm's fairy tales.

The story of its hero, Siegfried, was recounted "not only along the banks of the Rhine and Danube and upon the upland plains of Southern Germany, but also along the rocky fjords of Norway, among the Angles and Saxons in their new home across the channel, even in the distant Shetland Islands and on the snow-covered wastes of Iceland, around the fires at night, and sung to the harp in the banqueting halls of kings and nobles, each people and each generation telling it in its own fashion and adding new elements of its own invention." The five forms of the Scandinavian version are the prose *Edda,* a prose paraphrase of it, the *Völsungasaga,* the *Nornagestsaga,* and the *Thidreksaga* that was written around the year 1250 by a Norwegian. This writer claimed to have obtained the story from the Germans around Bremen and Münster.

Not even a plausible conjecture can be formed as to the identity of the author of the poem. Since Lachmann, there has been the argument of single versus double authorship. Many hold for one of the following: Wolfram von Eschenbach, Heinrich von Ofendingen, Conrad von Würzburg, and some for Klingsohr of Ungerland, a minstrel who once passed for a magician, but there is no true basis for these contentions.

The metric form probably had its origin in the four-accented verse of the ninth century poet, Otfrid; the strophe is doubtless Saxon in origin. "The *Nibelungen* strophe consists of four long lines separated by a cesura into two distinct halves. The first half of each line contains four accents, the fourth falling upon the last syllable. This last stress, however, is not as a rule as strong as the others, the effect being somewhat like that of a feminine ending." Following are the first two stanzas in Middle High German and their translation from the *Nibelungenlied* in its purest form. In this account little is told of the youth of Siegfried, and the action centers around his love for Kriemhild, the Burgundian princess, instead of Sigurd's love for Brunhild, as in the Norse versions:

"Uns ist in alten maeren wunders vil geseit,
Von helden lobebaeren von grozer chuonheit;
Von vrouden und' hoch-geziten, von weinen und von chlagen,
Von chuner rechen striten, muget ir nu wunder hören sagen.

Es wühs in Burgunden ein vil edel magedin,
Das in allen landen niht schoners mohte sin;
Chriemhilt was si geheien, si wart ein schone wip;
Darumbe müsen degene vil verliesen den lip."

"We find in ancient story wonders many told,
Of heroes in great glory, with spirit free and bold;
Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe,
Of noble Recken striving, mote ye now wonders know.

A right noble maiden did grow in Burgundy,
That in all the lands of earth nought fairer mote there be;
Chriemhild of Worms she hight, she was a fairest wife;
For which warriors a many lose their life."

The poem, however, was forgotten by the masses when courtly chivalry went into decline, but not its figures. In 1755 a young physician found a manuscript in the castle of Hohenems in Tirol and gave the *Nibelungenlied* again to the world's literature.

The scientific study begins with one of Germany's most brilliant philological critics, Karl Lachmann. Whereas the setting of the versions previously mentioned is primitive and the action abounding in the mystic, the thirteenth century account to be outlined here is mediaeval in setting and contains far less supernatural elements. As seen from the foregoing example, the

theme opens simply. The heroines are Kriemhild the fair and Brunhild the dark; the heroes are Siegfried the Strong, Gunther and Hagen, Attila and Theodoric. It is a fierce, wild and fateful story.

The fair young knight, Sigurd, of the Scandinavian saga, who overcomes men, giants and dragons, is Siegfried here. He is the son of Siegemund, the hero of a separate legend, and Siegelinde, the king and queen of the Netherlands. The boy Siegfried is brought up by "wise men that are his tutors." When he becomes of age he is knighted, but does not accept his father's scepter. Instead, being attracted by the famed beauty of Kriemhild, he goes to woo her at Worms. Kriemhild has three brothers, Gunther, Giselher and Gernot the Burgundian kings. The three brothers see Siegfried arrive, and "the grim Hagen," retainer to the kings, explains to them that he is the hero who slew the Nibelung kings, Schilbunc and Nibelunc, and seized their treasure, as well as the magic sword, Balumc, and the "cloak of darkness," *Tarnkappe*, that made invisible its wearer. Hagen also recounts how Siegfried slew a dragon and upon bathing in its blood had become invulnerable except in one spot where a linden leaf had fallen upon him.

Siegfried fights valiantly against the invading Saxons and Danes, and brings the Danish King, Lindergast, a captive to Worms. Not until then does he see Kriemhild. Falling in love with her, he asks her hand of Gunther, and receives promise of it. But he must accompany Gunther to Iceland to help him win Queen Brunhild.

Brunhild and Gunther fight, but it is Siegfried, invisible under *tarnkappe*, who vanquishes her. He then goes to the Niblung country and returns with a great treasure that he had won from the giants. Upon the return to Worms, the double marriage is celebrated in splendor. Brunhild is not yet convinced that Gunther is her superior, and on her bridal night ties him in a knot and hangs him on the wall. Siegfried again vanquishes her by using his invisible cloak, and in the process takes a ring and girdle from her, which he gives to Kriemhild.

Siegfried and Kriemhild rule the Netherlands for ten years, and at that time pay a visit to King Gunther at his invitation. Soon after the first splendid festivities the two queens, meeting at the cathedral door, become involved in a quarrel over which of them should enter first. Kriemhild openly insults Brunhild by revealing how Siegfried had overcome her, and shows the ring and girdle as proof. Hagen secretly promises Brunhild to revenge her. Under pretense of shielding Kriemhild's beloved from harm, Hagen tricks her into revealing the secret, vulnerable spot on Siegfried. She even braids an ornament about the spot, and thereupon a hunt is planned in order to slay Siegfried unawares. He is treacherously speared by Hagen as he leans over to drink from a spring during the hunt. Kriemhild, who comes into possession of the cursed treasure, taken by Siegfried from the Niblungs, is tricked by Gunther into bringing it to Worms. He thereupon forcefully seizes it and its curse is transferred to his house. The three brother kings begin to quarrel over the treasure, and Hagen finally sinks it in the Rhine after each of them has sworn never to reveal its hiding place. From this point on the Burgundians are known as the *Nibelungen*.

However, Kriemhild becomes the bride of Etzel (Attila), King of the Huns, realizing in this a chance to avenge the death of Siegfried. Some years pass, and old scores are apparently forgotten, when Kriemhild invites her brothers to visit her court, an invitation that they accept in spite of all warnings from Hagen. Great detail is given of the journey to the court in Hunland.

Etzel receives the Nibelungen well, knowing nothing of Kriemhild's plans for revenge. All during the night Hagen is watchful, and the Huns thus have no opportunity to murder. At the royal feast the strife begins, and Hagen cuts off the head of Ortlieb, Kriemhild's son. All of the strongest of the Huns fight against the Burgundians, including Theodoric and Hildebrand—the hero of the *Hildebrandslied*. Only Hagen and Gunther remain alive after the Burgundians are defeated. Kriemhild demands the hiding place of the treasure from Hagen, who refuses to reveal it until Gunther is dead. When Gunther's head is brought before him, he cries out, "None knoweth of the treasure now save God and me, and it shall ever be hid from thee, thou fiend!" At that, Kriemhild slays him, and she in turn is "hewn to pieces" by Hildebrand. So ends this night of slaughter and the Nibelungs' disaster.

This type of poem embodies, according to Bayard Taylor, what "the rude man requires," that is, "to see something going on." The poem is divided into thirty-nine *Aventiures*, both rich and continuous in detail. At times the narrative is admirable, at other times childlike. A sequel of some two thousand lines written in short rhyming couplets, the *Klage*, is occasionally added to the *Nibelungenlied* that, as is indicated by its name, describes the lamentations of the survivors for the dead.

And though the author of this poem is unknown, it does not matter. In the words of Carlyle: "What good were it that the four or five letters composing his name could be printed, and pronounced with absolute certainty?" Whoever he was, his tale, with its varied coloring "of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe," has a live epic spirit, and a charm and meaning for us. Time will make it greater.

Our Campus Entrance

Wofford students as well as alumni hail the construction of an entrance to our campus as the fulfillment of a much-needed improvement. The four brick and granite pillars will distinctively mark our location as well as materially benefit the appearance of our grounds.

The gateway will be durably built of granite and brick. The walk on the north side is to be changed so as to pass through the gate corresponding to the south side.

Bronze tablets will be mounted on both main pillars and will contain the name of the institution and dedication.

Generous contributions from various classes and alumni have made this construction possible. We all look forward to the day when the campus can be completely paved with roads and sidewalks.

How to Make Enemies and Influence No One

By Stale Carneegee

IT is necessary in our every day quest of seeking new enemies to always be on the alert to cast a morbid shadow of gloom on the radiant Snow White and the Seven Ingredients of Happiness. When someone smiles at you, give him a salty look, drawing the corners of the mouth down, and growling a cold throaty "Burr!" That's bound to put him against you for life.

At meal time, complain about the food. Say you've been cheated on your piece of meat, and if there is another left, take it too, not forgetting to poke your neighbor in the ribs when you use your knife. If hash is served, bring up the story of the cow that was hit by the new streamlined train last week, and how awful she looked decorating the landscape.

If you see a fellow with a black eye, step up and ask him how he got it, and remind him of the date he has with his girl that night. Compliment him by saying that it is the worst black eye you have ever seen.

When out walking with a group of empty-pocket students and you buy cigarettes, open the pack, select one, light it, and drop the remaining pack in the next mail box. This is bound to send the nicotine crazed students in a frenzy.

An extremely lucky pessimist is the one who is fortunate enough to possess a lusty cold on the night of a Joseph Hoffman recital. To snort above the rippling fantasies and to punctuate each pause for silence should be one of the highest achievements. But when the manager shouts, "Thar he blows!" make a hasty escape. Some vandals don't appreciate our hobby.

Another "must" is to always shave (Packard '38) when a good swing band is wailing. The funeral dirge your electric razor will lend to the air waves is enough to drive any guy dipsy-doodle.

Striking a fellow's last match must be done with the swiftness of an antelope, for the owner opproaching with "fag" in mouth will regret to find his last match thusly, when he is expecting to discover it in a perfect state of preservation. (Cigarette sponsor needed. We are also conducting a "Buy Now" drive. By now it's about over, but keep sending in your box tops.)

A march of the Wooden Indians over Professor X's tulip beds would put you in the faculty spot-light and would place you in position to win the B. Rowdy Trophy. Think of what your school means to you. If you won this trophy, you could keep it to recall the endearing memories that are so near your heart, or you could pawn it.

While looking over a New Deal bridge game (five suites), you might call attention to one player having a hand full of NRA's (eagles to you), and then do a little coaching as to what he should play. Having seen all the hands, you know more about it than he does.

Now that spring is here, we must be vigilant and continue our trek down the straight and narrow pathway of Glumness through the archway of Pessimism. Let nothing stir you from your purpose. Remember the password "ihateyoutodeath" and the sign "Beware of the Husband." Go forth and conquer. If you can't be a success, *Buy You a Car!*

Life's End

Soft sweet strains of the organ, mellow and clear
Float out of the old cathedral.
Energetic, barking preachers shout their sermons
To a wondering congregation.
Christians, Jews, Mohammedans,
All want to believe —
Buddhists, Hindus, Confucianists
All want to believe that they will never die.
Afraid?
Afraid to believe that death is death.

—*Peter Baker.*

FRESHMAN THEME . . .

CIVILIZATION IN WARFARE

By Kirk Fort

WE, the people of the United States, like to think of our world as being civilized; we, being American citizens, perhaps are justified in our belief. We are taught when we are children that wars are horrible luxuries which we cannot afford, even if we should desire them. Because we are reared with the impression that warfare brings only misery, we often are apt to think that the people of other nations look on conflict as we do; and consequently we cannot understand the ease with which they bring themselves to strife.

Unfortunately, however, some nations do not hold the same views on war that we do. Germany, for example, now feels that she has lost her honor, and that the only way to restore it is by victory. Sad to say, victory cannot be achieved except through war. The scene in the mirror hall of Versailles where the Tiger sat, forcing the Germans to sign a peace which disarmed them, is branded into the soul of every German school child. Nothing will satisfy the Germans today if it has been obtained by negotiation and not by conquest!

Germany, however, is not the only country that does not decry war. Japan also believes in aggression. Her honor, unlike Germany's, has not been wounded; her crusade is essentially religious and spiritual. Every Japanese child grows up believing that —

> *Japan is the only divine land. Japan's Emperor is the only divine emperor. Japan's people are the only divine people. Therefore Japan must be the light of the world.*

It can easily be seen from the above that war is part of Japan's religion. She believes that she is God's chosen nation, and that her mission is to bring together all the races of the world into one happy accord. Japan does not see the irony of relying on warfare to accomplish this.

A true civilization which is united in dreading warfare will not be attained until all nations look on war not as a means of gaining honor or of fulfilling God's desires, but as a terrible disaster which must be avoided at any price.

Exchange

THE April issue of *The Concept* is devoted to Art and displays another of Florine Huger's attractive cover designs. The battle outlined in "The Captain or the Pineapple" explains the origin of gray hair and jangled nerves. Wonder if it really happened? The cavalcade of calenders that prance around every office wall is colorfully caught in Mildred Williams' "On the Waiting List." "Proposal in the Modern Manner" surprise ending caught us unawares. A fresh idea is always welcome. Jane Dobson's "Face on the Wall" and the story, "One Other Wish," seem too romantic, although well written. As for poetry, "To Spring," "Prayer," and "Ambiguity" are most noteworthy.

A discussion of the question "Why Don't Students Contribute?" is found in "The Editor's Notes" of the Minnesota *Literary Review*, as well as an interesting short story by Judd Kline, "The Patriot."

Henry Hitt Crane is the subject for a Pro-Con argument in Duke's *Archive* for March. George Zabriskie speaks in behalf of the Cons and the Pro side is represented by William Somerville. It is a good piece of constructive criticism. Another Jane Dusenbury story is also contained in this issue, "Never a Beginning," starring Gus and Penny. In "Reminiscences of Dirty Red," by Berry C. Williams, we find the following bit of Red's poetry—to touch his works is to touch the man himself:

> "Me an' my wife went to bed,
> Little brown jug right under my head;
> I woke up, th' cork was pulled,
> The jug was empty, but th' wife was full."

There is a presence of an unusual amount of sex in this issue, but the season of the year explains that.

In the *Fordham Monthly* Charles R. Byrne has captured a strange bit of warm description in this selection from his poem, "Return":

> "The South Wind in her hair is warm and soft;
> And twilight dies
> With piercing sweetness down the purple track
> Of western skies."

There is a lack of good verse in the *Carolinian* in its Spring issue from the University of South Carolina. "Drought," by Eleanor Cannon, is probably the best. The short story, "Judge Lynch," has a good plot, while the stories "Beauty and the Beast" and "All is Yesterday" seem to have been snatched from a magazine of Wonder Stories. The camera shots are very good—thanks to Walter Connally and Francis Stevenson.

"Surrealizing and Surrealists" in the *Areopagus* of Cornell is sincerely touching. We haven't been able to sleep at night since we read it!

Evelyn Fisher's series of short sketches, labeled "Florida Trailer Camp," characterize the natives of a tourist camp. Among the other contributions found in the *Distaff* from Florida State College for Women is a long series of five arguments surrounding the question of "Marry Before College?", which seem to be a collection of talent weeded from a class assignment. The description in "Undercurrent," by Gloria Cherry, is enjoyable, especially the passage:

> "East Wind was such a riotous playfellow; he would slap her small face, twist her yellow hair, and sing in her pink ears until she was quite dizzy. Then he would pull her scarf, blow her frock, run between her legs, scramble up the beach holding his sides, and roll over laughing."

Florence Evers' skill shown in the photo frontispiece, "Pear Blossoms," predicts a bright future for her in this field.

A supply of good poetry is noticeable in the first issue of *The Prism*, of Lynchburg College.

In the *Florida Review* Spring number there is a convincing article, "Education Versus Dishwater." "A student who knows tells why you should not let yourself be misled by the urge to 'work your way through college.'" The dramatic short story "Color Added" is aided greatly by the W. F. Lockwood illustrations. "Why not a college comic here at the University of Florida?" asks Malcolm McGlasson in his article, "Gator Humor Needed." Wonder if the *Review* is going *Esquire*—we hope not. —E. N. B.

JOURNALISTIC UNITY

CRITICISM of the inactivity of campus organizations incessantly arises, but seldom is anything done about it except the writing of a few unimpressive articles. Some of these organizations are wrongly called inactive because no outlets for their accomplishments are provided; and only the members of such organizations know whether they are functioning properly, although possibly not in their *best* capacity. Particularly is this true of Sigma Upsilon, honorary English fraternity, which is composed of those students having ability in the field of journalism. While this fraternity has held regular meetings throughout the year, except when these meetings conflicted with some college function, as yet there is no evidence of its having done anything worthwhile; yet the work of the organization has been constructive and for the good of the members.

THE JOURNAL, student magazine, is supposed to represent the literary efforts and achievements of Wofford students. The magazine, therefore, represents the efforts of such men as Sigma Upsilon is composed of. The editor of the JOURNAL himself is usually a member of the English fraternity. If the fraternity is composed of men having journalistic ability, the best contributions of the magazine should come from this organization. More than this, Sigma Upsilon should make the JOURNAL one of its paramount interests. Constructive criticism from the fraternity would work for the best interest of the magazine, and would certainly be appreciated.

On the other hand, the JOURNAL provides an outlet for the literary achievements of Sigma Upsilon, and should be a major factor in bringing the fraternity's accomplishments before the students. Why not have some form of recognition for contributions from its members to the magazine? Some emblem could be printed by the name of the contributing member.

At present both the magazine and the fraternity are indirectly connected, and certainly the unity of harmonious co-operation between the two would work for the best interests of both the JOURNAL and Sigma Upsilon.—S. M. D.

THE TREND TO SOCIALISM

It is of importance to note the definite tendency of governmental policies in comparatively recent times toward the Socialistic ideals. A glance at the platform of the Socialist platform in 1920 would have revealed three important planks, namely: government ownership of railways, government ownership of power utilities, and recognition of Soviet Russia. Then, we wouldn't have given them serious consideration. Today, they are reality. Already we have accepted diplomatic relations with the officials in Moskow, and observant economists predict governmental control of our transportation and power utilities in the very near future. The people of the United States evidently mistrust the ability of private ownership and initiative and would rather relegate the duties of our railways and power systems into the hands of the costly and inefficient Federal operator.

In the Tennessee Valley we have one of the greatest economic wastes ever perpetrated. The government, in its aim to destroy the property of 300,000 stockholders, has built at a cost of $500,000,000 a system of power producing plants in an area that is already more than amply supplied with power for the next century. Politicians are gradually destroying one of the richest sources of tax revenue in the country and at the same time plunging us into a debt that will heap even greater burdens on our already staggering industries.

What of the future? Are we ever to see an end to this depression? At the rate our Congressmen and the President are going with their "pump-priming" experiments, it's going to be a long, long time. Advisors have told them that the credit of the United States government could stand a debt of one hundred billion dollars. The total now stands at around thirty billion, so that we can expect a few more years of rash expenditures before the bubble bursts again. A. C. S.

"THE ARTS" — by Hendrick Willem Van Loon

IT is not hard to justify the writing of such books as "The Arts," but to hear the justification of the author is better than struggling through an opinionated one by a reviewer. Following are Dr. Van Loon's words: "This book was written and illustrated by Hendrick Willem Van Loon to give the general reader (who perhaps has always considered this a rather remote subject) a better understanding and a greater appreciation of everything that has been done within the realm of painting and architecture and music and sculpture and the theatre and most of the so-called minor arts from the beginning of time until the moment we come so close to them that we begin to lose our perspective."

Dr. Van Loon begins his sixty-three chapter, 659-page book with a discussion on Art with a capital "A", and then begins at the beginning of Art and traces its development in all of its field from the Stone Age hence. He gives full discussions of the Art of the various ancient civilizations — the Egyptians, Babylonian and Chaldean, the Greek and the Roman. Then he talks of the development of Art in the Jewish countries, the Mohammedan countries, in Russia, in Persia, and in the Byzantine Empire. The Art of the Middle Ages is followed by that of the Renaissance. It is not until this age does Dr. Van Loon discuss the work of individuals.

The Florentine, the Dutch, and the German schools of paintings are taken up in order and followed by Art in the French circles. Then comes the Romantic period which furnishes most of the music which Dr. Van Loon discovers. This is followed by a general development of the Arts until the present day, with a special emphasis laid on music.

On the whole, Dr. Van Loon's book is a very informative and intensely interesting book. He links the Arts admirably, and expresses himself to the satisfaction of every one. It is only after careful consideration that one is mindful of the value of this book to those who would become "cultured," but who does not have time to devote to the Arts in order to learn them first hand.—W. H. G.

(Continued on Page 20)

Vision

A jeweled canopy of indigo
Above a silver-flecked, blue lake of dreams
Where silent waves are kissed by frail moonbeams,
And transient clouds of white drift to and fro;
The flowered fragrance wafted by the flow
Of nature's breath in gentleness now seems
To permeate the tender stardust gleams
That shower down to touch the earth and glow.
Majestic infiniteness is enrobed
In haloed splendor which the solitude
Of night alone in secret can endue.
A peacefulness pervades my heart, which throbbed
With restlessness; and in this magnitude
Sublime I find a vision to pursue.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

CAMPUS CARNIVAL

Salvation Lassie—"Do you want to join the Salvation Army?"

Alex Stanton—"Who are they fighting?"

●

Brunette—"I'm Mr. Smith's wife."

Blonde—"I'm Mr. Smith's secretary."

Brunette (icily)—"Oh, were you?"

●

No wonder he's such a sissy—half of his ancestors were women.—*Pitt Panther.*

●

"This is a pretty snappy suit," said the baby, as he pulled on his new rubber panties.—*Scripts 'N Pranks.*

●

One of our brilliant freshman students was laboring over a particularly difficult experiment in the physics lab the other day. Faced with the problem of dividing 843,000 by 1,000, he carefully set down the figures on paper and worked out the answer by long division. The lab assistant then checked the result on his slide rule and reported that the solution was correct. Yes, it pays to be careful.

●

Lady—"I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, white kid?"

Lady—"Sir!"—*Tiger.*

●

"Now, can anyone tell me what a stoic is?" asked the teacher of the fourth grade.

"A stoic," replied little Abie, rising, "a stoic is a boid what brings de babies."—*Exchange.*

●

A lady was riding on the train with her son. The conductor came by and she said: "A fare for me and a half fare for the boy."

The conductor looked at the boy and said: "Lady, that boy's got long pants on."

"In that case," said the lady, "a full fare for the boy, and a half fare for me!"—*Exchange.*

●

"Jim proposed to me last night, and I'm sore at him."

"What makes you so mad?"

"You ought to have heard what he proposed."—*Medley.*

●

Herb says gentlemen may prefer blondes, but he thinks the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.—*Buccaneer.*

Dr. Trawick, while examining a class one day, asked: "Who drove the Israelites out of Egypt?—you!" he said, pointing to Guerry, in the corner.

"Wasn't me," replied Dave, trembling. "I only came back from the country last week."

●

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she danced out onto the stage.

●

Dr. Price—"Have you had any stage experience?"

Withers—"Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

●

Statistics show that Wofford graduates have 1.2 children each, while Converse graduates have 1.7. That goes to show that women have more children than men.

●

Girl (to one-arm driver)—"For goodness sake, use two hands!"

Bill Jones—"Can't. Gotta drive with one."

●

Biddy—"I suppose you've been in the navy so long that you're accustomed to sea legs?"

Middy—"Lady, I wasn't even looking."

●

Siegler—"Can you suggest something in the way of a good time?"

Krug—"The Dean."

●

A widow, whose husband had died some months previously, also died, and when she came to the pearly gate, asked to see her former husband.

"What's his name?" said St. Peter.

"Joe Smith," replied the widow.

"You'll have to give me some better identification than that," said St. Peter kindly. "How about his last words? We classify new arrivals by their words on earth."

"Well," she replied, "just before he died, Joe turned to me and said, 'Mary, if you ever kiss another man I'll turn over in my grave."

"Oh, sure, I know him," said St. Peter; "we call him 'Whirling Joe' up here!"

●

Motorist—"Want a ride, buddy?"

S. K. Rowland (on his weekly hitch-hiking tour to Sumter)—"Got a radio?"

"No," replied the motorist.

"Then go ahead," replied the errant S. K., "I'll wait for another one."

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 18)

"I KNEW HITLER"
By Kurt G. W. Ludecke

BEGINNING with a very aptly put introduction, Herr Ludecke gives his reasons for writing and method used in writing this book — a frank and open treatise on the personal relations of the author with the "man of the hour" — in the European world at least — Adolf Hitler. He treats with authority the formation of the Nazi party, its ideals, its trials and tribulations, and its leaders. The general theme of the book is, of course, the meteoric rise of Adolf Hitler, but we find in the incidents and anecdotes the true story of the progress of the Nazi party.

Herr Ludecke begins at the close of the World War, and relates his experiences prior to his becoming one of the early proselytes of the party. Then he meets Hitler. . . . His life is radically changed and he becomes an idealist of the first magnitude, after the fashion of the one whom he fairly worshipped. Then comes the story of the dark days of 1922 and 1923 up until the unsuccessful "Beer Hall Putsch" in 1923, when Hitler was imprisoned. His story of the change from Hitler, the idealist, to Hitler, the politician and rationalist is a dramatic one.

While Hitler was in prison, Herr Ludecke traveled the world over in the interests of the Nazi party. His stories of his trip to Mussolini to sell Nazism to the Italian dictator and his efforts to get funds from Henry Ford to carry on the anti-Semetic campaign in Germany are interesting ones.

Then comes the story of the slow and gradual breaking away from Hitler and the loss of the intimacy which Herr Ludecke enjoyed with Hitler from the very beginning. His imprisonment by Goering, then by Hitler himself, follows. His escape from his desperate situations and his authoritative story of the world-infamous "Blood Purge" are a fitting conclusion to a well written and most enjoyable book.

Herr Ludecke has a free, flowing style which has a continental quality that is different. One has the impression that he is living right along with Herr Ludecke instead of reading about him. These qualities, combined with the timeliness and frank treatment of subject go to make up a most enjoyable and informative work.—W. H. G.

"Mary, did I hear you kiss someone in the kitchen?"
"Well, ma'am, the junk man said he came for a little oven."—*Exchange.*

"–IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

(Continued from Page 7)

"There isn't much, except that I live with my mother—. Dad died last year; that's why I had to leave college. Right now I'm working for your father. He's been very fine to me." Larry looked at the sunset, his brown eyes misty. "I'd go back and work my way through, but — well — mom's nearly seventy now."

Sylvia glanced up at him and blinked her blue eyes. "Isn't everything fresh and green?" she changed the subject. "I just love to get out and ride or walk in the open air — and think, don't you?"

"Do you feel that way, too?" Larry realized he liked Sylvia. She wasn't stuck up and sophisticated like most rich people seemed. She was a lot like her father. "It's things like that make life worth living. Just to get out by yourself — just you alone." Sylvia was real, and Larry knew she'd make a fine wife for someone one day. "I'd like to be that man, too," he thought — and then aloud, "That's our house on the left."

Sylvia brought the car to a stop, and Larry got out quickly, getting his axe and water jug. Then he turned to her. "Thank you for the ride," he smiled.

"Well —," she held out her hand, and he started to take it, looked at his a minute, saw her still holding hers out, and took it in his strong, brown hand. Hers was soft, but tanned; evidently she stayed out in the sun a lot. "I can never thank you enough for fixing that tire. It was very nice of you." She withdrew her hand slowly.

He watched her turn around and waved as she headed back toward town. "Id give anything for a girl like that," he mused. "She's so different from everybody; but she has everything she wants and has big parties — yet she's not like those people. I couldn't expect her to give up all that. Anyway, what would she want with me? I'm just an ordinary person, and she's way up in society. Maybe when I finish college and — well, I guess life's that way. What am I thinking about anyway!" He turned on his heel and went toward the house.

"He's the first *real* person I've ever known," thought Sylvia, speeding her car toward town. Her eyes were moist. "He doesn't have that exterior shell like all this so-called society. He's worth all the counts and princes in the world. I'd like to leave everything and go live in that little house with him, cook his meals, and care for his mother. We could have such fun, and soon there would be children — our children. Maybe some day he'll — yet he'd never be satisfied with me. They're real people — I'm just another victim of this wild, mad world called society. Money can't buy people like him. Oh well, what am I thinking anyway!"

The Liberty Bell

Inside the town hall's tower hangs
A bell of ancient fame
Years have passed since first it rang
In freedom's glorious name.

Its sides are cracked with use and age,
Its tones resound no more,
Since first it placed on history's page
A name unknown before.

Our liberty was gained that day,
No longer bound were we;
Our destiny no longer lay
With England, we were free.

And so the bell proclaimed the news
To people far and near;
And grateful hearts filled up the pews,
And shed a thankful tear.

The time may come when dates are strange,
And names forgotten be;
But never will our hearts estrange
The Bell of Liberty.

—*Francis L. Garrett.*

BIG MEETIN'

(Continued from Page 10)

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Then, as the congregation went into the second verse, the minister, in a rather tired voice, pleaded softly for "any who feel the need of Christ to come forward and receive His blessing and start life over again. Come on, now, don't be afraid. That's fine, sister! And you, brother, may God bless you, and you too, brother, that's fine, come on . . .," and so on till there were six standing at the altar. When it was clear that there would be no more, the pastor went down from the pulpit and shook hands with each. Then, with arms uplifted, he prayed for them, and pronounced the benediction.

A few in the congregation came down to the front to shake hands with the preacher, but the majority of them were content to part into little groups and make their way out into the starry summer night. After the few who lingered about the door had gone, the smoky little lamps were extinguished and the wooden door was closed with a scraping sound. The little church slumbered in the night.

Commencement

Figures wrapped in black, symbolic shroud
Of wisdom; somber as the mystic cloud
Of thoughts that course each cap-tasseled head,
From whom a rosy dream has softly fled
Before the spectre of reality—
Who face alone the grim finality
Of strong, unsevered bonds and unclipped wings.
The pendulum still unrelenting swings
And strikes the swelling heart with vibrant stroke,
When classmates deeper feel the common yoke.

A smile falls from the lips of silent men
Who will not tread this mortal path again;
And who long since have worn the hoary crown,
And wear, instead of black, a sacred gown—
While they with scarlet shroud yet fain would speak
In counsel, wearers of the white would seek
To guide each faltering step, and teach the creed,
"To follow not where other humans lead,
But set the foot upon a virgin trail"—
Or teach the eye to see beyond the pale.

Faint echoes in confusion sound among
Your whirling thoughts, while mingled visions throng
From out the passing years and blur each dream—
The ebbing tides of predecessors seem
Receding more before the surge of those
To follow still. While fortune's zephyr blows,
Your visionary minds combine as one
To greet the veiled tomorrow: faint the tone
Of striking bells that beat the silent march
Of cautious feet beneath the unseen arch.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

ECONOMIC SECURITY

(Continued from Page 6)

deliberate. I recommend to your serious reflection these words of Mr. Justice Brandeis: "Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning, but without understanding." By keeping this excellent advice in mind at all times during this crucial period of our history we shall emerge still in possession of our traditional freedom, untainted by the rank fallacies of socialism and the despicable authority of fascism.

One of Those Dear Old-Fashioned Gentlemen—"May I kiss your hand?"

She—"Whatsa matter, is my mouth dirty?"—*Punch Bowl.*

Columbus was the first Democrat, because: He didn't know where he was going; he didn't know where he was when he got there; and he went on borrowed money.

—IN A "RUSH"

Well, here's the end as we can see,
And still no poem from me to thee.
I've tried and tried to make it clear
That all my thoughts for you were dear,
That even though it's somewhat late,
I still want you to make my fate.